★ Sept. 6, 1947

THE NEW YORKER

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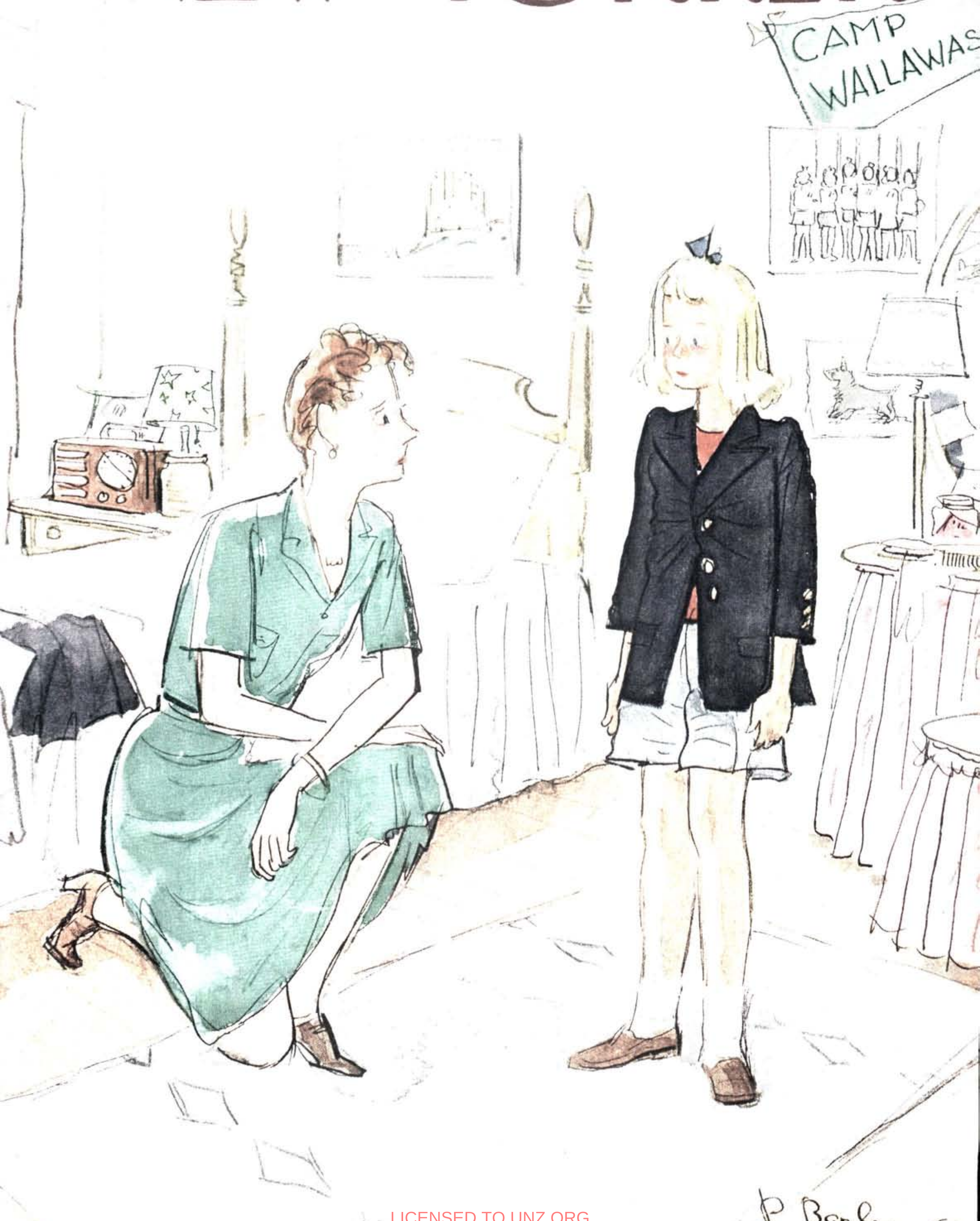
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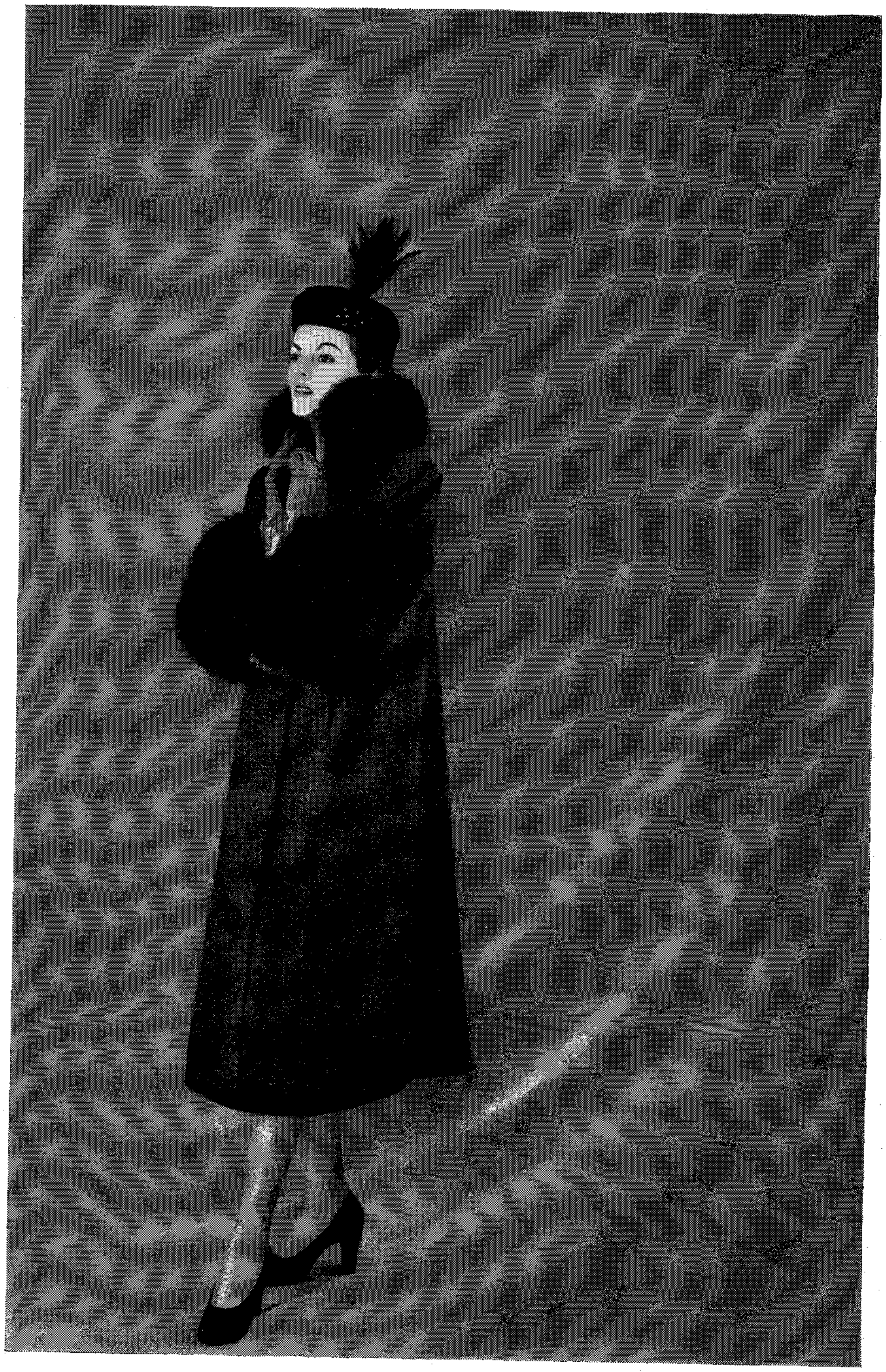


BERGDORF GOODMAN

5th AVE. at 58th ST. • NEW YORK 19
ON THE PLAZA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All My Sons—Arthur Miller's well-meant, sometimes eloquent play dealing with war profits and war ideals, which could do with a leaner and less tricky plot. Winner of this year's Drama Critics Circle Award. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

John Loves Mary—There are some laughs, and a number of bogus characters and situations, in this dapperly tailored farce by Norman Krasna. With Nina Foch, William Prince, and Loring Smith. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Young Man's Fancy—No need to give it a second thought. It broods vaguely over life in a summer camp for boys, and gets better acting than it deserves. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**BORN YESTERDAY:** Paul Douglas in the piece about a conniving junk dealer. Judy Holliday will be back on Monday, Sept. 8. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **BURLESQUE:** The old one about a drunken comedian, here played by Bert Lahr. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **HAPPY BIRTHDAY:** Helen Hayes as the girl who has herself a hell of a time at a bar. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **HARVEY:** Frank Fay is back again as the pal of that rabbit. With Josephine Hull. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **STATE OF THE UNION:** Ralph Bellamy and Kay Francis in the Crouse-Lindsay comedy about Republican politics and principles. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35. Closes Saturday, Sept. 13.) . . . **THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE:** The sergeant on a week-end pass. Louisa Horton and Boyd Crawford will be relieved by Phyllis Ryder and Harvey Stephens on Sunday, Sept. 7. Peggy French will stay on. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:35. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:35.)

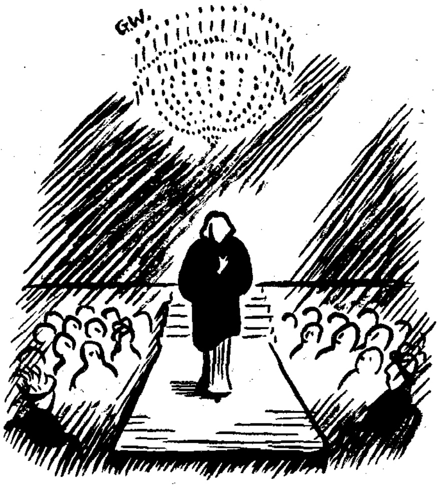
Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Magic Touch—A comedy by Charles Raddock and Charles Sherman, directed by Herman Rotsten and produced by John Morris Chanin. The cast includes Howard Smith, William Terry, and Frances Comstock. (International Theatre, at Columbus Circle. CI 5-4884. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Brigadoon—Scottish accents run wild in this rich, handsome fantasy, which has melodious music, a tender spirit, and not much in the way of comedy. David Brooks, Marion Bell, and Pamela Britton. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Finian's Rainbow—An inordinately whimsical piece about the capers of a leprechaun in the Southern poll-tax country, pulled together by the excellent dancing and tuneful singing of a gay and gifted cast. David Wayne, Dorothy Claire, and Donald Richards. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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The Medium and **The Telephone**—Two graceful and ingenious chamber operas, composed and written by Gian-Carlo Menotti and performed flawlessly by Marie Powers, Frank Rogier, and Marilyn Cotlow, who will be replaced by Jean Carlton after Saturday, Sept. 6. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sweethearts—This was never the best of Victor Herbert's shows, but that makes no difference, since it is now just a framework for Bobby Clark to swarm over, with loyal assistance from June Knight and Marjorie Gateson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**ANNIE GET YOUR GUN:** The Ethel Merman frolic. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **CALL ME MISTER:** Converting G.I.s to civilian use. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **OKLAHOMA!:** It's indestructible. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays, except Sept. 4, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address.

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so you'd do well to check with the newspapers before setting out for the theatre.)

We Love a Lassie—A comedy by Marcel Wallenstein and Kathleen Kennedy, produced by the Shuberts and directed by Melville Cooper. The cast includes Barbara Everest and John F. Hamilton. Opens Tuesday, Sept. 9. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Opening performances—Sunday evening, Sept. 7: "Ballet Imperial," "Madroños," "Blue Bird," and "Le Beau Danube." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 9: "Swan Lake," "Madroños," and "The Nutcracker." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 10: "Baiser de la Fée," "Cirque de Deux" (première), and "Night Shadow." . . . ¶ Thursday matinée, Sept. 11: "Swan Lake," "The Nutcracker," and "Le Beau Danube." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 11: "Swan Lake," "Madroños," and "Schéhérazade." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 12: "Concerto Barocco," "Lola Montez" (première), "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 13: "Les Sylphides," "Cirque de Deux," and "The Nutcracker." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 13: "Raymonda," "Cirque de Deux," and "Lola Montez." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

Icetime of 1948—Produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Sept. 4, at 2:40.)

Children's Movies—Films of interest to youngsters are shown on Saturdays at 11 A.M. at the Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre. (Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in entertainers on Sundays, Mondays, or Tuesdays, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador Garden, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—Deep and cool as an apple cellar, but somewhat more opulent. Basil Fomeen's orchestra.

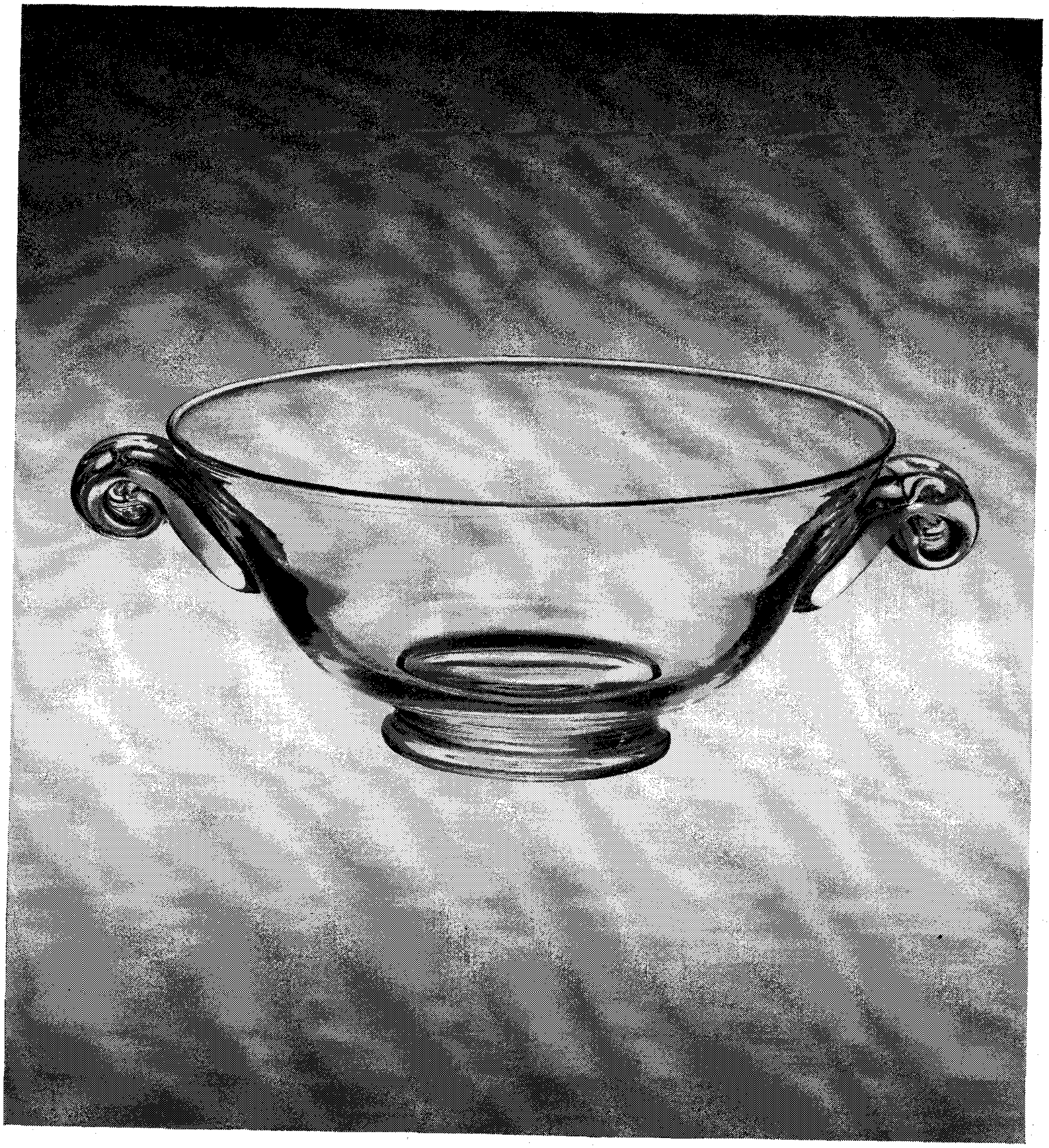
Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The Cascades, on the nineteenth floor, offers profuse greenery, songs by wakeful canaries, dancing by Rosario and Antonio, and Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58th St. (PL 5-9223)—Lucienne Boyer will sweep in on Monday, Sept. 8, with a new sheaf of those terribly sad or terribly gay French songs. Abbey Albert's orchestra for dancing.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—On Wednesday, Sept. 10, Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's orchestras will be tuning up again at the old stand—incontestable proof that the frost will shortly be on the pumpkin and the padlock on the bathhouse.

Monte Carlo, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXIII, No. 29, September 6, 1947. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1947, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Pan-America and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

3400)—It only *looks* like a Coney Island fun house; in other respects it's a smoothly functioning establishment, with piano music during dinner and Joel Shaw's dance orchestra afterward.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—Jimmy Savo is clowning around the Persian Room at dinner and supper, and there is dancing all evening to Emil Petti's and Mark Monte's orchestras.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Dinner and supper dancing in a pink and fancy setting to Paul Sparr's orchestra and the Maisonette Quintet.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—In the urbane Café Lounge, Irving Conn's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band play non-stop music. Tea dancing every afternoon.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Dean Murphy, who does impersonations. Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band play for dancing.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Jack Fina's orchestra plays all evening on the Starlight Roof, Ginny Simms sings at supper, and Mischa Borr's band helps out around midnight.... ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

DRAKE, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): Piano playing after nine o'clock by Cy Walter, and at cocktails and dinner by Les Crosley.... **COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Sprightly music by Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band in this lively corner. ... **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns' piano music.... **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Earl Fox, playing the piano after ten-thirty.... **CAFÉ TROUVILLE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): Piano music.... **CAFÉ PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900): A small orchestra plays for tea dancing and at dinner and supper.... **DORSET BAR,** 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): Les Crosley at the piano after nine.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A piano team after ten.... **MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): George Kent at the piano until nine. Starting Sunday, Sept. 7, Jules Lande's orchestra will play for dinner dancing, and Belle Gale will supply piano music after nine.... **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler at the piano after nine-thirty.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A pleasant and un-Sheridan Square mixture of Latin atmosphere and Latin music.... **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): A mediocre show, with Dorothy Jarnac, and Dave Martin's orchestra.... **WARWICK,** 65 W. 54th St. (CI 7-2700): The Joe Mooney Quartet will settle down in the Raleigh Room on Tuesday, Sept. 9.

BIG AND BRASSY

CARNIVAL, Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122): Lou Holtz, Barry Wood, Patsy Kelly, and Diosa Costello, all cheering each other on with a terrible lot of noise and few results.... **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Lena Horne, an ornamental party who can wring out a song until the customers weep. On Thursday, Sept. 11, Joe E. Lewis, who has an entirely opposite effect on the clients, will be installed. Dance music by Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band.... **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Willie Howard, who invented vaudeville just after the Civil War, and a new floor show.

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SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): This establishment is putting a well-turned foot forward with a show headed by Alice Pearce, the Three Flames, and the Ellis Larkin Trio.... **RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): An end-of-the-summer show, which should pick up momentum when Maxine Sullivan and Paul Villard, a man who wears a handkerchief around his neck and sings sea chanteys, arrive on Wednesday, Sept. 10. ... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Reopens on Friday, Sept. 5, with a show headed by Jay Marshall and Chippie Hill, the blues singer a lot of people will remember from the nineteen-twenties. Dancing.... **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): A garret where you will hear Spivy shouting her familiar songs about life's uncertainties.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): One brisk comedienne (Patricia Bright) will give way to another (Louise Howard) on Tuesday, Sept. 9.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-8736): Georg Brunis, Wild Bill Davison, Pee Wee Russell, and others, all in full tongue. On Tuesday evenings, associate professors of the art are likely to drop in for a turn. ... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Ernie Caceres, Muggsy Spanier, and their colleagues, working at what can truthfully be called full blast. Thursday night is visitors' night here.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Albert Nicholas's trio, turning out an amiable din. A jam session every Monday evening.... **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Slam Stewart's Trio.... **DOWNBEAT,** 66 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8773): Ella Fitzgerald, conducting a rewarding seminar in how to sing jazz.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

ASTOR ROOF, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000): Skinnay Ennis's orchestra.... **PENNSYLVANIA,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Skitch Henderson's orchestra will be replaced by Claude Thornhill's on Monday, Sept. 8.... **ROOSEVELT,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Orrin Tucker's orchestra.

SUMMER SPOTS

ST. MORITZ ROOF, 50 Central Park S. (WI 2-5800): Way up near the stars and the moon and the advertising blimps. Alfred Menconi's orchestra.... **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (RH 4-4700): The boskiest dell south of 110th Street; dance music. ... **CLAREMONT INN,** Riverside Drive at 124th St. (MO 2-8600): A vantage point for a study of the Palisades; dancing. Closes for the season after Sunday, Sept. 7.... **BOSSERT ROOF,** Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100): Shining like a tea tray in the Brooklyn sky; dancing.

OUT OF TOWN

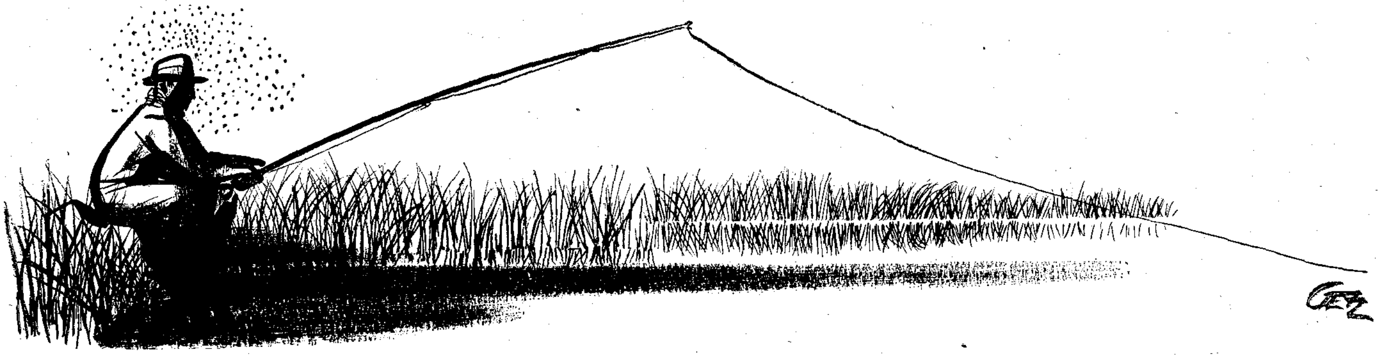
Dancing at Nearby Places—**GLEN ISLAND CASINO,** New Rochelle, N.Y. (New Rochelle 6-6500): Shep Fields' orchestra.... **CHANTICLER,** Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Maximillian Bergere's orchestra.... **MEADOWBROOK,** Cedar Grove, N.J. (Verona 8-1914): Ray McKinley's orchestra and Mel Tormé.

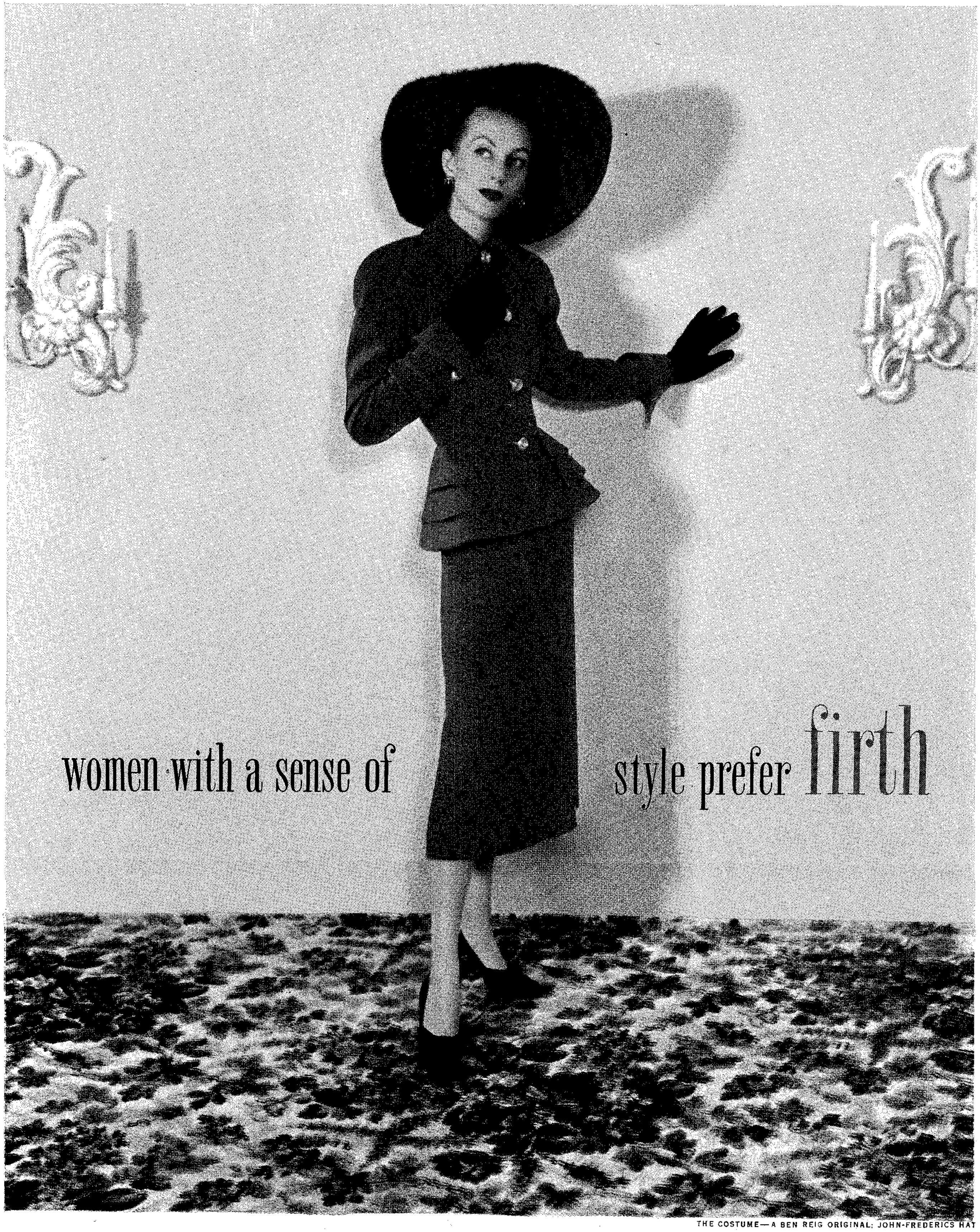
Dinner in the Country—*Some comfortable places to dine within motoring distance of the city*—**BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (Hicksville 91).... **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016).... **HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.:** Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); *dancing on weekends*.... **MANHASSET, L.I.:** Mori (Manhasset 1842).... **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** *Rothmann's* (Oyster Bay 266).... **ROSLYN, L.I.:** Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 253).... **CENTERPORT, L.I.:** Old Water Mill Inn (Northport 844); dancing on weekends.... **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (Westbury 839).... **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 342).... **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.:** Old Drovers' Inn (Dover Plains 2781).... **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** *Boni's Inn* (Beacon 167).... **WAPPINGERS FALLS, N.Y.:** Wendover Farms (Wappingers Falls 451).... **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031); dancing on Saturdays.... **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Danbury 4548).... **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** *Outpost Inn* (Ridgefield 932), and Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232).... **WESTON, CONN.:** Cobb's Mill Inn (Westport 2-4330).... **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Westport 2-3971).... **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5:30 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Fridays.)

Groups—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Paintings by Aaron Bohrod, Joe Jones, Sigmund Menkes, and most of the other gallery associates; through Sept. 13. (Open Saturdays.) ... **CHINESE,** 38 E. 57th St.: An exhibition of paintings by Ralph Rosenborg and other artists affiliated with this gallery; through Sept. 27.... **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings; through Sept. 5.... **KOOTZ,** 15 E. 57th St.: Picasso, Braque, Carl Holty, and others; through Sept. 6. (Open Saturdays.) ... **NATIONAL SERIGRAPH SOCIETY,** 38 W. 57th St.: Silk-screen prints of New York scenes, by members of the Society; through Sept. 20.... **PERLS,** 32 E. 58th St.: Darrel Austin, Nahum Tschacbasov, and

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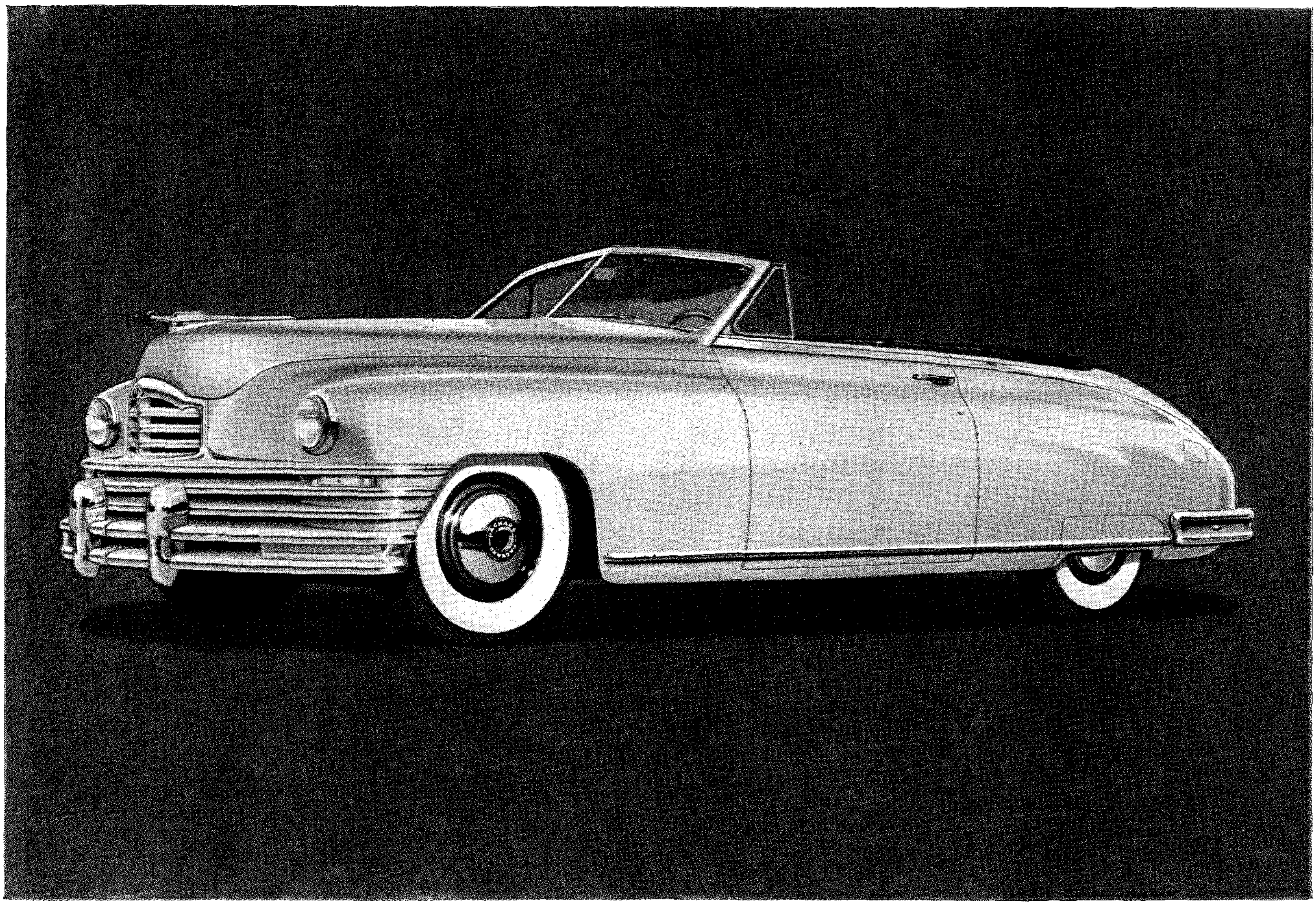

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

others of this gallery's artists; through Sept. 12. . . . ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57th St.: Oils by Max Weber, Milton Avery, and other present-day painters, and some nineteenth-century French pieces; through Oct. 4. . . . BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: Works ranging from the representational to the abstract, by fifteen painters and a few sculptors; through Sept. 13. . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: Paintings by French and American nineteenth-century artists, including Degas, Pissarro, Cézanne, and Homer; through Sept. 5.

Among This Week's Openings—At the DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: Water colors, chiefly by Arthur G. Dove; through Sept. 27. . . . ARTISTS', 61 E. 57th St.: John Sennhauser; through Sept. 20. . . . GRAND CENTRAL, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Ruth Van Sickle Ford; through Sept. 16. . . . CHINESE, 38 E. 57th St.: Group show; through Sept. 27. . . . NORLYST, 59 W. 56th St.: Group show; through Sept. 13.

MUSEUMS

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A loan show of modern Jewish paintings, in addition to a display of ceremonial objects. (Sundays, Mondays, and Wednesdays, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Tuesdays and Thursdays, 2 to 9 P.M.; through Sept. 30.)

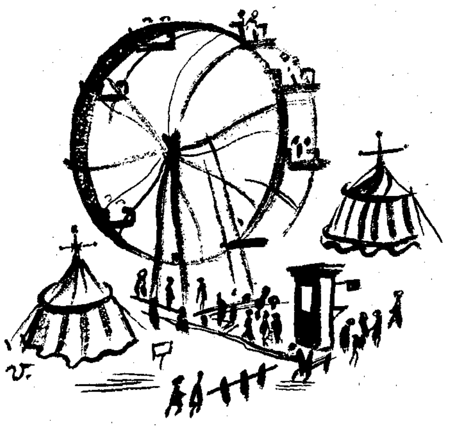
Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Sculptures by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 15.)

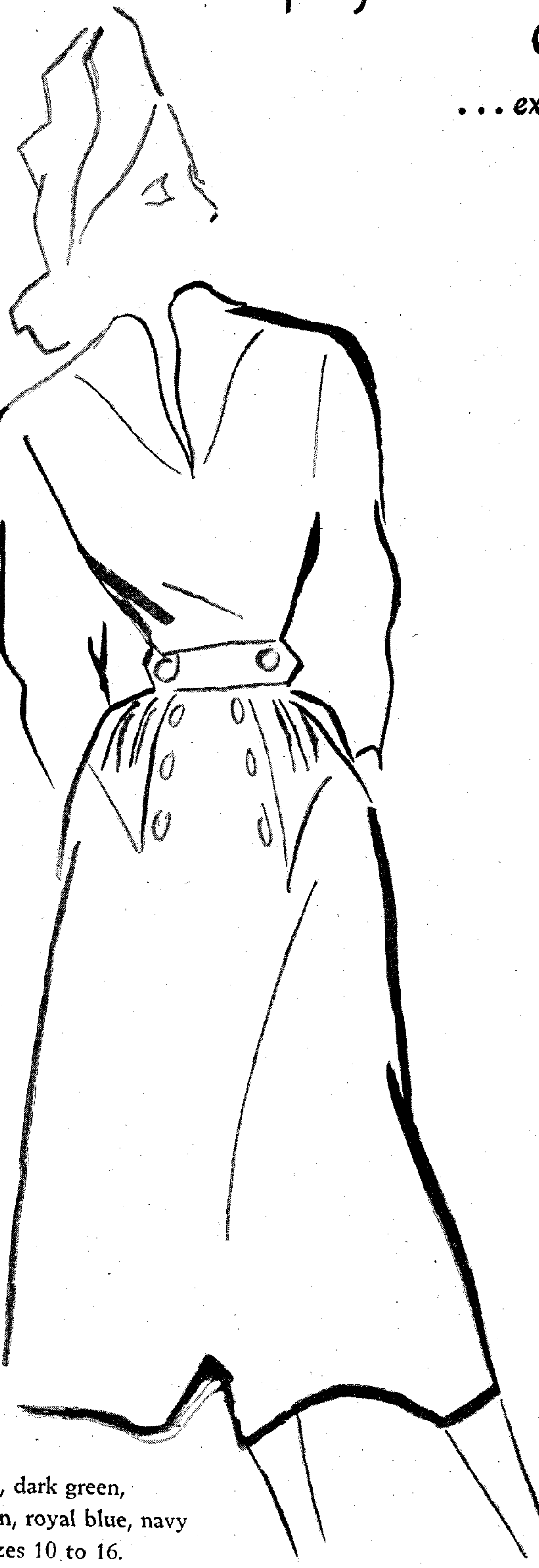
Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Fifty-eight paintings, in oil and other media, commissioned by Nathan M. Ohrbach, in an ambitious but rather unfruitful attempt to picture New York. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 15.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A memorial exhibition of photographs by Alfred Stieglitz. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Thursdays, until 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 21.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54th St.—A loan show, including paintings by Hilla Rebay and Jean Xceron. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 14.)

Out of Town—A large exhibition of paintings by William Sydney Mount and his two brothers. (Suffolk Museum, Stony Brook, L.I. Wednesdays through Sundays, 12:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 28.) . . . GROUP SHOWS: Lyme Art Association, Old Lyme, Conn. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 14.) . . . ¶ Rockport Art Association, Rockport, Mass. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 3 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 7.) . . . ¶ North Shore Arts Association, Gloucester, Mass. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 7.) . . . ¶ Ogunquit Art Center, Ogunquit, Maine. (Daily, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 6.) . . . ¶ Berkshire Museum, Pittsfield, Mass. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 2 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30.) . . . ¶ Provincetown Art Association, Provincetown, Mass. (Weekdays, 10





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A.M. to 6 P.M. and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 7.) . . . ¶ George Baer Gallery, Salisbury, Conn. (Daily, 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 6.)

MUSIC

Jazz Concert—Bunk Johnson, the venerable trumpeter, and Leadbelly are the headliners of this one. (Town Hall. BR 9-9447. Saturday afternoon, Sept. 6, at 5:30.)

Out of Town—N.B.C. Orchestra members, conducted by Arturo Toscanini. (Ridgefield, Conn. Saturday evening, Sept. 6, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ The Saratoga Spa Music Festival: F. Charles Adler conducting members of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony. Saturday, Sept. 6, with Carl Stern, cello; Sunday, Sept. 7, with Walter Hendl, piano; Tuesday, Sept. 9, with recitations by Monty Woolley; Thursday, Sept. 11, with John Corigliano, violin; Saturday, Sept. 13, with Michel Nazzi, oboe, and Alexander Williams, clarinet. (Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Evenings at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Chamber-music concert by the Gordon String Quartet. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Sunday afternoon, Sept. 7, at 4.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the POLO GROUNDS: Thursday, Sept. 4, at 8:45 P.M., and Friday through Sunday, Sept. 5-7, at 2:30 P.M., Giants vs. Dodgers. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Tuesday, Sept. 9, at 8:45 P.M., and Wednesday, Sept. 10, at 2 P.M., Yankees vs. Cleveland. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 11, at 1:30 P.M. (doubleheader), and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13, at 2 P.M., Yankees vs. Detroit.

Boxing—Friday, Sept. 5: Pete Mead vs. Herbie Kronowitz, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 12: Jake LaMotta vs. Bert Lytell, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10.)

Dog Shows—Interstate Kennel Association. (Briarcliff Manor, N.Y. Saturday, Sept. 6.) . . . ¶ Westchester Kennel Club. (Rye, N.Y. Sunday, Sept. 7.) . . . ¶ Somerset Hills Kennel Club. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Sept. 13.)

Football—Yankees vs. Chicago. (Yankee Stadium. Friday, Sept. 5, at 8:30 P.M.)

Horse Shows—Helping Hand Horse Show. (Syosset, L.I. Sunday, Sept. 7.) . . . ¶ North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook, L.I. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 10-13.) . . . ¶ Farmington Hunt Club Horse Show. (Charlottesville, Va. Friday through Sunday, Sept. 12-14.) . . . ¶ Moorestown Horse Show. (Moorestown, N.J. Saturday, Sept. 13.) . . . ¶ Newark Horse Show. (Newark, Del. Saturday, Sept. 13.) . . . ¶ Hagerstown Horse Show. (Hagerstown, Md. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 13-14.)

Polo—At BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M. . . . MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Westbury, L.I.: Semi-final match in the National Open Championship, Sunday, Sept. 7, at 3:30 P.M. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase, N.Y.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M. . . . FAIRFIELD COUNTY HUNT CLUB, Westport, Conn.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M.

Racing—At GARDEN STATE: Weekdays at 1:30 P.M. The Valley Forge Handicap, Sept. 6; the Quaker City Handicap, Sept. 13. (A special train to the track leaves Penn Station at 10:50 A.M., D.S.T.) . . . AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:15 P.M.; through Sept. 20. The Babylon Handicap and the Discovery Handicap, Sept. 6; the Cowdin and the Edgemere Handicap, Sept. 13.

Tennis—U.S.L.T.A. Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L.I. BO 8-2300. Friday through Sunday, Sept. 5-14.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I.: Weekdays at 8:40 P.M. (A special train leaves Penn Station weekdays at 7:03 P.M., D.S.T.)

Yachting—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Port Washington, L.I.; through Sunday, Sept. 7.) . . . ¶ Scandinavian Gold Cup Races. (Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club,

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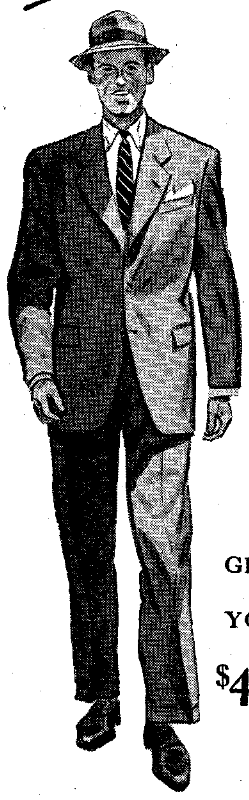

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Oyster Bay, L.I.; starting Sept. 8.) . . . ¶ Bayside Yacht Club Championship Race on the Sound. (Bayside, L.I. Saturday, Sept. 13.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—About two hundred visitors may look on during the open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments. Other groups meet in smaller rooms, some of which have simultaneous-interpretation equipment. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, after 3 P.M. on the day before you want to go. Frequent trains from Penn Station to Great Neck are met by buses to headquarters at Lake Success.

Mineola Fair—Ox-team competitions, square dancing, livestock shows, and various other forms of rustic gaiety. (Fair Grounds, Mineola, L.I. Tuesday through Saturday, Sept. 9-13, from 10 A.M. to 11 P.M.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St.—The current show is called "A Rocket Trip Around the World." (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; extra performance Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Photographs of last-century New York slums, such as five-cent lodging houses, sweatshops, and ragpickers' dens. They were taken by Jacob A. Riis with one of the first flashlight cameras, in his efforts to interest the public in slum clearance. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 14.)

ON THE AIR

United Nations—The most important open meetings are broadcast over WNYC.

Music—A.B.C. Symphony, Bernard Green conducting, Saturday, Sept. 6, at 5 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ C.B.S. Symphony, Bernard Herrmann conducting, Sunday, Sept. 7, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Max Reiter conducting, Sunday, Sept. 7, at 5 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Saratoga Spa Music Festival, F. Charles Adler conducting, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 6-7, Tuesday, Sept. 9, Thursday, Sept. 11, and Saturday, Sept. 13, all at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . ¶ Bidu Sayao, soprano, Monday, Sept. 8, at 9 P.M., WNBC.

Sports—Racing: The Valley Forge Handicap, at Garden State, Saturday, Sept. 6, at 4 P.M., WJZ.

Drama—The first in a series of plays recorded by the B.B.C.: "L'Aiglon," Friday, Sept. 12, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC.

News Commentators—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Raymond Swing, Sundays at 12:45 P.M., WJZ.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—Last games of the season on Sept. 28; World Series the following week.

Boxing—Tony Janiro vs. Tony Pellone, welter-

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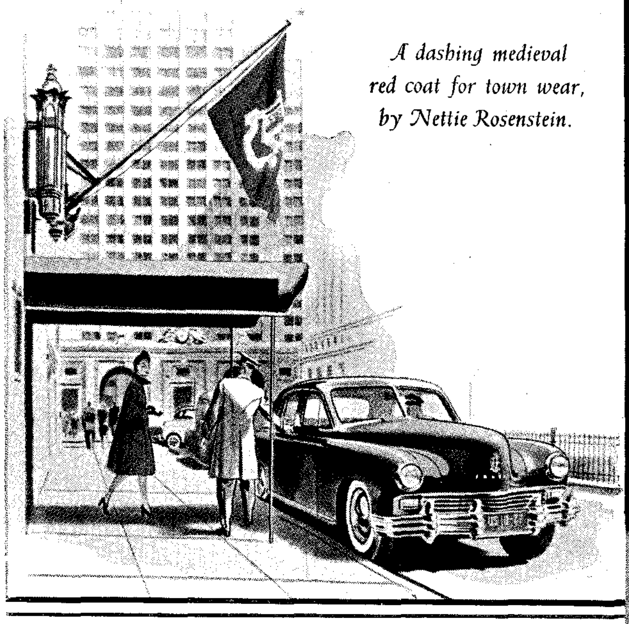
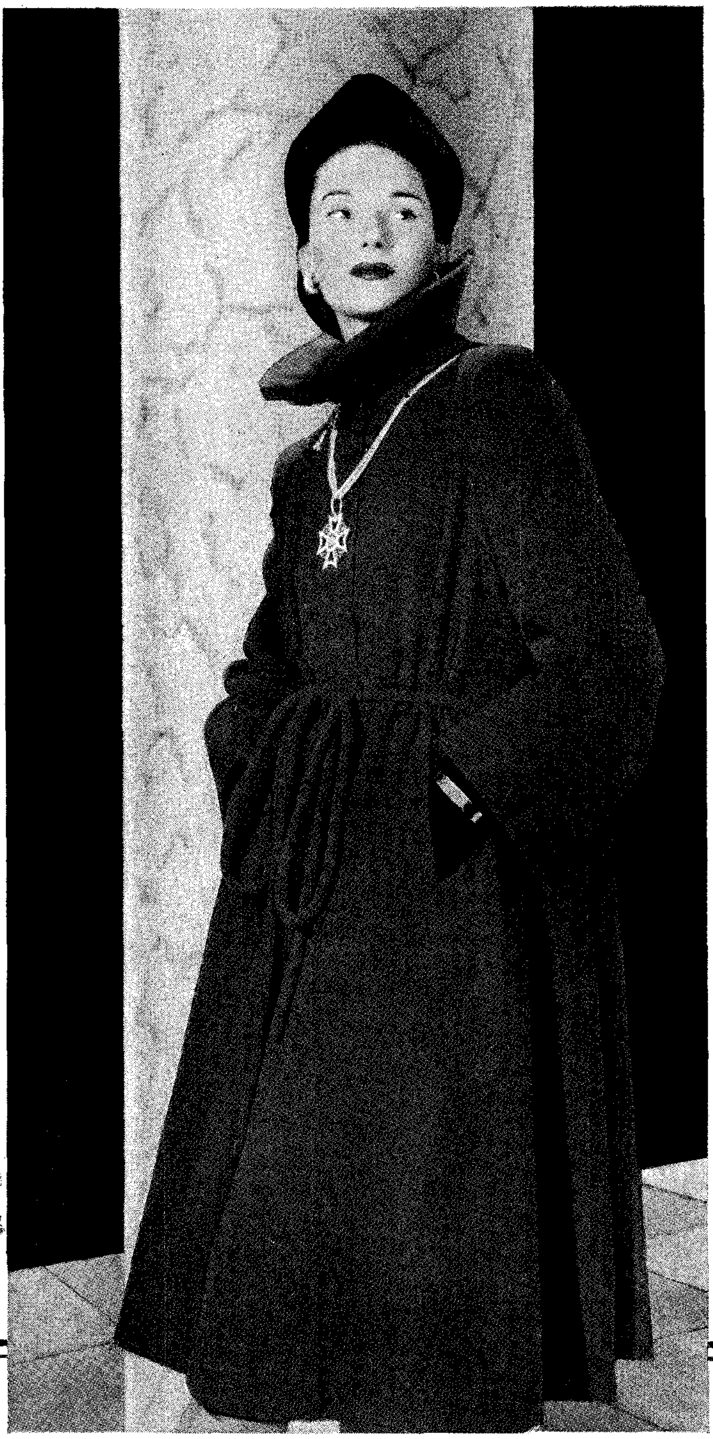


A dashing medieval red coat for town wear, by Nettie Rosenstein.



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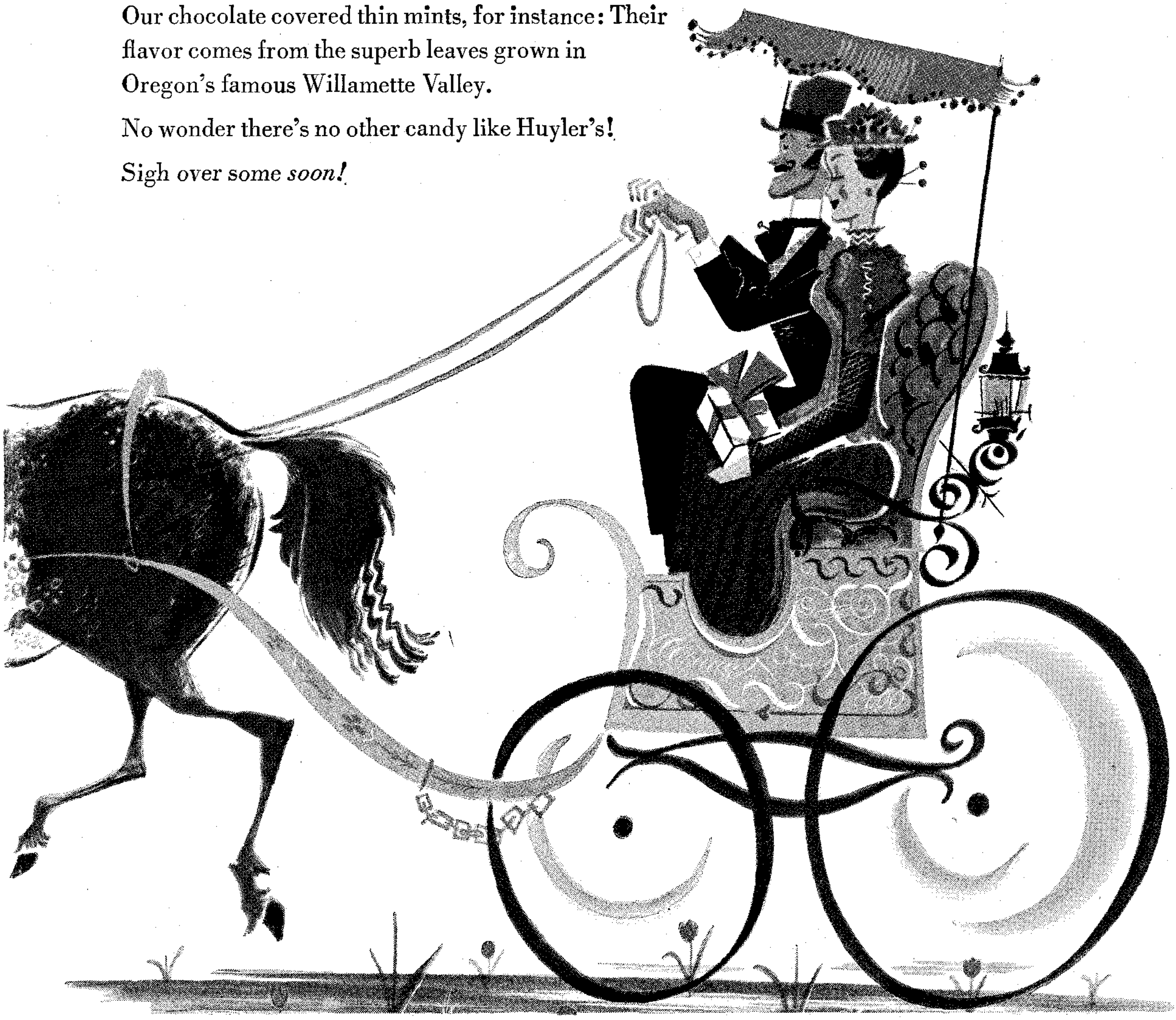

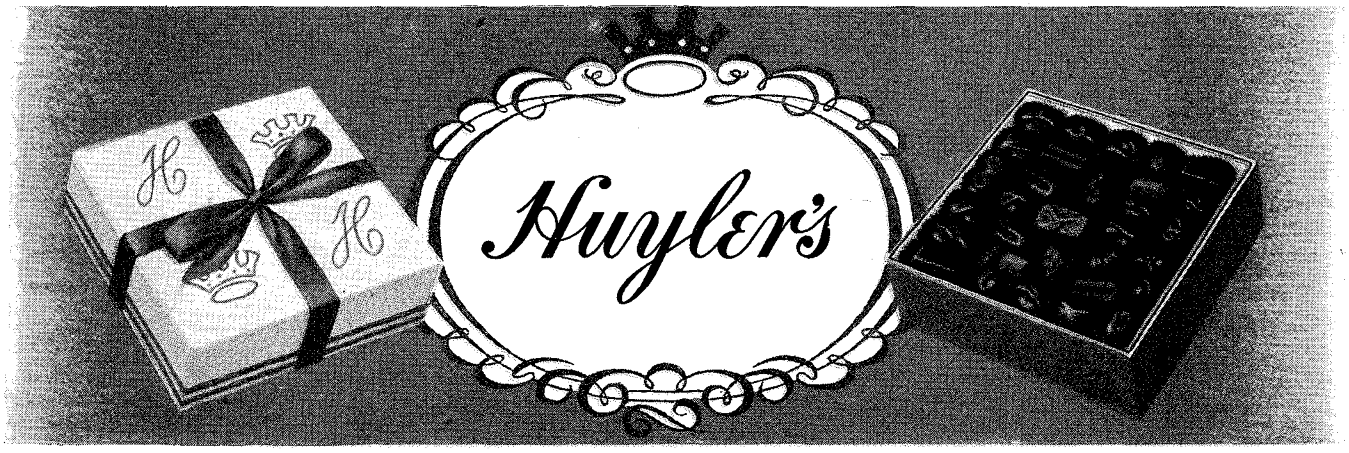

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

weights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, Sept. 19.)

Football—College games—SATURDAY, SEPT. 27: Army vs. Villanova, at West Point; Columbia vs. Rutgers, at Baker Field; Cornell vs. Lehigh, at Ithaca; Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Worcester; Harvard vs. Western Maryland, at Cambridge; Navy vs. California, at Berkeley; Yale vs. Merchant Marine, at New Haven.... SATURDAY, OCT. 4: Army vs. Colorado, at West Point; Colgate vs. Merchant Marine, at Kings Point; Cornell vs. Yale, at New Haven; Dartmouth vs. Syracuse, at Syracuse; Harvard vs. Boston University, at Cambridge; Navy vs. Columbia, at Annapolis; Pennsylvania vs. Lafayette, at Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton.... SATURDAY, OCT. 11: Army vs. Illinois, at Yankee Stadium; Columbia vs. Yale, at Baker Field; Colgate vs. Cornell, at Hamilton; Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover; Harvard vs. Virginia, at Charlottesville; Navy vs. Duke, at Baltimore; Princeton vs. Rutgers, at New Brunswick.... ¶ Professional games: Dodgers vs. Cleveland, at Ebbetts Field, Sept. 12; Giants vs. Los Angeles, at the Polo Grounds (a benefit game), Sept. 17; Yankees vs. Dodgers, at Yankee Stadium, Oct. 12.

Hunt Races—Rolling Rock. (Ligonier, Pa. Oct. 1 and 4.)... ¶ Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Club. (Flourtown, Pa. Oct. 11.)

Polo—At Bostwick Field: National Open Championship finals, Sept. 14; East-West Polo Championship, Sept. 21.

Racing—Belmont, Sept. 22-Oct. 11.

Yachting—Royal Bermuda Yacht Club vs. Larchmont Yacht Club, Long Island Sound, starting Sept. 15.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open on Broadway during the next month or so: Julie Haydon in "Our Lan'," a play by Theodore Ward, produced by Eddie Dowling and Louis J. Singer.... ¶ "How I Wonder," a comedy by Donald Ogden Stewart, produced by Garson Kanin and Ruth Gordon. Raymond Massey has the leading role.... ¶ "Allegro," the Theatre Guild's new Rodgers-and-Hammerstein musical comedy. The cast includes Annamary Dickey and John Conte. ... ¶ "I Gotta Get Out," a comedy by Joseph Fields and Ben Sher, with a cast including David Burns and Hazel Dawn.... ¶ Paul Kelly, Jay Fassett, and Paul McGrath in "Command Decision," a play by William Wister Haines.... ¶ "Music in My Heart," a musical with an all-Tschaikowsky score and a book by Patsy Ruth Miller. The cast includes Florence George, Vivienne Segal, and Robert Haydon.... ¶ Ernest Truex in "The Big People," a comedy by Stanley Young. Produced by Theatre, Incorporated.... ¶ A mystery melodrama, "Duet for Two Hands," by Mary Bayley Bell, with Francis L. Sullivan heading the cast.... ¶ "Dear Judas," an adaptation by Michael Myerberg of a poem by Robinson Jeffers. The cast includes Margaret Wycherly, E. G. Marshall, and Ferdi Hoffmann.... ¶ Maurice Evans in his own production of "Man and Superman."... ¶ Basil Rathbone and Wendy Hiller in "The Heiress," a play by Fred F. Finklehoffe. Directed by Jed Harris.... ¶ "High Button Shoes," a musical comedy directed by George Abbott, with a cast headed by Phil Silvers and Nanette Fabray. The book is by Stephen Longstreet.

Music—At CARNEGIE HALL: Ruggiero Ricci, violin, Oct. 5; the Philadelphia Symphony, Oct. 7; Leopold Stokowski conducting the opening performance of the Philharmonic-Symphony season, Oct. 9.... NEW YORK CITY CENTER: The New York City Symphony, Leonard Bernstein conducting a series of Monday- and Tuesday-evening concerts, starting Sept. 22.

Other Dates—The United Nations General Assembly convenes on Sept. 16.... ¶ Quarterly income-tax payments due Sept. 15.... ¶ Rodeo, Madison Square Garden, Sept. 24-Oct. 26.... ¶ Danbury Fair, Danbury, Conn., Sept. 27-Oct. 5.

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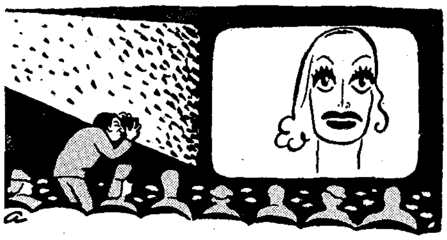
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

The Best Years of Our Lives—The postwar difficulties of three veterans. At its best whenever Fredric March is most conspicuous. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th; Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th; through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ 77th Street, B'way at 77th; through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th; starting Sept. 5.)

Black Narcissus—A British picture, in which unusually good Technicolor camera work makes an unwisely chosen Rumer Godden story seem above the ordinary. The cast includes David Farrar, Deborah Kerr, and Sabu. (Fulton, 210 W. 46th.)

Crossfire—There wouldn't be much to this mystery film if it weren't for some frank talk about anti-Semitism. Robert Ryan is effectively villainous as a Jew-baiter, and Sam Levene is wholly convincing as his victim. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th.)

Dead of Night—An English excursion into the world of dreams that deals excitingly with all kinds of spooky happenings, including the triumph of a dummy over its master. Michael Redgrave heads the cast. An English film. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; Sept. 5-8.)

Dear Ruth—A fairly funny, if unsubstantial, comedy that concerns itself with some wartime romantic mixups on the home front. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th; through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th; through Sept. 8.)

Great Expectations—A thoroughly satisfactory English job of reworking the novel. The cast is quite wonderful. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd; through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th; through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd; Sept. 5-8. . . . ¶ Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th; starting Sept. 8. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd; starting Sept. 9.)

Kiss of Death—An exciting and brutal gangster film, in spite of its silly title. The cast includes Victor Mature and Richard Widmark, who plays a singularly ferocious gunman. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th.)

Life with Father—An exact and completely enjoyable transfer of the play to the screen. In Technicolor, with William Powell, Irene Dunne, and Zasu Pitts. (Warner, B'way at 51st.)

The Macomber Affair—Closer to Hemingway than most adaptations of the great man in the past, and consequently much more stimulating. With Robert Preston, Joan Bennett, and Gregory Peck. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd; Olympia, B'way at 107th; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th; starting Sept. 10.)

Odd Man Out—There's a hint, if only a hint, of "The Informer" in this English film, and that's enough for a good recommendation. With James Mason. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th; Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd; Sept. 5-8.)

Open City—A powerful account of the workings of the Roman underground. In Italian. (World, 153 W. 49th.)

The Secret Life of Walter Mitty—Danny Kaye romping through a confused version of the James Thurber story and often being quite funny about it. (Astor, B'way at 45th.)

Shoe-Shine—A simply told and memorable tragedy of street children in postwar Rome. In Italian. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th.)

Welcome Stranger—Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald doing a mildly diverting follow-up of "Going My Way." The boys are doctors this time instead of priests, but otherwise things haven't changed much. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd.)

REVIVALS

Arrowsmith (1931)—Sinclair Lewis's doctor story. With Helen Hayes and Ronald Colman. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Sept. 5.)

Brief Encounter (1946)—A cinema expansion of Noel Coward's one-act play, "Still Life." British, with Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd; Sept. 7-9.)

Bringing up Baby (1938)—Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd; Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th; Sept. 10.)

Colonel Blimp (1945)—A British biography of a professional soldier, played by Roger Livesey. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Sept. 6.)

Dodsworth (1936)—Another Sinclair Lewis piece, this time the one about a retired businessman. Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton, and Mary Astor. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Sept. 5.)

Fantasia (1940)—The Disney mixture of Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th; through Sept. 8.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—Robert Donat in René Clair's English film concerning a Scottish castle moved to America. (Carlton, B'way at 100th; starting Sept. 9.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Almost four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Criterion, B'way at 44th.)

Gunga Din (1939)—Kipling's India. Cary Grant and Victor McLaglen. (Palace, B'way at 47th; Sept. 6-7.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Palace, B'way at 47th; Sept. 4-5.)

Jane Eyre (1944)—Joan Fontaine as Jane, and Orson Welles as Rochester. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; Sept. 9-10.)

Life Begins at 8:30 (1942)—Monty Woolley playing an old actor who has taken to the bottle. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th; Sept. 5-9.)

Love Affair (1939)—Romance starts at sea. Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Sept. 8.)

Love from a Stranger (1937)—An Agatha Christie story. Ann Harding and Basil Rathbone. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Sept. 4.)

M, the Kidnapper (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. In German. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Sept. 7.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' treatment of the Tarkington novel. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd; Sept. 4.)

The Moon Is Down (1943)—The Steinbeck piece about the Germans in Norway. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th; Sept. 5-9.)

Nothing Sacred (1937)—Ben Hecht's drollery concerning Manhattan life. Carole Lombard and Fredric March. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; Sept. 4.)

Smoky (1946)—Fred MacMurray and Burl Ives in an easygoing adaptation of the Will James novel. (Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd; Sept. 7-10.)

State Fair (1945)—Champion pigs, youthful romance, and songs. Dick Haymes, Jeanne Crain, and Charles Winninger. (Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd; through Sept. 6.)

The Thief of Bagdad (1940)—You know, flying carpets and jinn. Sabu and Conrad Veidt. (Carlton, B'way at 100th; starting Sept. 9.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock derring-do. A British film. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; Sept. 9-10.)

Topper Takes a Trip (1939)—The second "Topper." Constance Bennett and Roland Young. (Beacon, B'way at 74th; Sept. 7-9.)

Vacation from Marriage (1946)—Robert Donat and Deborah Kerr jolted out of the tedium of a dreary marriage by the war. An English picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Sept. 6.)

The Well Digger's Daughter (1946)—Raimu in the French comedy about seduction. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule. Sept. 4, at 3, 5:30, and 8 P.M.: French films made between 1905 and 1910. . . . ¶ Sept. 5-6 at 3 and 5:30 P.M., and Sept. 7 at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. French films of 1899 to 1912. . . . ¶ Starting Sept. 8 at 3 and 5:30 P.M.: French films of 1895 to 1923. Reservations can be made at the Museum.

• • •

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"Song of the Thin Man," Myrna Loy, William Powell.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

Fulton, 210 W. 46th. (CI 6-6380)
BLACK NARCISSUS.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"The Roosevelt Story," documentary film.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9349)
KISS OF DEATH.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Sept. 10 (tentative): "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer," Shirley Temple, Cary Grant, Myrna Loy.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
Sept. 4-5: **THE INFORMER,** revival.
Sept. 6-7: **GUNGA DIN,** revival.
Sept. 8-10: To be announced.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
WELCOME STRANGER.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CROSSFIRE.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Mother Wore Tights," Betty Grable.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through Sept. 10: "Black Gold," Anthony Quinn, Katherine De Mille.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Sept. 4: "Deep Valley," Ida Lupino, Dane Clark.
From Sept. 5: "Dark Passage," Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-7429)
"Lured," Lucille Ball, George Sanders.

Warner, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
LIFE WITH FATHER.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
"Something in the Wind," Deanna Durbin.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Ambassador, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
"The Devil's Envoys" (in French), Arletty.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (BR 9-2659)
SHOE-SHINE.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER, revival.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"Les Enfants du Paradis" (in French), revival.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
Through Sept. 5: "The Great Waltz," revival, Luise Rainer.
From Sept. 6 (tentative): "The Tawny Pipit," Bernard Miles, Rosamund John.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
"Frieda," David Farrar.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
"I Know Where I'm Going," Wendy Hiller, Roger Livesey.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
OPEN CITY.

Aloha

Again the gay, friendly, timeless welcome of . . .

HAWAII

The thrills of game fishing on Maui and Molokai.

Riding along tropical bridle trails on the Big Island, Hawaii.

Exciting surf sports all year at famous Waikiki.

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Come any time . . . come NOW!

Ample travel facilities . . . more hotel accommodations than ever before . . . and all the famed allure of this mid-ocean rest-and-playland awaiting you!

Breakfast in San Francisco or Los Angeles and dine in Honolulu. Or come overnight and fly into the morning beauty of these lovely isles. From any part of the United States you can spend twelve days visiting the major islands and return home within a fortnight.

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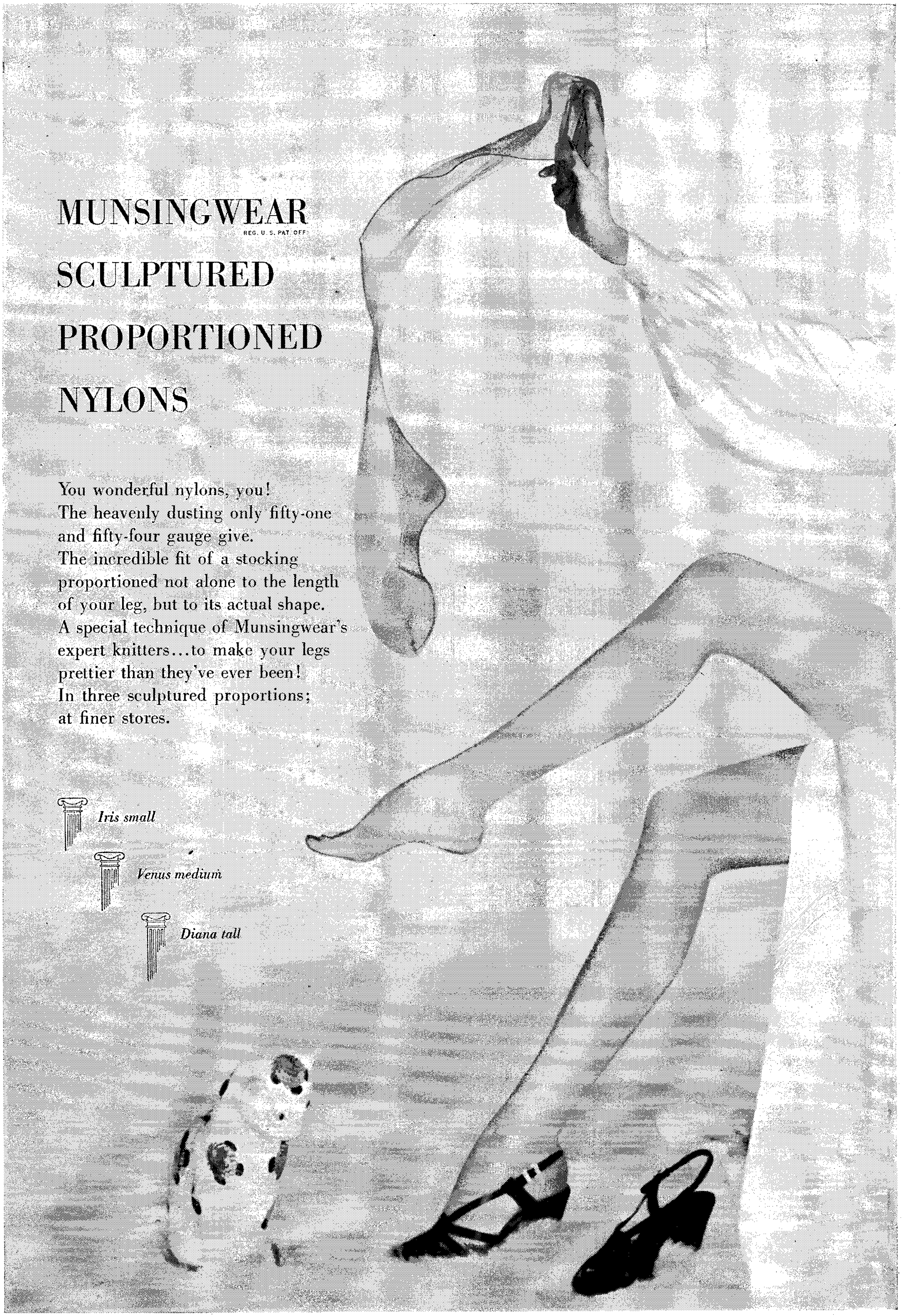
Oahu . . . Maui . . . Hawaii . . . Kauai . . . each island has its historic landmarks . . . its sports and diversions . . . its special scenic wonders. *You can visit them all on a modest budget.*

Your Travel Agent will tell you all about routes, fares, hotels, supply you pictorial literature, and help plan your itinerary. Come this fall! You can enjoy Hawaii at any season.

ALOHA WEEK, October 26—November 2 . . .
7 days of Hawaiian pageantry

This advertisement is sponsored by Hawaii Visitors Bureau, Honolulu, Hawaii. A non-profit organization maintained for your service by **THE PEOPLE OF HAWAII**



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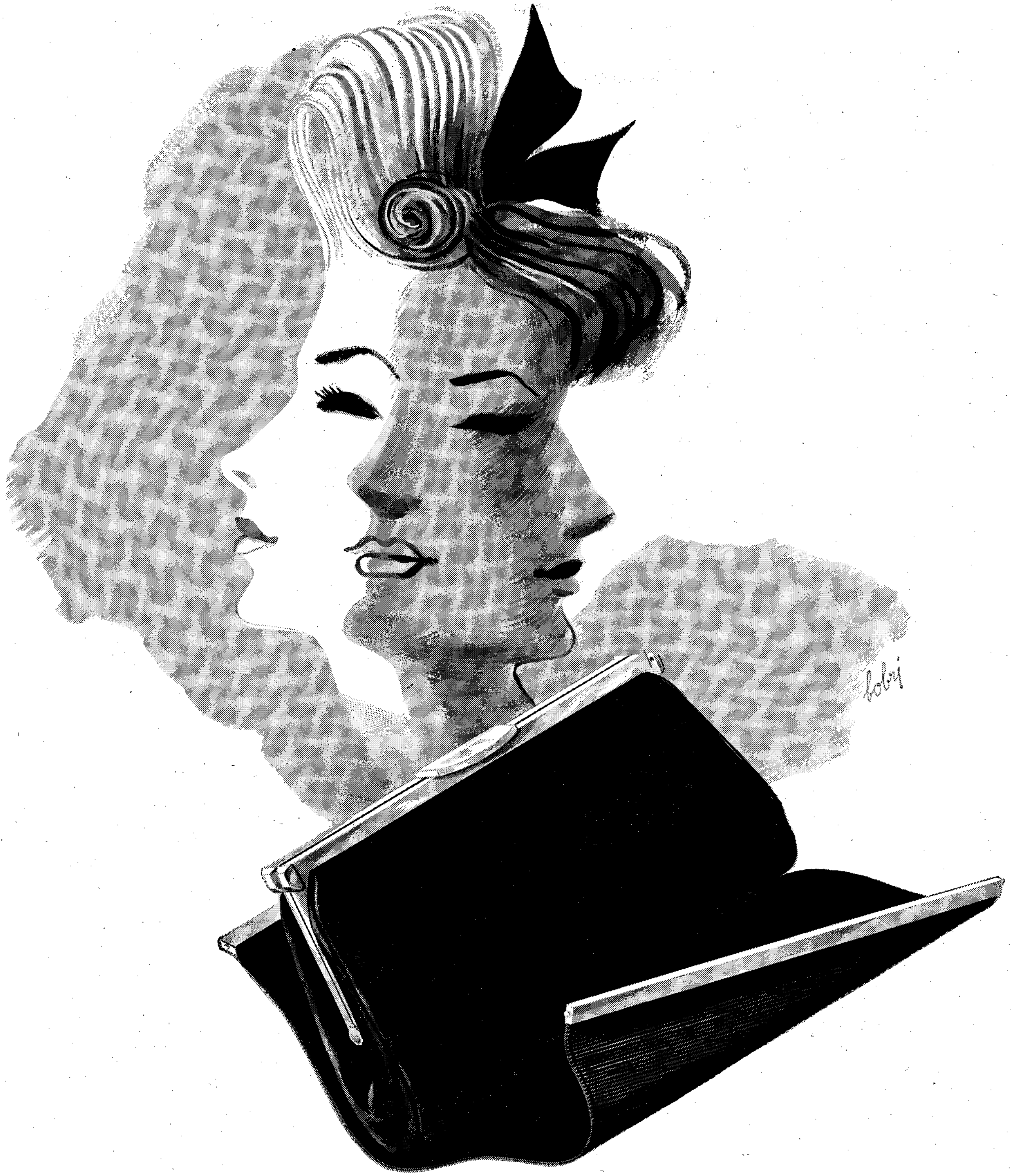
SCULPTURED PROPORTIONED NYLONS

You wonderful nylons, you!
The heavenly dusting only fifty-one
and fifty-four gauge give.
The incredible fit of a stocking
proportioned not alone to the length
of your leg, but to its actual shape.
A special technique of Munsingwear's
expert knitters...to make your legs
prettier than they've ever been!
In three sculptured proportions;
at finer stores.

Iris small

Venus medium

Diana tall



KORET'S 1-2-3 ...three faces to fashion...three individual personalities in one Koret Handbag. A flip of the thumb and 1-2-3 it "changes face" to satin, to faille, to Koretolope.* The practical voyageur...the perfect complement to fashion's myriad demands.

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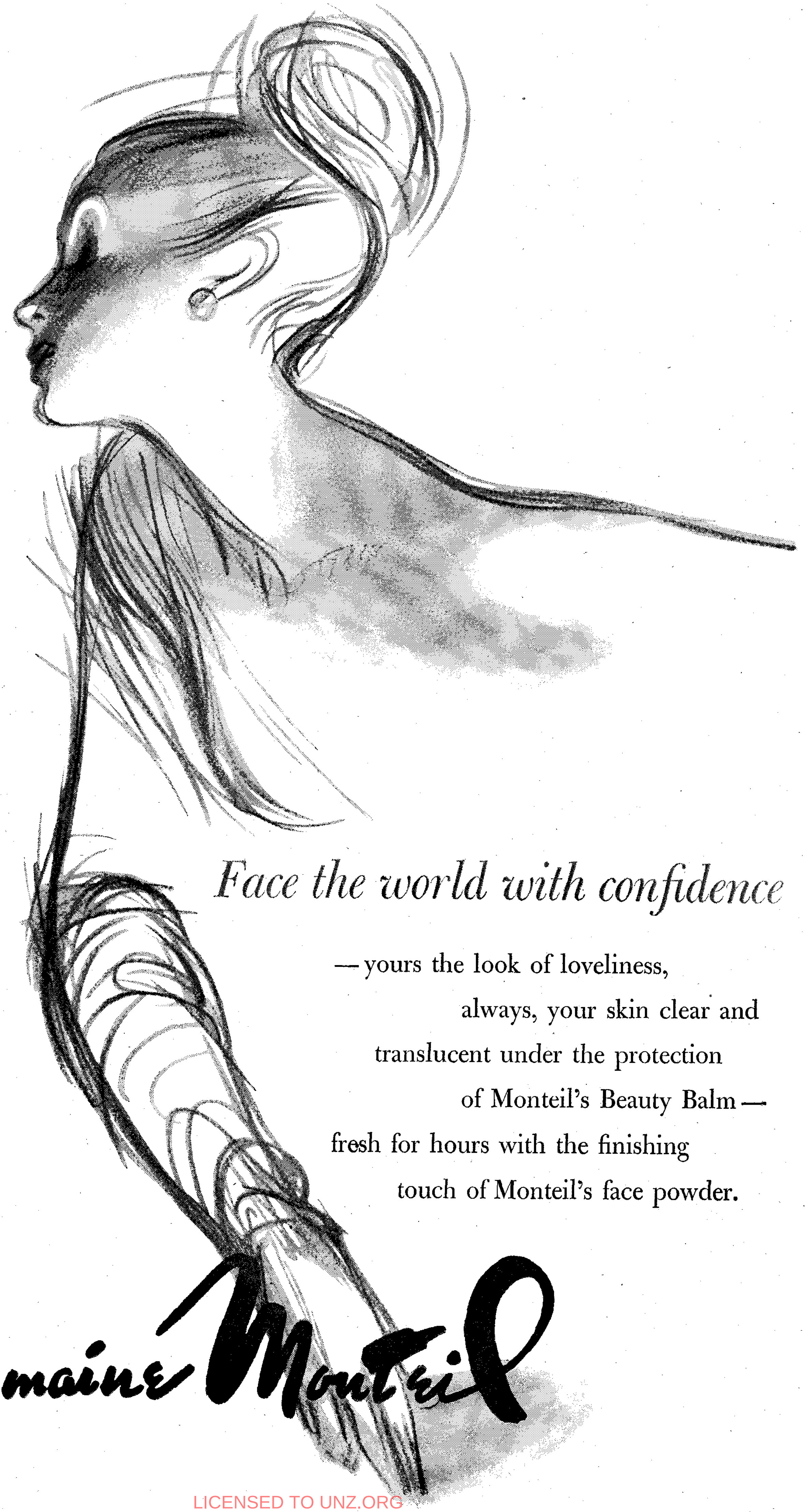
The MARK of a Koret Original

*Made of "non-crockable" suede calf.



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—yours the look of loveliness, always, your skin clear and translucent under the protection of Monteil's Beauty Balm—fresh for hours with the finishing touch of Monteil's face powder.

Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

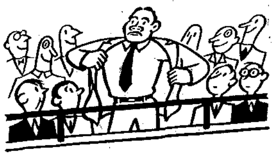
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

Note to Be Brought to the Attention of the United States Treasury Department: The Seamen's Bank for Savings, near the corner of Forty-fifth and Madison, has in one of its windows a three-dimensional model of a counterfeiting ring at work. When we passed it the other afternoon, a shifty-eyed man wearing a light-gray hat was making sketches on a tiny pad cupped in his hand.

The final tables for the first session of the Eightieth Congress—from January 3, 1947, to July 27, 1947—have appeared in the *Congressional Record*, and they give a picture of industriousness that could hardly be matched on any production line in the country. The wind blew in the Senate for 744 hours and 40 minutes, and filled 5,641 pages of the *Record*. The wind blew in the House for 595 hours and 55 minutes, and filled 5,047 pages of the *Record*. The Senate worked an average of 5.9 hours a day in session and filled approximately 7.6 pages an hour. The House worked an average daily session of 4.7 hours and filled approximately 8.5 pages an hour. The Senate talked longer; the House talked faster. Both can be proud of themselves.

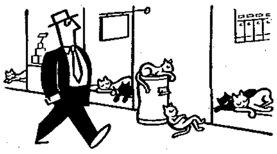
The real test of a candidate for high political office is the way he behaves at a ball game. One recent midweek afternoon, we sneaked out of our office and up to the Polo Grounds, where the Giants and the Cincinnati Reds were about to play a doubleheader for the edification of an astonishingly large number of citizens who had, one way or another, taken half a day off. We were pleasantly surprised to find ourself seated a beer-bottle cap's throw from Governor Dewey, who was sharing a box back of first base with four young boys, two of whom we were able to identify as his sons. When the first game started, the sky was overcast and the air was chilly. The Governor was wearing a conservatively cut business suit of a sombre, grayish color. A sound, sensible costume for the occasion, we thought—more than likely to arouse admiration in the hearts of those of his neighbors who were shivering in their shirtsleeves. It got warmer after a few innings, and the Governor alertly took his coat off. An excellent move, we thought—certain to win the gratitude of those men who had come to the stadium with coats on and had been waiting for some leader with gumption to establish a precedent by exchanging finery for comfort.



Dewey watched the first game, it seemed to us, with obvious interest but without permitting himself to become completely absorbed in it—a commendable attitude, we thought, for a man with a great many things on his mind. Between games, he and his companions left their box and disappeared from our view. They turned up in the Giants' dugout, from which the youngsters in the party emerged wearing baseball caps monogrammed with the initials "NY." Dewey remained bareheaded—a wise, mature, statesmanlike decision, we thought. The Governor did not, as near as we could make out, visit the Cincinnati dugout. This struck us as an intensely human act of self-denial, considering how important certain people have been saying it is for him to make more friends in Ohio.

As the second game started, Dewey put his suit coat on again. After a while, he took it off again. We marked him down on our score card as a man exceptionally sensitive to atmospheric changes and capable of reversing himself to meet a new situation. During the course of the afternoon, he had revealed himself to us as the only important government figure we've seen or heard of who can chew and swallow peanuts without ever once seeming to open his mouth. It was a long afternoon, and after seven innings of the second game we had had our fill of baseball and, along with a great many other spectators, left the park. We read in the paper the next day, though, that the Governor had stayed on right through the final putout. Stamina is a formidable political asset.

Despite the high temperature, we decided one day early last week to carry out a long-standing project of ours and visit the Capuchin monastery at 213 Stanton Street, on the lower East Side. As we came up out of the Delancey Street subway station and started across town, the heat poured over us from between the discolored buildings, blurring the sharp edges of signs and muting the voices of icemen, who, in soiled trucks rolling slowly through the neighborhood, called out, in a defiant singsong, "I-ce! I-ce!" We noticed that the children bouncing balls against walls and curbs did so languidly, like figures moving underwater. Sun-struck cats dozed in nearly every doorway between the subway and the monastery, and we wouldn't have been surprised to see a rat walk up and smack one across the whiskers. But the rats, in their wisdom, were apparently all couched in the subterranean darkness of grocery cellars, eating salt.



The monastery proved to be an ancient red brick building with a parochial school on one side, a new, unfinished school playground on the other, and the high-domed Church of Our Lady of Sorrows immediately behind it. There were two wrought-iron shoescrapers on the stone front steps, and open iron grilles, giving onto a shadowy hall, framed the doorway. On the door itself was a small white porcelain sign bearing the words "Capuchin Monastery." We rang the bell and heard it sounding deep inside the building. In the tenement across the street, women sat at their windows and watched us without interest. A plume of steam curled from the shop of H. Chong, Hand Laundry. Finally, an old, bearded man in a brown habit opened the door and, when we asked to speak to the pastor, showed us into a square parlor furnished with three straight chairs, a desk, and a portable confessional, and decorated with highly colored prints of "The Last Supper," "Christ at Gethsemane," "Christ Being Taken Down from the Cross," and "Christ Exposing His Sacred Heart." It was extraordinarily cool in the parlor—partly, we guessed, because of the thickness of the walls and partly because the two stained-glass windows by which it was lighted turned the hard summer light into rosy dusk—and we were glad just to sit there and catch our breath.

In a few moments, the pastor, a professorial-looking man with glasses and a clipped gray beard, entered and introduced himself to us as Father Pancratius Krieg. After we had paid our respects to the weather, he told us that his parish had been founded eighty years ago, shortly after the Capuchin order established its first monastery in this country, and that at the time the parishioners were mostly Irish and Germans. Now they are mostly Italians, Poles, and Spaniards. He didn't say so, but we gathered that it was a considerable task to keep up the large church and school in the face of the changes the neighborhood has undergone and is still undergoing. Seven friars—"we should call this a friary, not a monastery, but we have more important things to worry about," Father Pancratius told us—and three brothers (members of the order but not priests) occupy the monastery; the school is run by Dominican sisters, who live nearby.

Father Pancratius invited us to see the church, which he had recently had renovated. He led the way down a long, dark corridor, through a sacristy that smelled strongly and sweetly of incense, and out to the main altar. We said we were surprised by the size and handsome appearance of the church, and Father Pancratius nodded. "Didn't expect to find anything like this down here, did you?" he asked rather sadly. "The paintings over the side altars were given to us by the Emperor of Austria. The asphalt tile on the floor is our improvement." Next he led us through a cloister formed by the rear walls of the church, monastery, and school into the new playground. "Tenements used to stand here," he said. "I bought the land a few years back, and we've since collected enough money to lay concrete and put in jungle gyms, swings, and a basketball court. But everything has to be done little by little, and I won't be here to see it finished. We superiors don't stay more than six years in any one place, and my time is nearly up." He took a pack of cigarettes out of his habit and, after offering us one, lighted a cigarette for himself. "Little by little," he said again, and blew a thick cloud of smoke out of his bearded mouth.

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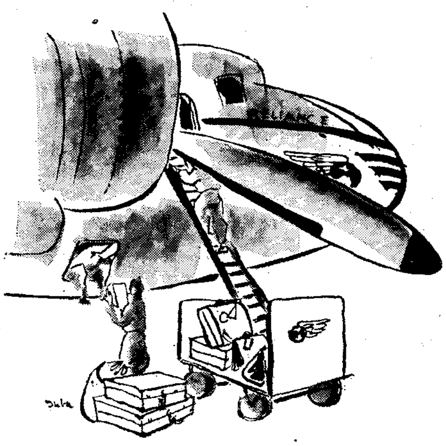
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: New Ulm, Minnesota, has just celebrated Massacre Week.

The frozen-food shop at 35 West Eighth Street has on display an ample supply of Milady's Blintzes.

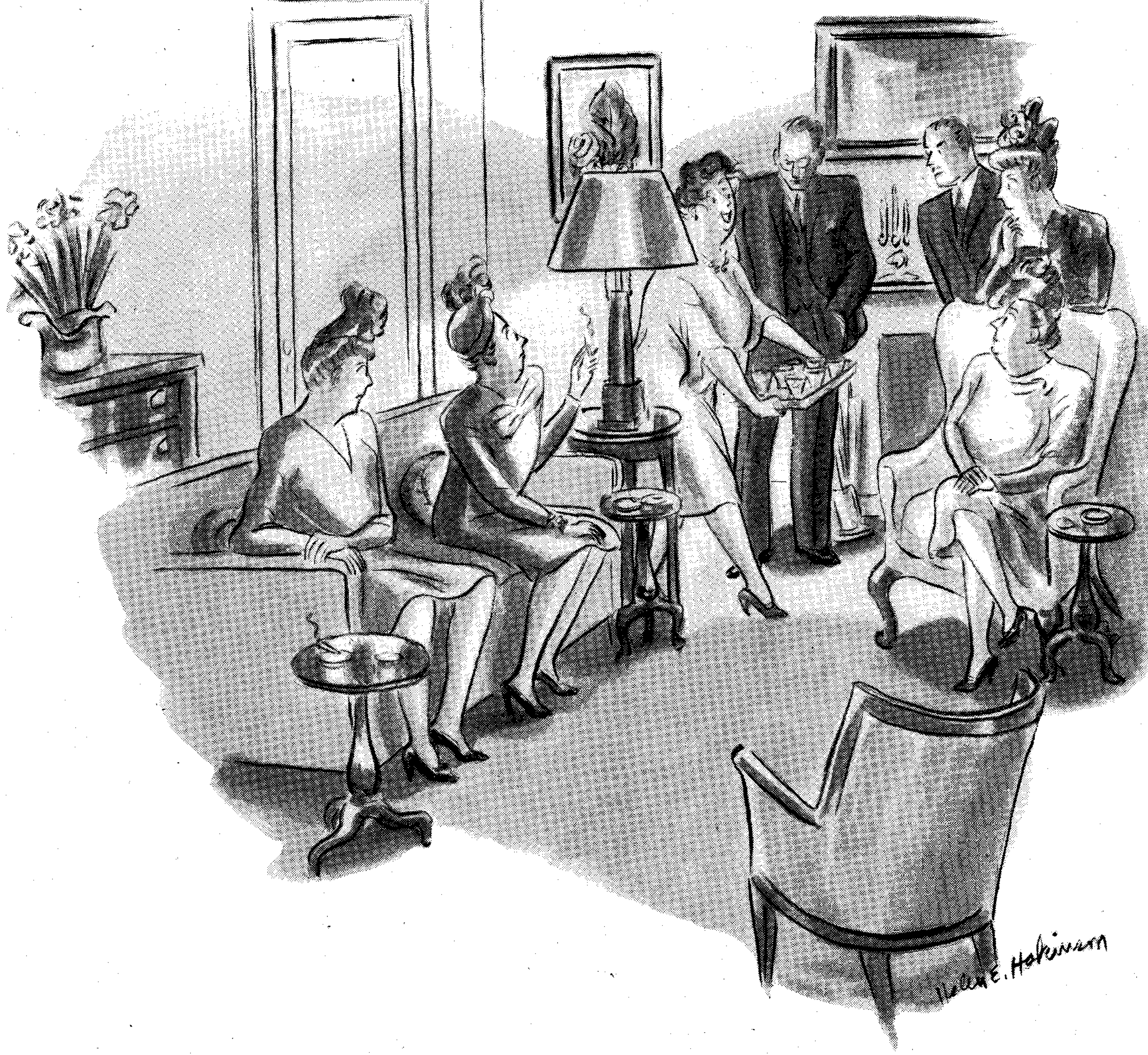
A sign in the window of a stationery store in the East Sixties advertises balloons for sale at five and six cents, blown-up balloons at six and seven cents.

Best-Sellers

IT was suggested to us the other day that we look into the matter of the books the department stores use to add verisimilitude to otherwise bald displays of furniture: Does Bloomingdale have a stronger literary bent than Macy? Does Gimbel bait its breakfronts with Proust or Wakeman? Does Sloane put its customers at their ease with first editions? We sent out an investigator on this assignment, and he has brought in a full and rather disquieting report. No Proust. No Wakeman. No firsts. Our man began at a display of living-room furniture on Gimbel's tenth floor, where he immediately came across what appeared to be a seven-volume set of Rudyard Kipling in a handsome mahogany bookcase. The bookcase passed a closer inspection, but poor Kipling proved to consist of a piece of cardboard to which were glued spines of imitation leather. Our man did better, however, as he browsed about the display, noting copies of real books entitled "Everyday Economics," "On the Way to Perignan," "Science in Search of God," "Beyond Fundamentalism and Modernism," "George Frisbie Hoar," "Gods and Little Fishes," "The Soldier and the Gentlewoman," and "Time and Chance." It didn't take him long to discover that if he saw a book once at Gimbel, he was likely to see it again and again, presumably as a result of its having been picked up in bulk at a remainder sale. For example, he counted six copies of "Max von Pettenkofer," four of "The Miracle of Peille," nine of "Prometheus and Epimetheus," four of "Methods and Results of Testing School Children," five of "The Older Woman in Industry," three of "Says Hogan," and six of "Rambling Recollections." There were also no less than eight copies of a volume entitled "Responsible Drinking" and five of "Move Your Merchandise!," a subject on which Gimbel is obviously prepared to take a strong stand.



In the main furniture room at Macy, our man found dozens of pieces of furniture intended to hold books, but no books. For such displays, Macy favors a wooden dummy, shaped to resemble a book but unpainted and untitled. Macy has a number of completely furnished model bedrooms, living rooms, etc., set up off its principal furniture display, and there our man discovered real books in abundance, with titles no more stirring than those he'd noted at Gimbel—"The End of Reparations" (the work of lovable old Hjalmar Horace Greeley Schacht), "Efficiency Expert," "Europe's Conscience in Decline," "The Interest Standard of Currency," Volume IV of "Minutes of the Common Council of the City of New York, 1675-1775," "Thirty Years as President of Bucknell," and "The Adventures of Tommy Postoffice." When such solemn tomes served to dress up period furniture, the effect seemed to have a vague, if dismaying, congruity, but in the rooms devoted to modern furniture, it definitely jarred our man.



"Is everybody ready for the Venezuelan national drink?"

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Furthermore, he noted that Macy, as its comparison shoppers must know, has only three copies of "The Miracle of Peille" to Gimbel's four.

Stern goes in heavily for cardboard dummies instead of books. Among the dummy titles there are "Democracy Enters College," "The Last Puritan," "Pets for Pleasure and Profit," and "Luke the Historian in Light of Research," all of which name Scribner as the publisher. At W. & J. Sloane, our man not only didn't find a first edition but couldn't find a book of any kind, real or imitation, and he quickly went to Bloomingdale, which turned out to be another heavy plunger in cardboard dummies, and down to Altman, where the only real book in the place was a restful bedside companion entitled "The Lamentations of a New Jeremiah." He wound up his investigation by preparing the following concise report:

Percentage of real books:	.35
Average number of dummy books to set:	8
Average width of dummy set:	13 inches
Favorite dummy authors:	Dickens, Kipling, Tolstoy, Richard Harding Davis
Effect of books on purchase of furniture:	0

Definition

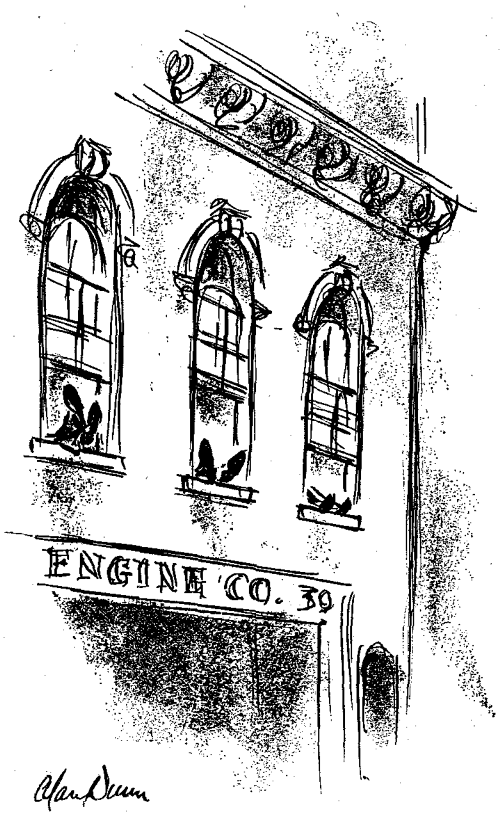
FELLOW called the *Times* last Friday to find out whether a certain new radio program had got under way yet. The girl he was connected with there said it had, and was on nightly. This nightly business was contrary to the man's information about the program, so he asked her if she was sure it went on every night. "Oh, no, not every night," the girl said. "It's just nightly—you know, goes on at night."

Back

OVER the years, we have been on hand many times to watch the boys and girls take off from Grand Central for their summer camps, but not until last week had we seen them return. We have now, as the saying goes, seen everything. On the morning in question, the Terminal was a rich pie of delights. We walked through on our way to work and idly stopped to listen to a fifty-piece, all-female brass band, which had placed itself at the east end of the main concourse and was playing "America the Beautiful" in dance time. A cardboard sign identified the musicians as "ALL GI GIRLS SPAM POST 570 MINNESOTA." "Yah-yah-boom-boom, dah-dah-boom-boom, deee-deee-deee-deee-dah-dah—whaaam," blared the band, and the onlookers applauded. Behind us a group of Legionnaires raced past, shooting cap pistols at two nuns, who leaped into the air and fled through the gate of Track 25. "Behind the ropes! Camp train!" shouted a pale-faced guard, and in a twinkling we found ourself pressed, in the company of several hundred other people, against some ropes facing Track 24. "Camp Robinson Crusoe?" asked a man behind us. "Could be Robinson Crusoe," said the guard. "Could be Wa-Qua-Set, Seneca, Pontiac, Happy Acres, Tanglewood, Pocahontas, Ripogenus, Millinocket, or Mt. John Adams. I'm told 'camp train,' so I say 'Camp train.' *Behind the ropes!*" "There he is!" said a lady beside us. "He has his paddle!" We peered through the open gate, and far down the platform we could make out a group of children being formed into some semblance of a line. "And where does he think he will *keep* the paddle?" asked a man beside the lady. "Herbert," she said, "if you are not willing to welcome the boy gracefully, go home." "Now they're coming!" someone cried. The line moved toward the gate. As the first boy came through, a man ducked under the rope, picked him up, and kissed him. "I finished it," said the boy. "Finished what?" asked the man. "Finished stuffing the robin!" said the boy. "*Behind the ropes!*" cried the guard. Nobody paid any attention to him. We were pushed through the ropes from behind. "Hold this," said a boy. We took a white box from his hands. "What's in it?" we asked. "Seven frogs," he said. We handed the box back to him. Three boys walked past, carrying, respectively, a Chemcraft set, a small totem pole, and a silver trophy. A woman rushed forward to greet the boy with the trophy. "The Samuel F. Edelbaum Annual Award for the Boy Who Did Most for Camp," said the winner proudly. "Where is my son's trunk?" an elderly man asked us. "Fell off at New Haven," we said. "Why were *you* on milk squad?" a lady asked a plump, red-faced boy in knee breeches. "Because of the graham crackers," he said. "Midgets and Papooses to the left, Junior Chiefs, Green Arrows, and Squaw Men keep right!" shouted a man wearing pince-nez, through a green megaphone. "Fire Tenders and Senior Moccasins report behind the information booth!" "Why did my son's trunk fall off at New Haven?" the elderly man asked us. "Because it had a Yale lock," we said. "Yah-yah-boom-boom, dah-dah-boom-boom, deee-deee-deee-deee-dah-dah—whaaam," went the band. "I'm the biggest, toughest, noisiest man in Arkansas, and I can lick any kid in the station!" cried a Legionnaire, shaking a finger in a child's face. A small boy staggered through the gate, bowed low under the weight of a knapsack. "Must you wear that?" asked a man who rushed to greet him. The boy glanced up, smiling painfully. "I gained three pounds," he said. "Fire Tenders and Senior Moccasins have responsibilities!" cried the man with the megaphone. "*Behind the ropes!*" said the guard. "We put the horse in Uncle Brick's cabin and left it there all night," mumbled a passing brave. "I've lost my lizard," said another. "We are trying to locate Papoose Brecher!" shouted the man with the megaphone. We figured we would not know the Papoose if we saw him, so we departed.

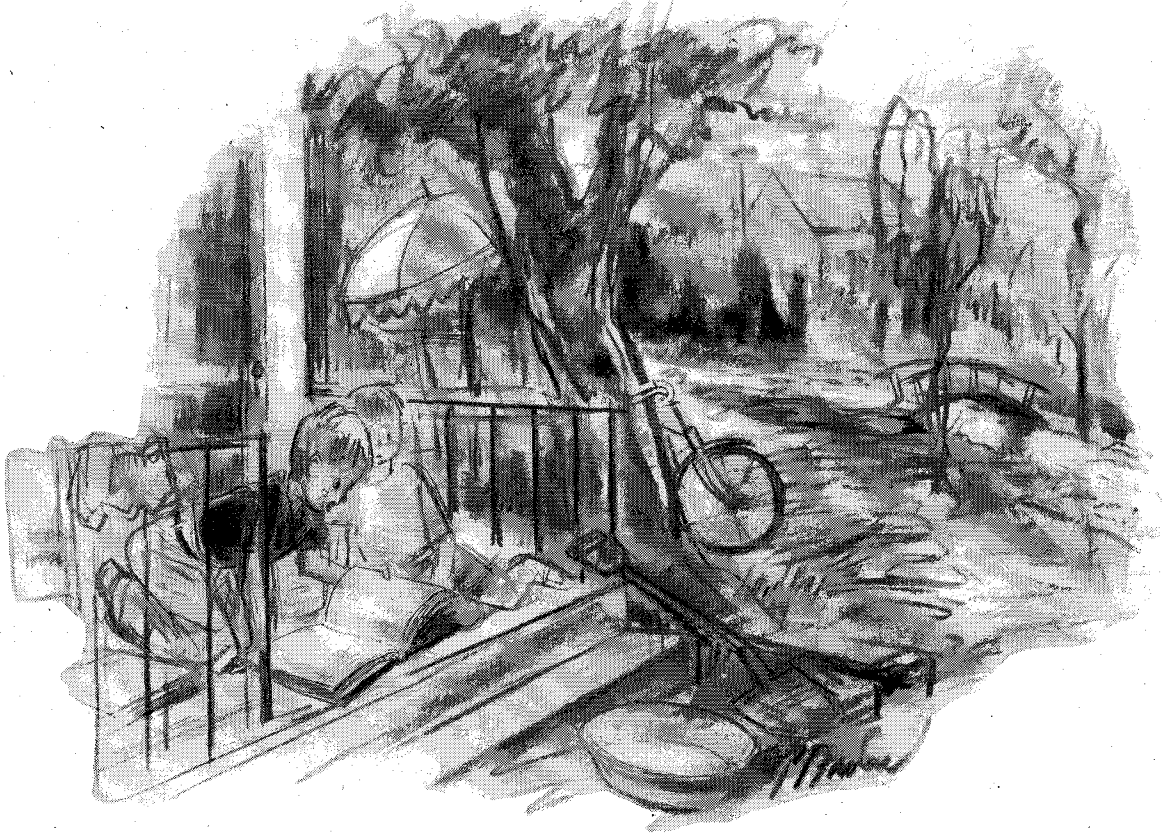
Pride

A GENTLEMAN pausing to look at the window display of Thomas Cook & Son, on Fifth Avenue, on a recent afternoon was distracted when a maroon Rolls pulled up and a liveried chauffeur in his late sixties stepped out, peered at the wheels alongside the curb, crawled back into the car, urged it forward a foot or two, and then got out and carefully examined the wheels again. Along about then, he perceived that he was being watched and, with a smile of good-fellowship, offered an explanation. "It's 'im," he said, jerking a gloved thumb toward the building. "'E likes the names on the 'ubcaps right side up, so 'e can read 'em when 'e gets in."



Direct Descendant

WE had a pleasant, non-political chat one afternoon last week with His Highness the Sultan of West Borneo. The Sultan was in town briefly, at the Drake, on a political mission. He is for the Dutch, all the way. We are for the moment maintaining a strict neutrality toward the quarrel between the Netherlands government and the Indonesian Republic, and while talking with His Highness, who speaks perfect English, we kept close to sultanry. That was all right with the Sultan. He is a self-assured, athletically built man of thirty-four, with a bright, inquiring look and a light-brown complexion, and at the time of our visit he was wearing gray flannel trousers, a gray flannel jacket, a gray shirt, and a restrained blue tie. He was also pouring himself a Martini from a small beaker. "Olive?" he asked, offering us a Martini. "Yes, Sultan," we said. "I am a Mohammedan, directly descended from Mohammed, and Mohammedans do not drink," he said. He toyed with his glass. "The rule applies to wine," he added. "Gracious, what heat! Nothing to compare with it back home. Basically, your problem is not the heat; it is the humidity." We clinked glasses. "Cheers," said the Sultan. His Highness informed us that he has been a sultan slightly less than two years. "I'm new at the game," he said. "You can call me the Head of the Autonomous Territory of West Borneo, the President of the West Borneo Council, the great-grandson of Hamid II, or just plain Sjarif Hamid Alkadrie, but you must not use the surname. Forbidden." He tasted his Martini. "I was the second son of the Sultan of West Borneo," he said. "Nobody ever expected *me* to become Sultan. In fact, when I was three months old, my father farmed me out to an English lady in Singapore. Tremendous families out my way, and farming out is the custom. I'd spend summer holidays with the folks at our palace in Pontianak, the capital. During the war, while I was serving in the Dutch Army, the Japanese massacred my father and eighteen brothers, my brothers-in-law, cousins, and uncles. All the princes were murdered. Thrashing about for a new sultan, somebody remembered the great-grandson of Hamid II. It's no cinch, being Sultan.”


“The ‘dirt’ is stirred and shaken with water in a pan to enable the gold to settle to the bottom, and the upper portions are gradually washed away by dipping the pan into water and pouring it off until only the gold and heavy minerals are left. Finally, the gold is separated by a series of dexterous twists and tilts. . .”

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According to His Highness, Borneo has several sultans. “I am not certain of the exact number,” he told us. “It is either five or seven, but I am definitely the only sultan in West Borneo.” His territory encompasses an area roughly equivalent to half that of England and Scotland, and has a population of a million and a half. Most of the male inhabitants work on rubber and copra plantations and subsist almost entirely on rice. At present, rice is in desperately short supply; the small amounts available are imported from Siam and Burma and are allocated by international agreement. Obtaining rice for his subjects is the Sultan's major current problem. Since taking office, he has been conducting a polite guerrilla war against some of the ancient royal customs. “For one thing, my friend, the Sultan is expected to live in the palace,” he said. “The palace is perhaps the ugliest building on the face of the globe. It is a hundred and twenty years old, has many porches, and is constructed of ironwood—a substance, by the way, that will not float. My wife is Dutch, and I have two children, aged nine and five, and live in my own home, thank you, down the road from the palace. Mother lives in the palace, but she is not lonely, since two hundred and eighty-seven of the immediate family reside with her.” He poured two more Martinis. “Olive?” he asked. “Yes, Sultan,” we said. The Sultan sighed. “Protocol, protocol,” he said. “For example, no one must speak in the presence of the Sultan until the Sultan has himself spoken. My sisters pay absolutely no attention to the rule, but everybody else takes it very seriously. Sometimes I have nothing to say. It is forbidden, further, to laugh until the Sultan laughs. Should the Sultan laugh, even if there has been a bad joke or no joke whatever, everybody must laugh. And audiences are most trying. My subjects must put their hands together before their faces and touch their noses with their thumbs. Isn't that ridiculous? While I speak, they must look elsewhere—up, down, all around, but never in my direction. Exasperating! My friend, people leaving my presence must *back out.* Not so bad in an ordinary room, I grant you, but backing out of one of those long royal rooms takes doing. I keep saying to them, ‘It's all right, turn around, face front,’ but oh, no, they back out all the way to the door.”

This is the Sultan's first visit to the United States. He flew from Borneo in a Dutch plane and spent several days in and around Los Angeles. He feels that the West Coast has little to recommend it except a pleasant climate. While in New York, he has devoted himself to his political chores, attended a performance at the Radio City Music Hall, and taken a ride on the Staten Island ferry. “I feel compelled to see more things before leaving, but do not know exactly what,” he told us. “It would never do to return to Pontianak and tell them I just took a ferry ride.” We asked His Highness if he could enlighten us about the legendary Wild Men of Borneo. “I was terribly curious about them, too,” he said, “so when I became Sultan, I decided I'd better look into the matter. One morning, I hopped into the Buick and drove east toward the mountains. The Wild Men came down from the hills wearing their little loincloths, took one look at the Buick, and jumped into the river. Wouldn't come out until I drove off.”

Woman's Place

A HARD-WORKING business girl found a notice in her mailbox the other day saying that a package was being held for her at a Railway Express office. In the space where the company explains why it couldn't deliver a package was written, in what she thought was a testy hand, “Never at home.”

IN A PHILADELPHIA PARK

LAST month, as we were driving down from Connecticut to our home in Durham, North Carolina, we missed our turn for the bypass on the edge of Philadelphia and strayed into Tacony Creek Park, and there we met the nicest cop in the world. My husband had stopped the car to consult his road map. The park had a neglected air, and this cop, leaning against a tree while his horse cropped the shaggy grass beside him, was the only human being in sight. He looked so happily idle, and everything around him was so quiet and rural-seeming, that he might not have been a cop at all but instead a figure in a pastoral painting—a plowman, perhaps, taking his ease in the noonday shade. And we, sitting there in our old blue Plymouth while my husband studied his map, must have looked equally in keeping with the scene. On the back seat, our twelve-year-old twins sat demurely on either side of a picnic basket, dressed in their ruffled Sunday-school frocks; my husband, at the wheel, wore a dark, pin-striped suit and a white shirt that had been overstarched, so that the collar stood up high and stiff; and I, beside him, had on a dress of rayon sheer with a pinched-in waist, and a fancy little hat trimmed with a pink rose. The twins had prescribed this tea-party attire, pointing out that we would wish to make a good impression in the metropolitan areas, and, although I considered it unsuitable for a long drive in hot weather, I thought that here, becalmed among fields, we looked perfectly natural—like a sweet country family all dolled up to get its picture taken.

My husband put away his map and said he believed we would save time by inquiring the way of the cop. The twins sucked in their breath.

"People up here don't ask directions," said Susie.

The twins had spent the summer at a farmhouse—a sort of easygoing children's camp—near the Connecticut shore. It was their first flight from the nest. They had travelled North in charge of a cross, governessy Pullman porter, and we had undertaken to drive up later and fetch them home. We had found them looking the way little girls ought to look at the end of summer. Their eyes, in their brown faces, were more sky-colored than ever, their hair was burned to streaky straw, and nobody, watching them romp barefooted under the apple trees at the farm on the last day of camp, could have guessed that deep in their natures they had become women of the world. But they had been for a day's outing in New York; they had visited the Planetarium, eaten at an Automat, and purchased costume jewelry at Macy's, where they had observed shoppers moving with what impressed them as lofty, unstudied assurance. The twins are susceptible to all sorts of contagion, psychic as well as bodily, and after that experience they had considered themselves old hands at savoir-faire.

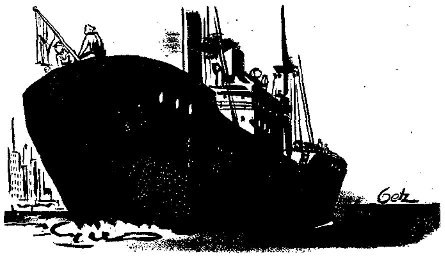
"How is dear, quaint little Durham?" Mary had asked us in a patronizing tone shortly after our arrival at the farm.

Now, Durham, our home town, is a Southern industrial city. It is scented from end to end with juicy, raw tobacco leaf; it is noisy with traffic jams and switch engines backing and filling on the spur track that cuts across Main Street; it has Gothic churches and red brick cigarette factories and skyscrapers, all jostling one another's elbows; it has a university, a state college, four hospitals, handsome residential sections (both white and colored), pitiful Negro slums, and dismal mill villages. It is certainly not quaint and I think its best negative virtue is that it doesn't care to be. If you aim to please us, you won't tell us our town is like Charleston; you will mention a mecca of push and progress. For example, several years ago an actress on tour remarked that Durham reminded her of "a little Newark," and we all wanted to kiss her. The reporter covering one of our businessmen's luncheon clubs quoted her in a news story that he sent to the club's national magazine. "Thespian Likens Bull City to Gotham's Neighbor," the boastful headline read.

We told Mary she had used the wrong adjective.

"*Cozy*, then," said Mary with a sneer. Her eyes began to shine. "The North, the North!" she exclaimed in a throaty voice. "I never knew what it was to really live until I saw the North!"

"Shut up, Mary," said Susie. "Your emotions embarrass me. Listen, Mother and Daddy. There are a few things to remember if you don't want to be thought corny. Don't say you 'reckon so,' and if anybody should tell you 'Thank you,' for heaven's sake don't say 'You're welcome.' People up here just say 'Mm-hmm.' And don't rave over the food. Act like you're used to nice things. Be nonchalant."



Mary patted my hand. "You'll catch on, Mother darling," she said reassuringly. "Don't be afraid of the white servants. They expect to wait on you, just like the colored ones at home. That's what they're paid for."

My husband and I are not worms, so during our brief stay at the farm we acted as corny as we wanted to, and we praised the food so highly that the cook fixed us sandwiches and apple turnovers for our trip home. I suppose it was partly in remorse for our show of independence that we had dressed to suit the twins.

"Don't you think it's a bit suburban to carry your lunch?" Susan asked as we set out in the misty dawn. She looked dubiously at our wicker basket.

"It's the most stylish thing you can do," I assured her firmly, "and that basket is stylish, too. It's an English tea basket and I bought it in London before you were born."

Susie said, "Oh." Her face showed plainly that she was thankful she hadn't had to travel with me in England.

The girls were too much absorbed in the grief of departure to give us much advice as we drove along the shore road, through sleeping New Haven, and down the Merritt Parkway. But when we headed for the George Washington Bridge (our car was a 1937 model and we had a reasonable dread of stalling in the tunnel) and they realized what we meant to do, they gasped in unison.

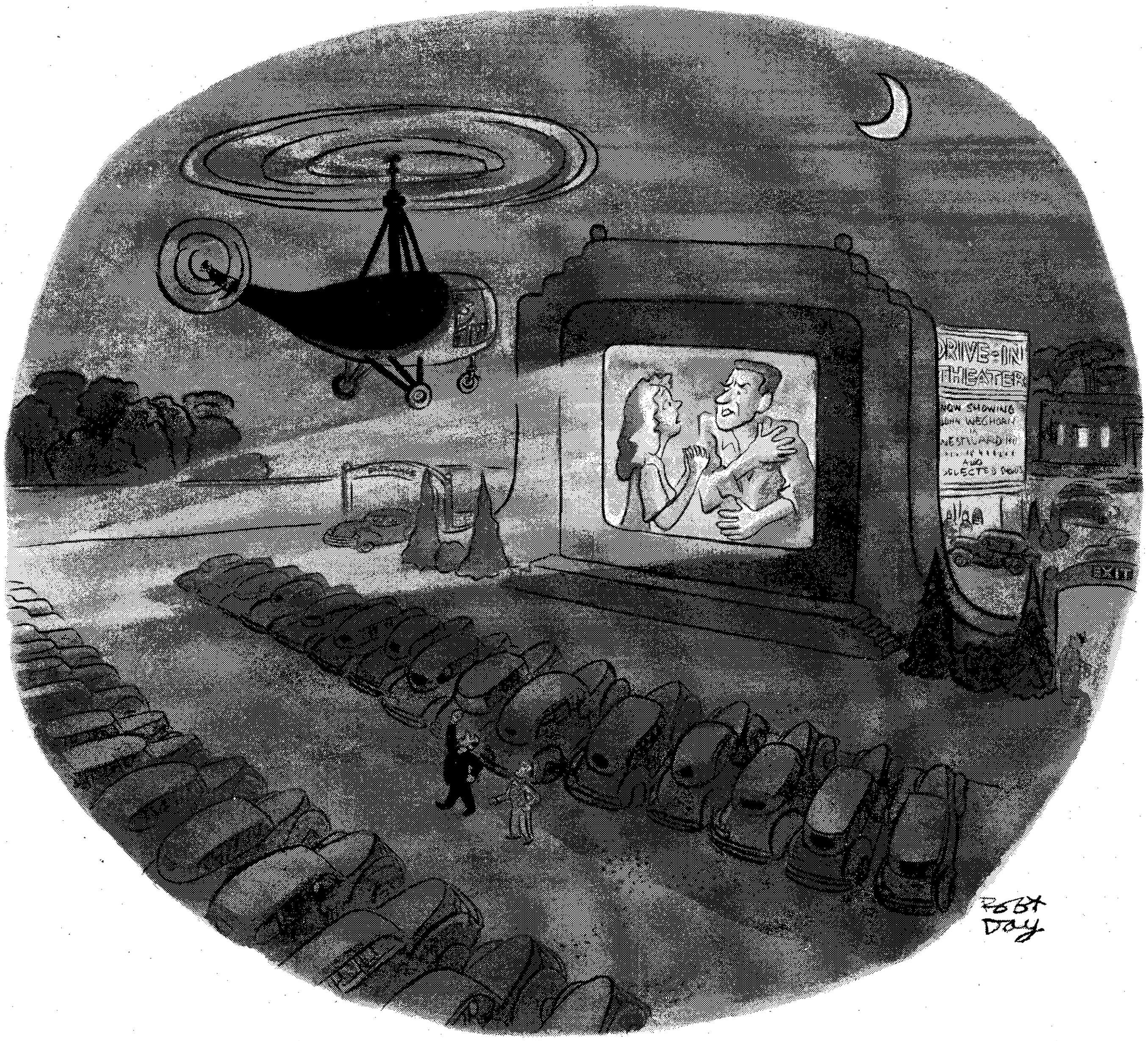
"Nobody ever uses the bridge!" they wailed. They slid to the floor and crouched there, covering their faces with their hands. I could not be sure whether they were afraid of the height or, for some odd reason, believed that to cross the George Washington Bridge was a sissy thing to do.

"Look down the river," I urged them cheerfully. "It's a lovely view."

It *was* lovely. A mist still lay on the Hudson, and above it the massed buildings of Manhattan rose in cloudlike calm into the morning sunlight—but the twins wouldn't look.

"Please don't point," said Susie through her fingers in a muffled, shuddering tone.

AND now, in a small Philadelphia park, we were about to disgrace them again.



"At least, Daddy," begged Mary as she saw her father beckoning to the cop, "don't call him Captain!"

"I think I'm capable of addressing a policeman without instructions from Mrs. Post," he snapped. "Cap'n," he called loudly, "I'm lost!"

The cop left his horse and came over to the car, put his foot on the running board, and grasped the lowered glass of my window in his hands. He was a huge man—not fat, but built on a magnificent scale. I noted his powerful hands and reflected upon the gracious wisdom of Providence that had tempered such strength with good nature, for we could tell at a glance that he was a nice man, and we could tell he liked us. He took everything in—the unfashionable car, the North Carolina license, the children trying to look haughty and succeeding in looking bashful, the rose on my hat—and his big, red face assumed an expression of benevolent piety, as if he felt himself to be in the presence of something too precious and innocent to be let out alone. (I have seen old rakehells bestow that same look upon infants in the bath.)

"You're lost," he said. "Well, brother, take it easy. I'm here to find you." He had a strange accent, which was, I think, a mixture of Irish and Pennsylvania Dutch, and upon it he now superimposed a fascinated imitation of my husband's drawl.

"We're driving South," I explained, "and we missed our turn for the bypass."

"You missed your turn," he echoed, leaving out the "r"s just as I had. He furrowed his brow and bit his lip as he pondered how he could best make himself understood. "Go right at the next crossroad," he began, and paused. "In other words, go straight till you come to a church. It's a big building with a steeple—you can't miss it. Then turn right. Now. You don't know it, but you're on a dead-end street. Don't turn till you get to the end—there's a cliff at the end. Now turn left. Follow me?"

"Sure," said my husband.

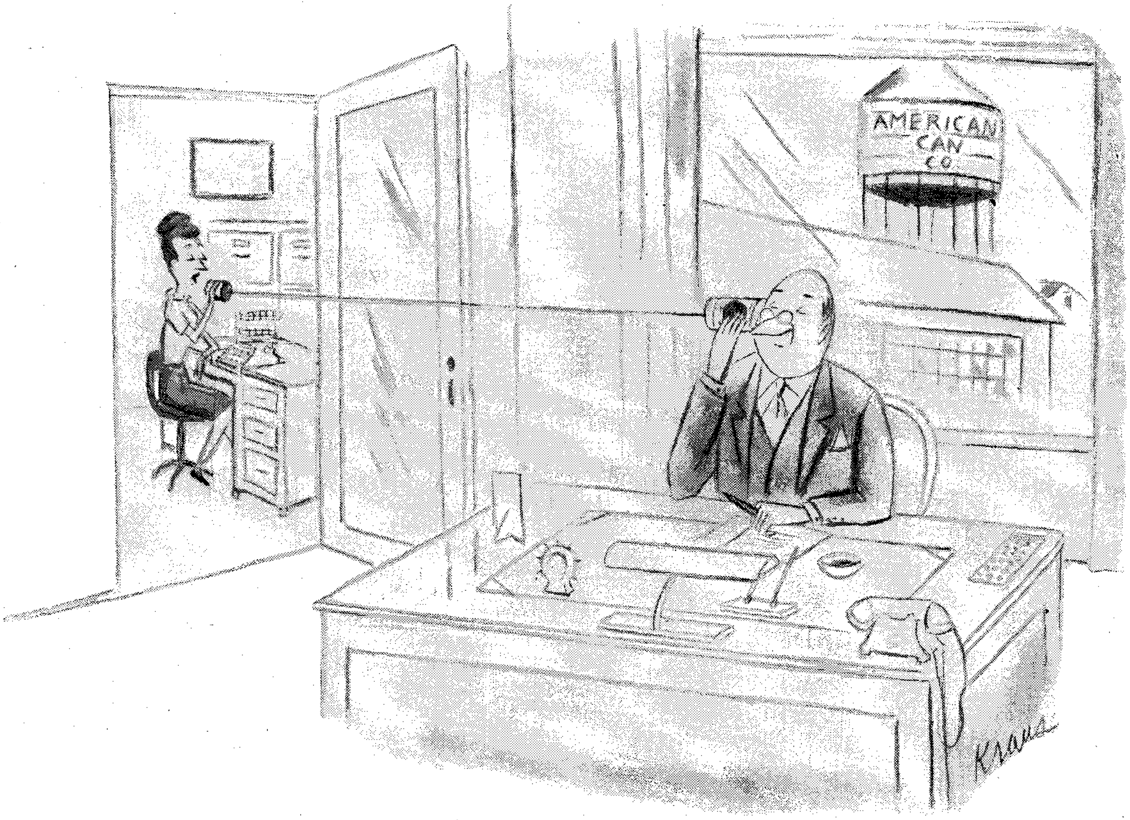
"Now you're turned left," said the cop. "Keep going till you see the river. Cross the river—by the bridge—and you're on City Avenue, headed for the bypass. In other words, it *is* the bypass."

"Much obliged, Cap'n," said my husband. "We're all set."

He started the engine, but our friend wasn't ready to let us leave. He looked yearningly at us, still gripping my window. He lowered his voice.

"Would you care to go to a rest room?" he asked.

"Why, thanks," said my husband in



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some surprise, "but I reckon we can wait till the next time we stop at a filling station."

"A filling station," said the cop. "Kills two birds with one stone." He beamed on my husband as if he thought him a very smart boy. "What about a restaurant—a place to eat?"

"We brought our lunch," I said.

"You brought your lunch," he said tenderly. He stared at the basket between the quivering twins and gave us a look of pure love. "Are you sure you want the bypass?" he asked suddenly. "How'd you like to see historic old Philly? The Liberty Bell? The Curtis Publishing Company?"

He was so kind and fatherly that our intention of skirting his native heath began to seem churlish indeed. We hesitated.

"I want to help you," he said humbly.

"How long would it take," I asked, "if we drove straight through the city?"

"That depends," he said. "In other words, if you was to synchronize with the lights and drive along at an even twenty, you might do it in forty-five minutes. But, on the gloomy side of the picture, if you happened to speed up to twenty-one or fall back to nineteen and miss out on a light, it could take you half the day."

My husband said we would take the bypass. The cop said he understood how it was when you were driving with the kiddies. But as we began to pull away, he trotted alongside the car.

"You know what lights are?" he said anxiously. "Traffic lights? Little things at corners—when they turn red you stop, and when they turn green you go?"

The twins had remained all this time in stony silence, with their lips compressed and their eyes fixed on vacancy, but we had gone only a few yards more when they released their voices in a low, guttural cry of rage. Then, on that common impulse that sometimes flashes mysteriously between them, they thrust themselves head and shoulders out of their back-seat windows and put their thumbs on their snub noses.

"Yah, yah, yah, *yah*, yah!" they sang, to the ancient tune of childhood's derision.

My husband stepped hard on the gas while I yanked the girls inside. I looked back, half expecting to see the cop leap upon his horse and come charging after us to crush us in his mighty hands, but he was still standing there, looking sorry, I fancied, and forever disillusioned.

"What in God's name did you brats mean by that behavior?" my husband demanded when we had reached the comparative safety of the bypass.

"Well," said Susie, "*I* have some pride. I wasn't going to have him think *me* provincial. There are twenty-seven traffic lights in Durham."

"More cigarettes are made there," said Mary, "than any other place in the world."

"I can shut my eyes and smell tobacco right now," said Susie.

A sense of family unity, comfortable and sentimental, descended upon us all. My husband unbuttoned his collar and the twins each took a turnover out of the basket, and even the old Plymouth bounced along hopefully, as if it sniffed home pastures on the southerly wind.

"I think Durham's much prettier than Newark," said Mary.

—Frances Gray Patton

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SONG OF THE SETTLERS

Freedom is a hard-bought thing—
A gift no man can give,
For some, a way of dying,
For most, a way to live.

Freedom is a hard-bought thing—
A rifle in the hand,
The horses hitched at sunup,
A harvest in the land.

Freedom is a hard-bought thing—
A massacre, a bloody rout,
The candles lit at nightfall,
And the night shut out.

Freedom is a hard-bought thing—
An arrow in the back,
The wind in the long corn rows,
And the hay in the rack.

Freedom is a way of living,
A song, a mighty cry.
Freedom is the bread we eat;
Let it be the way we die!

—Jessamyn West

THE TREADING OF THE GRAPES

IT had seemed at dawn that autumn waited outside in its cold, gaudy hall for summer's death, but summer lived on, breathing hot, August-afternoon gasps. Nadine tried hard to remember the dawn as she and Hugh went up the brick walk leading to the building, but she couldn't. The dawn was gone, and now, in the afternoon, there was only this building, designed with cunning, it seemed, to disguise its function. It could have been the ivy-covered administration building of any small college, with its flagpole standing in front of it, the well-trimmed lawns of an unimaginative campus spread around it, and here and there a tree, but it wasn't. It was a state hospital for the mentally ill.

She looked at the building and then at Hugh, and his eyes met hers briefly. "Hell of a poor view from here, huh?" he said, stopping a moment to set the bag he was carrying on the grass while he tightened his belt.

They both turned and looked back across the grounds. A new asphalt highway curved like a ribbon through the flat country—a torpidly desolate country, whose skyline was a stunted growth of scrawny pines. The trees grew from a land still charred by the waste of a fire that had burned out miles of woods, and although Nadine had heard that the fire had happened long ago, she closed her eyes and knew it had happened yesterday.

The air was acrid and smoldering. I know I'll smother to death, she thought. She looked quickly at the skirt of her mint-green linen dress. The saleswoman had said it would be such a cool color. It was, but now there were large, yellow reflections of the flat, hot, yellow sun on the tailored skirt, and the pain that seared through the back of Nadine's head was flat and hot and yellow. She thought that maybe it was sunstroke.

She bit her underlip and hoped dangerously to wake up and find herself recovering from the sunstroke in the tall, white living room of the garden apartment she once had lived in. When she was fully awake, she would walk in her bare feet across the parquet floor and open the lead-paned windows to hear the cool tinkle of the little fountain that splurted up and then splashed softly down into its cracked stone bowl.

She dug her hands deeply into Hugh's arm. "Hugh. Remember? Before we were married? The sound of that little fountain in the garden on Fifteenth Street. It was cool, wasn't it, Hugh? It had a cool sound, hadn't it? Nights, it was so restful to wake up and hear it."

Hugh smiled at her slowly and then scowled. "Never got tired enough those nights to want to get rested."

She felt her face flame, and then the iron bands tightened their grip on the back of her head. It would have been much better if she had not mentioned that. She was always saying things she shouldn't have. "It's awfully hot," she said calmly.

"Not much we can do about that."

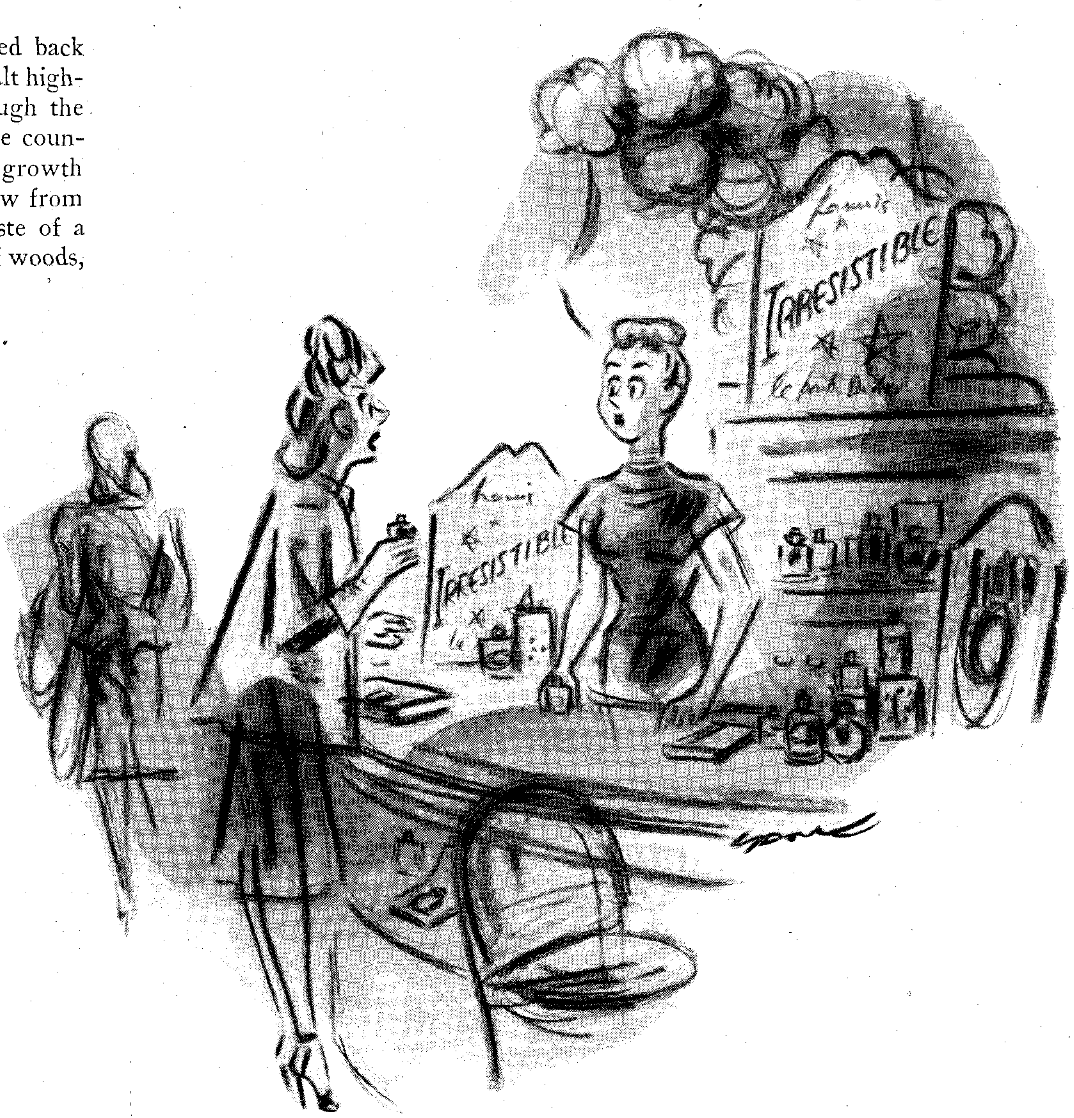
"No, dear," Nadine said quickly, alarmed at the bored defiance in his tone. "I don't suppose there is much we can do about that."

There was a time when we did, though, she thought. Time was, after we were married and living in Port Jefferson, we'd get in the car, some nights, and drive clear out to Montauk Point and sleep on the sand under one blanket. Or we'd take the ferry across the Sound and ride up into Rhode Island and buy bacon-and-egg sandwiches at a diner and eat them on rocks wet with spray from Great Narragansett Bay. And then that time, before Mother came to live with us, when we slept on the grass in our back yard, and a ripe apple fell on my head. . . .

She thought these things swiftly and silently, and aloud she said, "Nope. Guess we can't do much about the heat."

Hugh looked at her. "There's a bar-and-grill down yonder."

Her eyes followed his pointing hand



"But if it's irresistible, why are you still here?"

to a bend in the road, where a converted filling station squatted in orange stucco ugliness under a huge roof sign, "Bar and Grill. Dine and Dance." The weeds grew tall around the place and the grass was unmowed.

"Uh huh," she answered vacantly. "There is a bar-and-grill."

He sighed. "Then you don't want a rum coke?"

She dropped her eyes quickly to the cooling green of her linen dress. If I only had had sense enough to bring my sunglasses, she thought. "No, Hugh." She spoke the words softly, but they sounded rasping to her ears. "I just want—" and then she stopped and bit her lips.

"Well," he demanded, "what do you want? What are you thinking about?"

"This dress," she answered, suddenly wanting to destroy something he liked. "I might just as well cut it up for table mats when I go home." She looked at him slantwise. "I can trim them with frosty-white rickrack. Avocados filled with madrilène and served on a frosty glass plate would look awfully pretty on this color."

She dug her fingers again into his arm, feeling the strong muscles under the beige broadcloth shirt. "Don't you think avocados filled with madrilène would be stunning against this green? Don't you think they would? We could eat on the glass table on the side porch, and maybe have the Bakers over." The pleading in her tone was desperate and she knew it.

Before he could answer, she began to cry quietly. "Oh, damn, damn, damn!" she said in a tight whisper. "I love you so much there are times when I fairly despise you!"

The muscles in his arm tightened, and, looking at his strong, corded neck, she saw he was having difficulty swallowing. For one miserable minute she looked into his warm brown eyes and saw nothing but torture.

Finally he spoke, through tightened, dry lips. "You're an awful fool, Nadine. You're an awful fool to keep going on this way. You know it'll never do you any good."

What could she say? What soothing words could she find, what remedy could she devise standing here on the hot stone steps under the hot sun? "You've plenty of slacks and shorts and T-shirts," she said in a timid voice.

That wasn't the thing to say. What matter shorts, slacks, or T-shirts on the steps of an abyss—an abyss that was a state hospital for the mentally ill? *Violent psychotic.* Why couldn't she get that phrase out of her mind, or did she have a mind? Dear God, why doesn't something move or someone walk across that flat, hot horizon? Anything that could divert or distract. Even a breeze to rustle the dusty rhododendrons or to stir the tired flag would be welcome.

Hugh lighted a cigarette. "Look, Nadine. Here comes a Mrs. Skeffington," he said, as though answering her.

They watched a tiny, overdressed, over-rouged old woman mince around the corner of the building toward them. Nadine saw her face go white under her mask of cosmetics. It must be a shock to anyone, Nadine thought, to find a couple like Hugh and me standing on the steps leading to an insane asylum. There was something valiant about the way the woman squared her drooping shoulders and, as if to make it clear that this was her first time here, asked, "This is the main building?"

Hugh looked at Nadine for an instant. The terror was naked in his eyes, and both he and she nodded and stood

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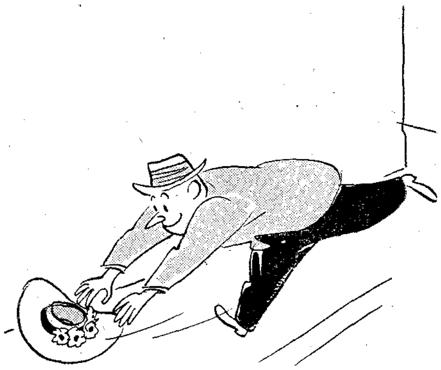

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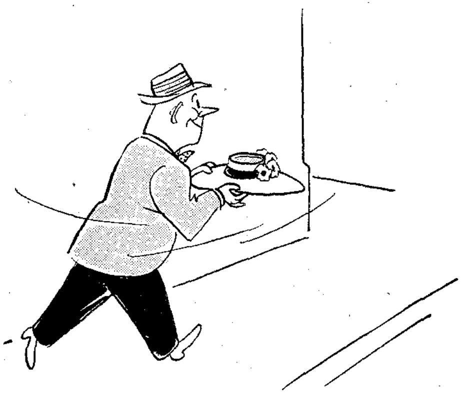

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still under the hot, flat, yellow sun while the little old woman's footsteps went scraping and grating up the stone steps. They waited tensely until they heard the soft *psshhhew* of the big door closing on its rubber guard, and then they both relaxed.

Nadine spoke first. "Give me a cigarette."

Hugh reached into the pocket of his shirt and pulled out one cigarette and handed it to her without looking at her. She took the cigarette in her hand, and for an instant she wanted to chew it up, paper and all, and then spit it out on the clean cement steps. But she just put it between her lips and stood and waited for Hugh to light it, and she flinched when she saw how steady his hand was against the trembling of the cigarette in her mouth.

Hugh looked down at his feet and shifted his weight from one foot to the other. "You know, Nadine, you're awfully good-looking. Not pretty. Good-looking." He looked at her and then took a long puff on his cigarette. "Don't forget to remember," he said solemnly.

"Remember to wear my hair the way you like it?" she asked brightly.

He scowled. "No. Just remember things, will you, Nadine? Just try to remember. Hear?"

"Yes, dear. I hear."

Remember. And what had there been for her to remember? Nights of terror. Long, wide, black spaces of terror. Days of stark, slow choking. Sirens. Police. Stealthy shadows that froze screams fast in her throat day or night. Sudden missiles that came hurtling her way. The feel of waking in the night with two hands clenched tightly around her neck. Counting, over and over, and hiding, again and again, all the small bottles from the medicine cabinet. Venturing timidly out of the house in the mornings, wondering if the neighbors had heard her scream. *I'm going to scream right now!*

Then she heard her own voice talking softly. "Yes, Hugh. I'll remember. I'll remember oh, so many nice things!"

"What, for instance?"

"Why, just all the many nice things, dear," she began lamely. "Like you sending me heart-shaped strawberries for Valentine's Day. And the time you arranged for me to drive the volunteer fire truck that Fourth of July. And—" she laughed—"the first time you carved a turkey when there was company. And remember," she went on hastily, "the day we got the deed to our house? We went to the movies that night and saw Charles Laughton in 'This Land Is Mine.' And we came home and sat on the grass and took our shoes and stockings off and walked in our bare feet all over our ground, and we laughed and kept whispering, trying to sound the way Laughton had in the picture. We whispered it over and over, 'This land is ours!' "

His hand was hurting her wrist. "What else will you remember?"

Oh, God, she prayed. Why can't I remember something vital? Aloud, she said, "Well, remember, during the war, when we thought we needed a time in New York, and I got myself all flounced out in my Sally Victor hat and we planned a lush-plush dinner at the Lafayette, but then, when we got into town, New York was just New York? So, instead, we got chicken livers at Sammy's, and pastrami and sour rye bread and those wonderful Jewish pickles, and we took them home and sat on our own front porch with lovely little bottles of ale? There was such a pale young moon that night," she added, and then she choked. "Excuse me, what will you remember?"

He gritted his teeth. She could hear him grinding them the way he did at night in his sleep, and then he answered tersely, "You."

Her stomach knotted with pain that scalded up to her mouth then back again, and she felt the old, constricting fear crawling around in her, seeking first to bind her feet, then her knees, and so on up to her throat. The palms of her hands were moist. He will remember me. Of all people, he will remember me. His wife. Were they going to stand here on these hot steps for the rest of time, or had time stopped and hung still in this flat, hot, yellow afternoon? She looked again at the green of her dress.

A bakery truck went by on the new asphalt highway. Perhaps it wasn't really a new highway, but it was newer than most and so little used that it still looked new. She thought that maybe the truck would stop at the bar-and-grill, but it didn't, and finally it whizzed out of sight. Nadine felt suddenly cold, wondering how many cars were on that road on Sundays.

Hugh threw his cigarette away on the lawn. "Well, we can't stay here all day." He turned around to face the building. "I can't make out the inscription on the stone for the vines, can you?"

She turned and raised her head, shading her eyes from Hugh with her hands and closing her eyelids tight. "No, I can't either," she said.

He went up two steps and turned and stood in front of her. "You can open your eyes now, Nadine," he said softly, reaching for her hand. "Have you got the paper from the doctor?"

She took her hands down and opened her eyes. "No, dear," she said in what she recognized as her wifely tone. "You have it."

Hugh entered the big door first and then held it wide for her. They stood and waited for the *psshhhew* they had heard when the Mrs. Skeffington went in, hesitating in the small foyer as though they were both feeling out these new surroundings with all their senses.

Nadine wrinkled her nose and sniffed silently. There was no strange smell. She strained her ears. There was no sound. Her hand was on the brass rod on the inside of the big door and it felt cool to her touch. There was a second door, of glass, and the dimness of the domed room beyond it looked kind after the glare of the steps. The taste in her mouth

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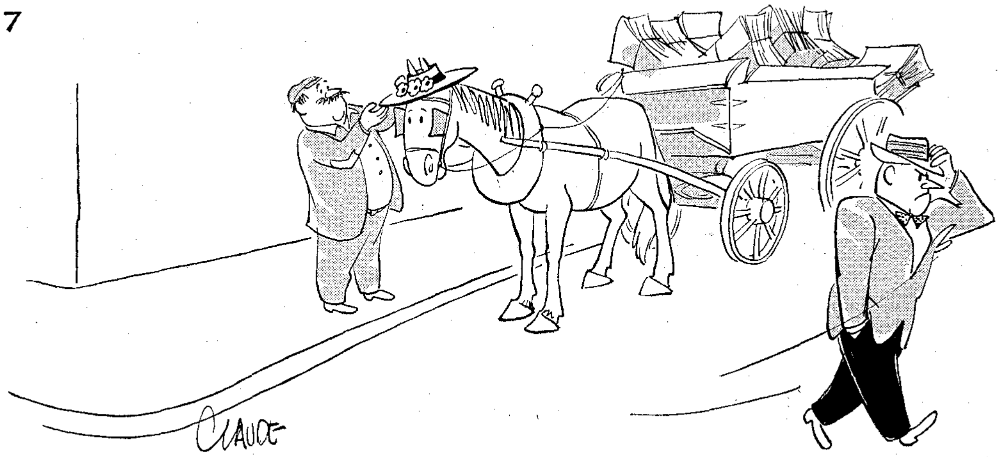
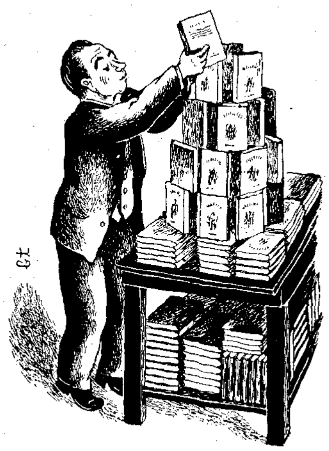


was of dry, brittle metal—barbiturate metal.

"This place is certainly well kept," she said, before she realized she was speaking. Then the banality of her remark made her despise herself more than ever. Hugh hadn't noticed it. He had already opened the second door, and now they both stood in the dimly lit, domed room, which, perhaps because of the way the chairs and benches were lined up around the walls, reminded Nadine of an undertaker's chapel.



The floor was covered with shining black linoleum, except for the center, directly under the dome, where there was a circular, inlaid compass of black and white marble. It was as large as a nightclub dance floor. Nadine wondered what would happen if she and Hugh suddenly started to dance in the middle of that shining black-and-white compass.

She narrowed her eyes, and through thick brown lashes she saw herself and Hugh dancing around on the polished marble. What a graceful couple they were. How well her cool green dress looked with his beige broadcloth slacks and shirt. And how far away and eerie the music was. What was the tune? Oh, yes, the one she and Hugh had loved so in 1942—"I Don't Want to Walk Without You, Baby." She didn't. She didn't want to walk or do anything without Hugh. She couldn't.

Maybe after this dance they would play a samba. Hugh loved to samba with her. But perhaps he wouldn't. She wasn't wearing the shoes with the bunch of frosted grapes on the toes instead of bows. Hugh called them her South American shoes, but they weren't South American at all. They were just a bargain from a sample shop on Lexington Avenue. Just silly little high-heeled sandals with tiny strips of stitched purple satin across the toes. Pinning grape clusters on the shoes and one behind each ear had been her own idea. But that was all wrong. The rhyme said, "Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes." Not grapes behind her ears and grapes on her toes. She smoothed the green linen skirt.

Hugh was standing in front of a window in the wall that had a little box above it. There were letters on the little box, and a light behind the letters, which spelled out the word Receptionist. A fat, brown-haired woman wearing a telephone operator's headgear sat in the opening. Maybe she's the one that tunes in the music, Nadine thought. Maybe they're wired here for Music by Muzak.

Hugh reached into his pocket and fumbled for his wallet. He took it out and unzipped it and picked out a piece of white paper and handed it to the woman, who read it quickly and then looked closely at Nadine. "Voluntary commitment?" the woman asked.

The music soared in Nadine's ears and stopped on a thundering crescendo as Hugh smiled at her proudly. "That's right, isn't it, Nadine? A voluntary commitment?"

Nadine tried to nod her head, but she knew it would snap off at the neck. Those tight iron bands were in just the right position. She smiled yes with her eyes. The woman looked at the two of them again. Then she turned to the switchboard and inserted a plug with a fat, white hand. A light flashed and the woman said, "Have a voluntary over here in Administration. . . . What?" She looked at Nadine sharply. "No. Not violent. *Vol-un-tary*." And after a second she said, "O.K."

She pulled the plug out and turned to face Nadine and Hugh again. "Don't have many voluntaries," she said apologetically. "Just take a seat. Someone will be along in a minute."

Nadine tried to find her voice for perfunctory thanks, but she thought it must have stayed out on the steps. She looked at Hugh and suddenly she felt trapped. The walls were coming in on her from all sides. Even the dome was cracking, and soon it would topple and then fall right on her head, and she and the cool green linen dress would be sitting waist-deep in rubble. The rubble would make the cool green a foggy color and she wouldn't be able to see Hugh, then, through the haze of dust, any more than she could see him now.

There was no sound but the intermittent buzz-buzz of the switchboard, until a side door opened and a white-coated man walked toward them.

"All set?" the attendant asked cheerfully as he read the piece of paper Hugh handed to him.

Nadine felt Hugh nod and then heard him say, "All set."

The attendant said kindly, "O.K. Follow me."

Nadine stepped forward with humble eagerness. The bruised grapes that had been under her feet scattered over the polished black tile floor. Wasn't there one last little something she had to find? A dropped pearl—but, no, she wasn't wearing beads. Wasn't there some one point on that compass that reminded her of something she had to do? Wasn't there some reason? Or had all reason stayed out on the steps with her voice?

The attendant turned around quickly. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Mason. You'll have to wait here in the reception room until your husband has been signed in. Then I'll come and give you his ward number."

The cigarette Hugh had given her on the steps was burning her fingers. For an instant, she found herself wondering if she could toss it into the cracked stone bowl of the little fountain in the garden on Fifteenth Street.

"Over there," the attendant said.

Nadine turned, and there was a chromium ashstand. She put the cigarette into it carefully, smoothed her dress, and looked at Hugh evenly. "I'll just wait here, dear, until you register."

Then, suddenly, she knew she had found what she had been looking for. A game. A nice game. The attendant was a bellhop, the hospital was a hotel, and she'd just sit here, studying the compass, until Hugh came from inspecting the room. It was the only way. The only way to keep those bruised and scattered grapes from rolling back under her shoes.

—MARION ROBERTS

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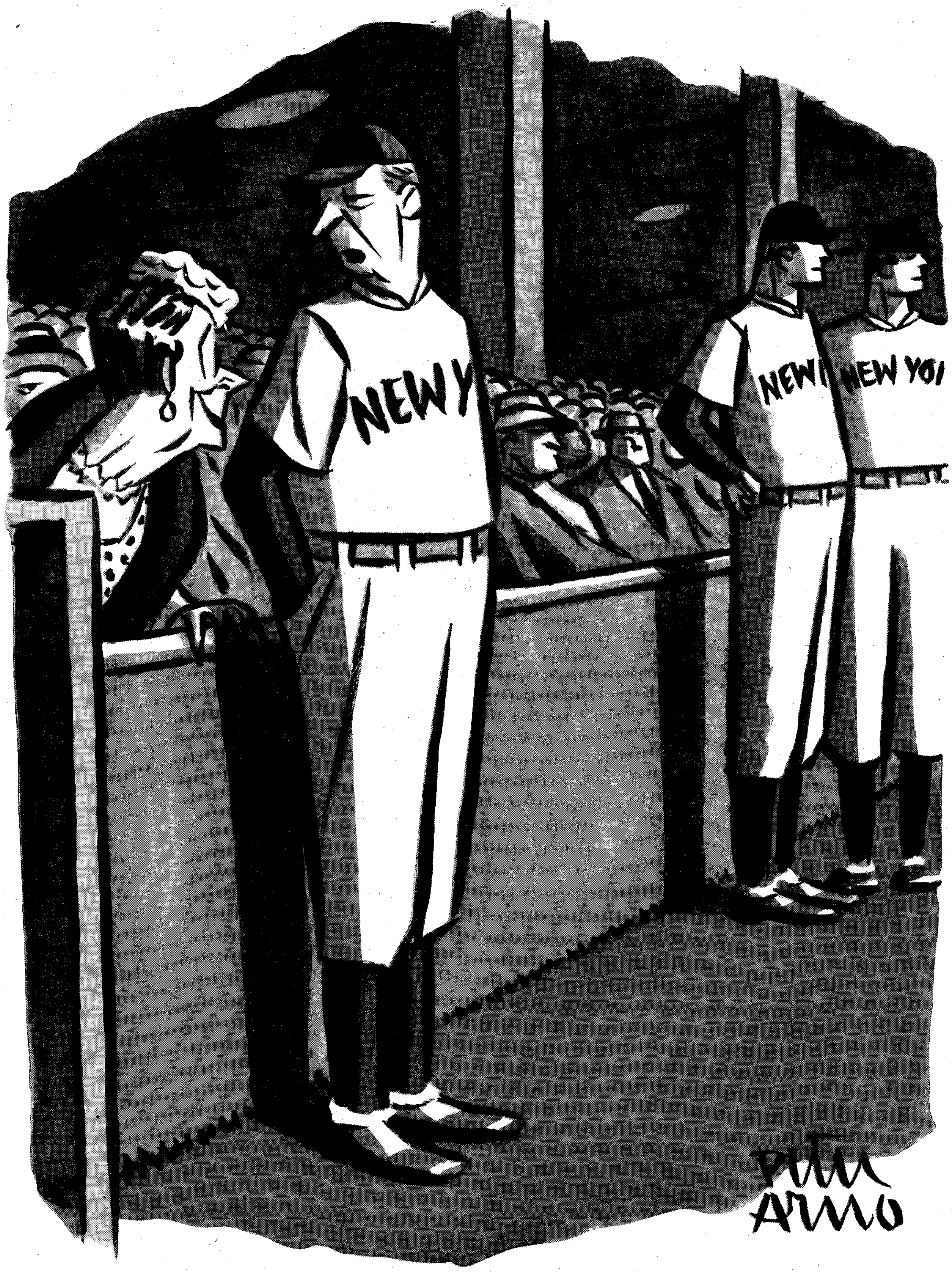
The contradiction between commodity sales pressure and the needs of art has not yet intervened seriously in the book world, although there are instances of it in the magazine and newspaper business. In magazines we can see many connections between the commodity and the story. In more than one slick magazine there is often a certain synchronization between the stories, the illustrations showing characters in the stories, and a number of the advertisements in the same magazine. *The New Yorker,* an ultra-sophisticated magazine, prints many stories about the sophisticated New Yorker while its advertisements often show us sophisticated types in sophisticated homes who buy consumer goods which are the last word in sophistication.—*From "The Fate of Writing in America," by James T. Farrell, a pamphlet published by New Directions Press.*

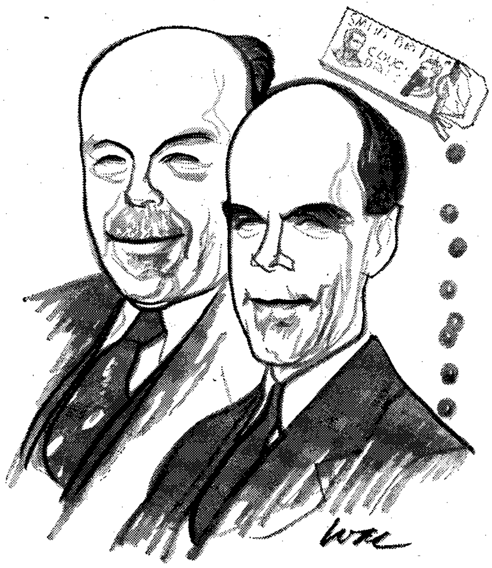
Want to make something of it?


NEW Y
NEW
NEW YO
Peter Arno

"*Sometimes we sell them, lady, but only to other teams.*"

PROFILES

THE BOYS



Brud *Bill*

FOR the last two generations, a pair of bearded brothers named William and Andrew Smith, whose portraits have appeared on two and a quarter billion cough-drop boxes, have been commonly regarded as figures of fun. Although their faces have launched a thousand laughs, the brothers never aspired to be comedians. They started their careers as poor, sober, God-fearing men who simply wanted to make a few palatable cough drops. They were in their forties before they became known outside the vicinity of Poughkeepsie, where, in a barn converted into a factory, they were producing black, aromatic cough drops, which druggists sold in bulk. To distinguish their product from similar concoctions that had turned up on the market, they decided, in 1872, to put their cough drops in boxes bearing their portraits as a trademark. By what turned out to be, all in all, a lucky accident, William's likeness appeared on the boxes over the word "trade" and Andrew's over the word "mark." Before long, wits in Poughkeepsie began referring to the brothers as Trade and Mark, and as the joke spread, the sales of the cough drops grew. It got so that bearded men all over the country were, depending on the shape of their chop, being addressed as Trade or Mark. By the time beards began to go out of fashion, the Smith brothers had become aware that their faces were their fortune; they never shaved, and they went on to become the most famous bearded siblings in history. Mark died, a bachelor of modest means, in 1894, at the age of fifty-eight. Trade, however, when he died in 1913, at the age of eighty-three, left not only one son and two grandsons but an estate of two million dollars.

The grandsons of Trade—William W. Smith II and his younger brother, Robert Lansing Smith—are now the heads of the cough-drop business. These Smith brothers, like their noted ancestors, are generally known in Poughkeepsie by their nicknames—Bill and Brud. Bill, who is fifty-nine, is president of Smith Brothers, Inc.; Brud, who is fifty-seven, is vice-president and secretary. Bill is clean-shaven and Brud wears only a closely clipped mustache, but in preparation for the celebration of their company's hundredth anniversary, last spring, they and almost all their male employees grew full-size beards. Between January 1st, when Bill and Brud stopped shaving, and April 20th, when they resumed, they changed not only in appearance but, it seemed to their friends, in character. For more than fifty years, Bill and Brud, who are retiring by nature, had led beardless and unrenowned lives. Soon after letting their whiskers grow, they began to attract attention and they thereupon took on a jaunty air. When Brud went on his annual spring vacation to Sea Island, Georgia, in March, he found that whereas he had previously been welcomed simply as an amiable guest, he was now treated as a celebrity. "A lot of people took me for Monty Woolley," Brud recalled recently. "When I told them I was one of the Smith brothers, they always laughed and said, 'I thought you fellows were dead.' I kidded them back and said we'd decided to hang around until our hundredth anniversary." Six weeks after Bill began growing a beard, someone gave him a pair of tickets to the finals of the Golden Gloves boxing tournament in New York and, with his sales and advertising manager, Lewis M. Shaw, who was also bearded for the centennial, he came to town to use them. The matches ended too late in the evening for the visitors to catch a good train home, so they went to a hotel near Madison Square Garden to get a room for the night. They had no luggage, and Bill, who is a thrifty millionaire, was wearing, as is his habit in winter, an old mackinaw. The room clerk took a look at them and said that they could have a room if they paid in advance. Shaw, who is proud of the way he dresses, was nettled. "Look here," he told the clerk. "That's W. W. Smith, one of the Smith brothers." "And I'm one of the Dolly Sisters," the clerk said. "If you want a room, you pay now."

Poughkeepsie, and the press, treated Bill and Brud much more graciously while they were bearded. The mayor issued a proclamation designating a full week in April as Smith Brothers Centennial Week, and during that period Bill and Brud became public figures. They were written up in *Time*, they had their pictures in *Life*, and the local newspaper got out a forty-page centennial edition with a six-column layout of pictures of Bill and Brud on the first page. The Rotary Club dedicated its luncheon meeting during Smith Brothers Centennial Week to "that local enterprise which has done so much to make the clan of Smith famous from shore to shore and our burg of Poughkeepsie a byword from sea to sea." The first course of the luncheon, which was served by colored waiters wearing false beards, was a half grapefruit with a black cough drop in the center. After the meal, everybody joined in singing, to the tune of "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?," lyrics about Billy and Bruddy and their beards. The centennial wound up with a banquet in the Poughkeepsie armory that the toastmaster said was "an almost spontaneous" tribute to the Smith brothers by the thousand people in attendance. Each of the guests received, as a favor, a box of black cough drops on which bearded portraits of the present Smith brothers had replaced those of Trade and Mark. After listening to choral selections by the Euterpe Glee Club, whose members also wore false beards, Bill and Brud heard themselves described by the main speaker of the evening as important industrial figures whose outstanding accomplishments in the cough-drop field could have been possible only under a system of free enterprise and who therefore were making a significant contribution to the world struggle against Communism. The day after the banquet, Bill and Brud, at the insistence of their wives, reluctantly shaved their beards and went back to living in the whiskery shadows of Trade and Mark.

EVEN without beards, Bill and Brud are respected in Poughkeepsie as the fourth generation of a family that has been providing cough relief for a nickel since before the Civil War. The line began with James Smith, a carpenter by trade and a cook and candymaker by avocation, who, with his wife, emigrated from Scotland to Canada in 1830, and in 1847 arrived in Poughkeepsie, where he opened a small restaurant and confectionery store on Market Street. The restaurant, which has always been in the family, is still there. It has been enlarged several times. The part that now contains a soda fountain and bakery-goods counter was completely done over a few years ago, but aside from substituting electric lights for the old gas fixtures, no perceptible alterations have been made in the dining room, which seats a hundred and ninety people, since 1887, when sixteen overhead fans driven by water power were installed. The room is still cooled by the same fans (they have, however, been electrified) and is lighted by seven chandeliers with silk shades on their bulbs. It has a faded flowered carpet, and there are large pictures of Trade and Mark and many restful etchings, such as "The Old Mill Stream" and "Sunday Morning in Sleepy Hollow," on the walls. It is usually crowded. Bill and Brud have always felt a sentimental attachment to the restaurant, which serves nine thousand meals a week and has generally made a profit.

James Smith began making cough drops soon after he opened the restaurant, but exactly when the first drop was stamped out and where he got the recipe are vexing questions that have never been satisfactorily answered. According to legend, he bought the recipe for five dollars from a notions peddler rather inappropriately named Sly Hawkins. He called the drops "James Smith & Son's Compound of Wild Cherry Cough Candy." The first advertisement for them appeared in a Poughkeepsie newspaper in 1852 and stated that the cough candy was "Highly Recommended for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throats, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Etc., Etc." At the start, James brewed up the mixture for the drops in five-pound batches on the stove in the kitchen of the restaurant and sent his two eldest sons, William, who was around twenty, and Andrew, who was around fifteen, out on the streets of Poughkeepsie to hawk them. They were an immediate success. When James died, in 1866, William and Andrew, by then thirty-six and thirty, respectively, took over and expanded both the restaurant and the cough-drop business. Before long, they bought a barn on

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Now, this model, in addition to the thermometer, the barometer, and the compass, also includes a small Geiger counter."

GOOD HUMOR MAN

Listen! It is the summer's self that ambles
  Through the green lanes with such a coaxing tongue.
Not birds or daisy fields were ever symbols
  More proper to the time than this bell rung
With casual insistence—no, not swallow
  Circling the roof or bee in hollyhock.
His is the season's voice, and children follow,
  Panting, from every doorway down the block.

So, long ago, in some such shrill procession
  Perhaps the Hamelin children gave pursuit
To one who wore a red-and-yellow fashion
  Instead of white but made upon his flute
The selfsame promise plain to every comer:
Unending sweets, imperishable summer.

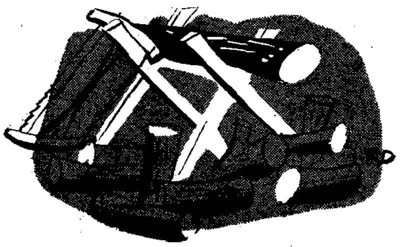
—Phyllis McGinley

• •

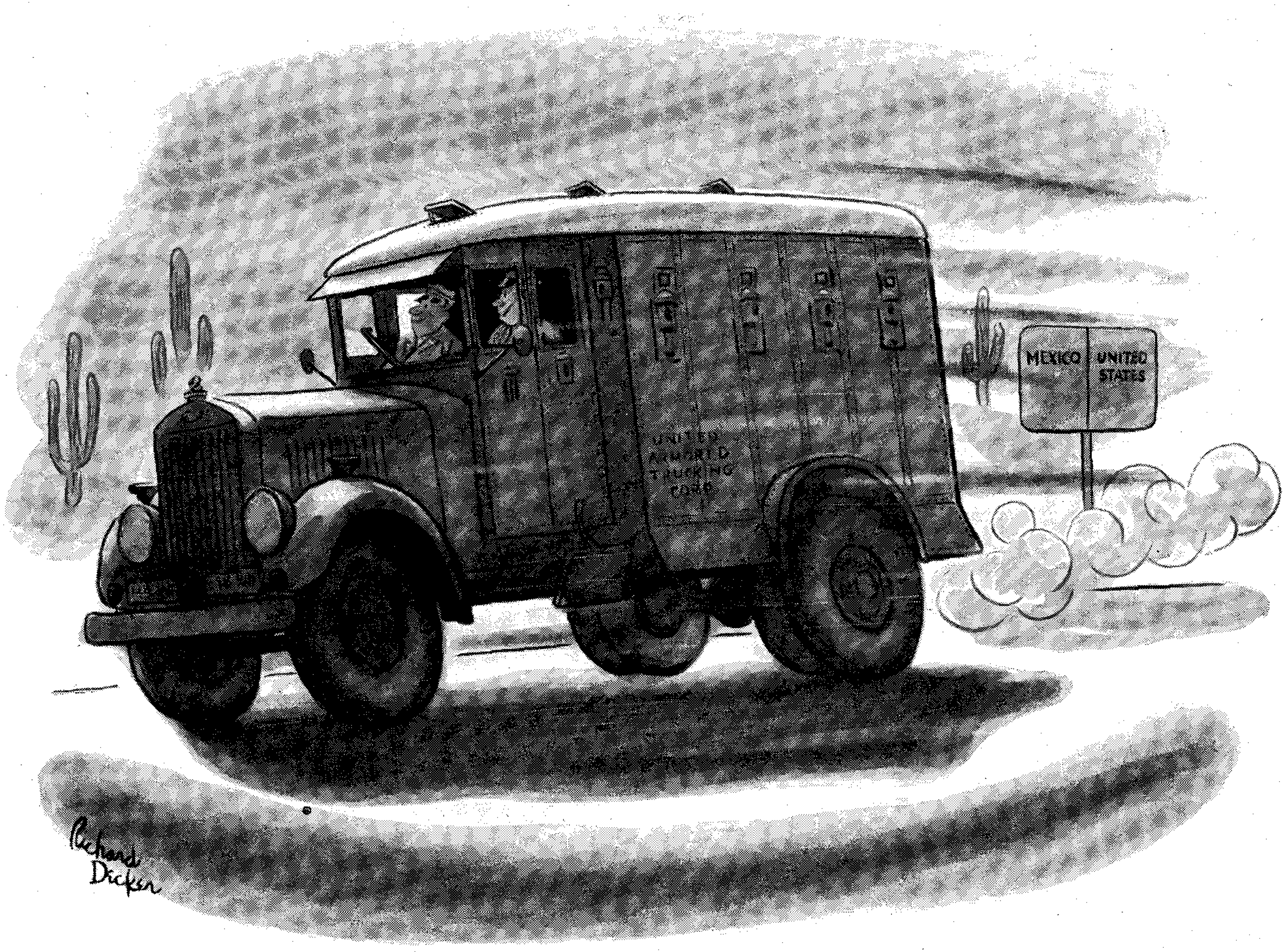
the outskirts of town and turned it into a factory for making the drops. Some years later, after they had registered their trademark, they set up a cottage-industry system of packaging. Every evening, the factory's output of drops was poured into five-gallon cans, which were loaded onto a wagon and hauled down a nearby street that before long became known as Cough Drop Street. A can of drops and a supply of packages were left along the way at each of some thirty houses, whose families sat down after supper and counted out sixteen drops to the box. The system was cheap but not altogether efficient, because some of the more resourceful packagers took to operating on the plan of "one for the company and one for me," and a flourishing black market in Smith Brothers cough drops developed. The brothers did their best to weed out these undesirable families and keep their packaging in the hands of the more honest and deserving poor. A much larger worry, as their drops began to achieve national prominence, was the expense involved in prosecuting and putting out of business a series of imitators, who were turning out similar medicaments under such names as Schmid Brothers, Schmitt Brothers, Schmidt Brothers, Smyth Brothers, Original Smith Brothers, and Improved Smith Brothers. All of them put up their drops in packages bearing portraits of bearded men, and some even cautioned customers to beware of imitations. The least imaginative of the lot were the Smyth Brothers, who simply used on their boxes the pictures of the real Trade and Mark.

During the lifetimes of William and Andrew Smith, production increased from around five pounds of drops a day to about four tons. The figures are necessarily approximations, because Trade, who was the dominant member of the partnership and an economical man, did his bookkeeping on the backs of used envelopes, and the company consequently has no accurate records of its early years. In contrast to Trade, who, though public-spirited, was acquisitive and socially ambitious, Mark was a docile, good-natured fellow and such a soft touch that he was known in Poughkeepsie as Easy Mark. Trade called his brother Boss Andrew, but he never gave him anything very important to do. Whereas Mark had nothing against taking a nip now and then, Trade was a teetotaller and a militant prohibitionist. His aversion to liquor was so great that he forbade the serving of even ginger ale in the restaurant because of the connotation of the word "ale." Trade helped establish a local chapter of the Women's Christian Temperance Union and gave the organization a large building as its headquarters. For years, he was one of the important angels of the Prohibition Party, and he ran on the Dry ticket for mayor, state senator, and governor. He received eight hundred and fifty-four votes for governor, did only a little better in the senatorial election, and was badly defeated in the mayoralty election by a local brewer named William H. Frank.

Because Trade believed that high pay led the working classes to drink and other sin, he kept the help's wages righteously low. He frequently took a few of the girls from the factory for a ride during their lunch period in his horse and buggy (and later in his Fiat), but he never gave an employee a paid vacation. According to a Poughkeepsie friend of his named Leland Shaw, his thriftiness in business was motivated by the loftiest principles. "Trade never felt that the money he made was really his own," Shaw says. "He believed he was holding it in trust for God." Of the three million dollars that Trade made, about a million was dispensed in good works before he died. His benefactions to Poughkeepsie include the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. buildings; the First Presbyterian Church, of which he was a leading member; the Ebenezer Baptist Church; the Old Ladies' Home; and College Hill Park, which the elderly townspeople call Cough Drop Park. Because of his philanthropies, which were equalled in Poughkeepsie only by those of Matthew Vassar, the brewer who endowed Vassar College, Trade came to be regarded as one of the town's first citizens, and he enjoyed the role. During his later years, he found further pleasure in being a character of national interest. Whenever he went out of town, he took a carton or two of cough drops with him and passed out boxes to railroad conductors, bellboys, and just chance acquaintances. If they didn't recognize him immediately, he would usually say, "Look at that old fellow on the box. My, my, isn't he a dandy! Ever seen him before?" Trade once attended a Y.M.C.A. convention in Washington and was among the delegates received by President Taft. As he shook hands with the President, he pressed a box of cough drops into the Chief Executive's hand.



Three years before his death, Trade began grooming his favorite grandson and namesake, the present Smith brother known as Bill, to take his place. Trade's only son, Arthur G. Smith, who was then fifty-one, had not shown much interest in, or aptitude for, business. After his father's death, in 1913, Arthur assumed the title of president, but cough drops bored him, and he spent whatever time he devoted to business at the restaurant. Bill and Brud actually ran the company. Arthur eventually tired even of the restaurant, and concentrated on having his chauffeur drive him around and listening to the radio in a mansion he had bought for himself in Poughkeepsie. Arthur died in 1936, and



"Well, so far so good."

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Bill and Brud, who shared equally in his estate, officially took over control of the company.

IN the more than thirty years the current Smith brothers have run the business, a three-story factory has been built in Poughkeepsie, another plant has been erected in Michigan City, Indiana, Smith Brothers menthol cough drops and Smith Brothers cough syrup have been introduced, up-to-date accounting and sales methods have been adopted, the company has been incorporated, national advertising has been instituted, and production has increased from an average of about a half million drops a day to about nine million. Some things, however, have not changed. The recipe for the black cough drops is what it has always been; the price is still a nickel a box; there are still sixteen drops to the box; and the design of the box is exactly what it was in 1872. Even though the cost of ingredients and of labor has gone up over the years, the Smiths have been able to stick to the traditional price and number of drops by taking advantage of technological improvements and by cutting down their margin of profit. It has been much more difficult to fight off the many industrial designers and packaging engineers who have tried to persuade them to restyle their box. The brothers have, against eloquent opposition, held to their conviction that if ever they streamlined the box, their cough drops would be on the way out. Even when the menthol drops were introduced, it was decided to put them in boxes of the same design, with merely a different color scheme to distinguish them.

Bill and Brud claim none of the credit for the company's expansion. They almost reverently attribute it to an enterprising employee named J. Stuart Bates, a salesman for the National Cash Register Company whom Bill hired in 1915. Bates held the title of vice-president in charge of sales and advertising, but he was, until he died, in 1945, the general manager of the business. He never drew a salary, preferring to work on a percentage of sales. His choice seems to have been a good one. Despite large losses in the 1929 market collapse, he left an estate of more than a quarter of a million dollars. Neither Bill nor Brud has ever actually sold a single cough drop, and they consequently speak of the man who sold so many millions in admiring tones. They also have a high regard for Bates' successor, Lewis Shaw, a New York and Chicago advertising man whom Bates engaged in 1937 as his assistant. Shaw is an extroverted, high-tension executive in his early fifties. He looks after not only the company's sales and advertising but its public relations and its participation in the activities of civic and trade associations. During the early part of the war, while Bill and Brud brooded in Poughkeepsie over the cutting of the firm's sugar allotment to seventy per cent of its 1941 consumption, Shaw went down to Washington and maneuvered the quota up to a hundred and twenty per cent of the 1941 figure by having the drops officially reclassified under "drugs" instead of "confections." He refers affectionately to Bill and Brud as "the boys," but he has not yet become thoroughly acclimated to their quiet, low-pressure attitude toward business, or to what he considers their misplaced interest in production instead of sales. The boys can become all wrapped up in a manufacturing problem, but a merchandising problem leaves them cold. Shaw is the only man in the company who stays awake nights figuring how to get the drops out of the factories and down the customers' throats. Another difference between the boys and Shaw is that he has his suits pressed.

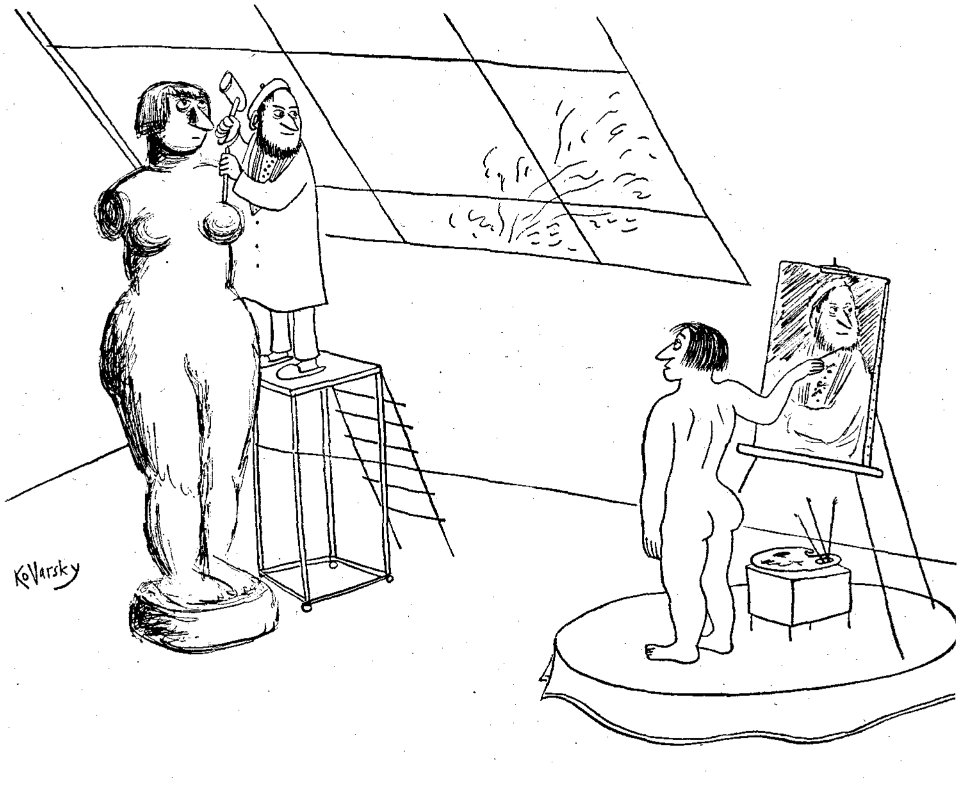
Bill and Brud possess few characteristics in common, but they both display a pronounced indifference to clothes. It is hard to determine which of the two millionaires looks seedier. Brud probably has a slight edge, since he never ties his shoelaces. On the other hand, Bill is still wearing some of his father's suits. Both carry small leather change purses. Both are careful always to pay their own way and to see that others do likewise. In the bar of the Amrita Club, a Poughkeepsie businessmen's social organization to which Brud belongs, he once fished a ten-dollar bill out of the watch pocket of his trousers, threw it on the table, and said, "We'll sit right here till we've drunk that up." This display of improvidence is well remembered because it was never repeated. On another occasion, Brud lost six dollars in an evening of poker at a friend's house. "I had a good time," he said as he left, "but not *that* much of a good time." He occasionally drives to New York to see a hockey game. He carries a box lunch, which he eats in the parking lot where he leaves his car. For half a century, Bill has kept track in a ledger of every penny he has spent. He gets out the ledger around eleven o'clock every morning and enters the debits. He used to own a Rolls-Royce, which he put in the garage one winter for extensive overhauling. The job was finished in the spring, but he didn't drive the car until after the first of July, which enabled him to buy license plates at half price. He now owns a Ford. When he decided upon a new house a few years ago, he had a grease pit built into the garage so that he could change the oil in the car himself.

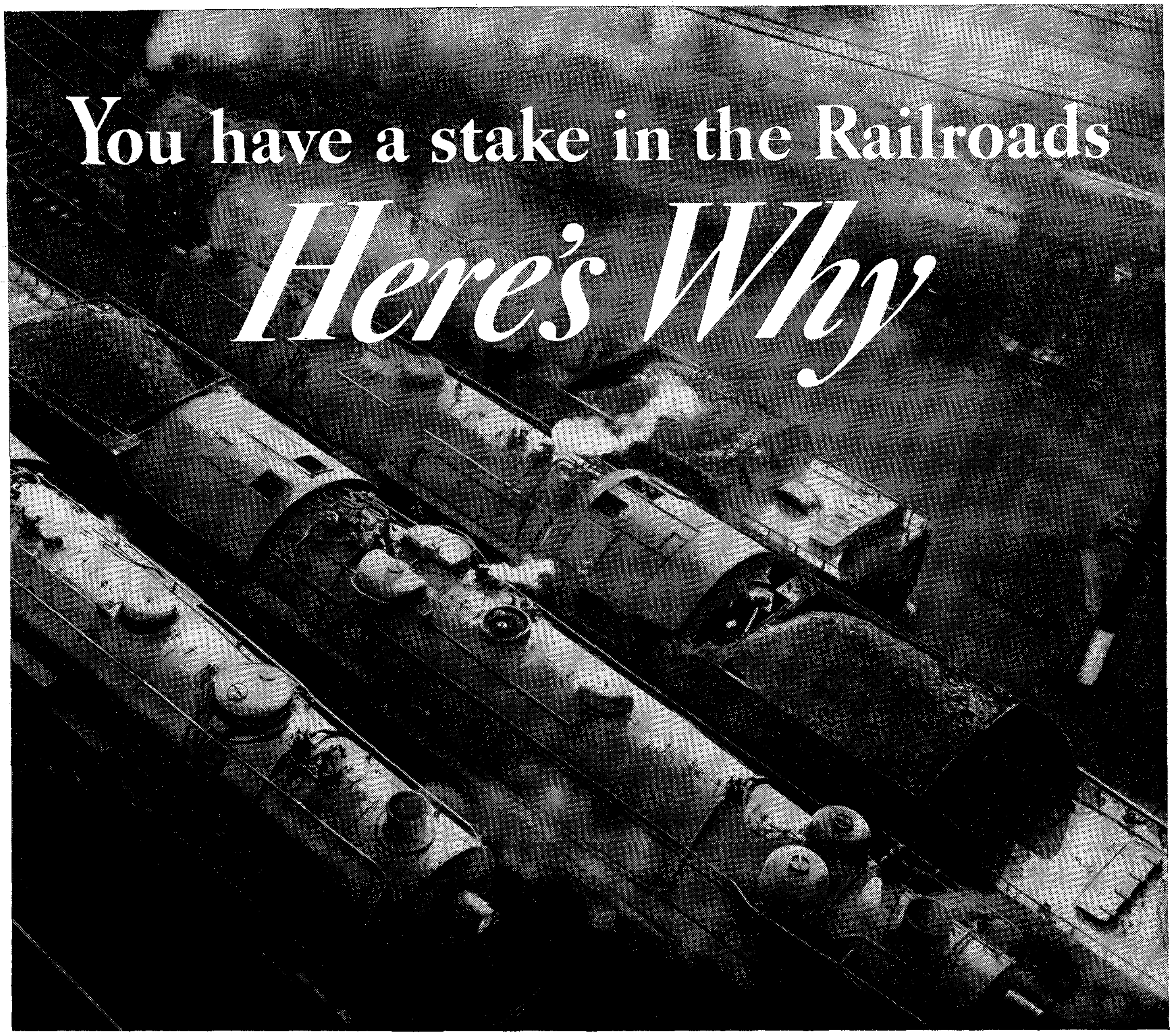
Like Trade, Bill is strait-laced and conscientious. Like Mark, Brud is easygoing and carefree. Both are of medium height and quite bald, but whereas Bill is lean and has dry and wrinkled skin, Brud is stocky, robust, and florid. Bill was an honor student and captain of the cadet corps at Riverview Military Academy, in Poughkeepsie, and graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Williams. Brud attended Riverview and four other prep schools. The one from which he finally graduated was Andover. He enrolled at Williams, but quit after one semester. He has no intellectual pretensions. He likes to talk about sports, and he has a tendency to giggle. Bill's conversation is sparing, rustic, and reminiscent of Cal Coolidge's. His friends admire his dry wit. When asked what he majored in at college, he replies, "Greek. Thought I'd be takin' over the restaurant. Figured I better know Greek." Brud smokes only cigarettes. Bill smokes a pipe, and he has a ready answer to questions about his favorite brand of tobacco: "Smoke my own private mixture. Half Granger, half Prince Albert."

Bill and his wife, a quiet, motherly woman from Philadelphia, live in a compact and rather austerely furnished house in the middle of a thirty-two-acre tract of thickly wooded land four miles outside Poughkeepsie. He calls his place The Smithy. After work, he usually goes home, has a cup of tea, puts on a pair of dungarees, and disappears into the woods with an axe. Next to chopping wood, his favorite hobby is cooking. His specialties are chocolate cake, corn biscuits, blueberry pie, and Sally Lunn bread. He and his wife spend their summer weekends at a cabin he owns across the Hudson on a bluff opposite Hyde Park. "Good location," Bill says. "One place you can look down on the Roosevelts." The cabin is fairly primitive. "Has running water, though," Bill says. "You run and get it." Bill almost never entertains at his home and seldom goes out in the evenings. Sometimes he and his wife read aloud to each other, or Bill plays the mandolin while she accompanies him on the piano.

When Brud spends an evening at home, he usually has friends in to play bridge, poker, backgammon, or gin rummy for conservative stakes. He entertains in a combination bar and game room he calls the Hole in One. Bill never shows up at Brud's parties, because of the gambling and drinking. "Wouldn't ever want to be known as a gambler," Bill has said. "Played poker once, though. Skinned 'em. Quit." Bill has no liquor in The Smithy. It was out of consideration for his feelings that all the toasts during the centennial celebration were drunk with water. Brud's main interest is golf. He has won three dozen trophies, made three holes-in-one, and been the champion of the big local club, as well as of one in Buck Hill Falls, Pennsylvania, where he has a large summer place. In Poughkeepsie, he and his wife live in an imposing, richly furnished mansion on two and a half acres of ground, in the city's fashionable residential section, just a block and a half from the Poughkeepsie Tennis Club, of which Brud is a member.

Bill doesn't belong to any social clubs, but he is a life member of the Y, a charter member of the Poughkeepsie Rotary Club, and a vice-president and director of the First National Bank, and he was once a Boy Scout Commissioner. As





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Washable white rayon blouse, 3.95

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DE PINNA

FIFTH AVENUE at 52nd ST., N. Y. 19

an elder of the Presbyterian Church, a member of its Board of National Missions, and Moderator of the North River Presbytery, he has always done enough church work for two men. That is just as well, for although Brud is a member of the First Presbyterian Church, he seldom attends. Last spring, Brud offered to go to church if his minister would grow a beard, but the minister refused. Bill has philanthropic inclinations, but, unlike his grandfather, he makes no public fuss about his benefactions. Brud doesn't bother about community affairs, but his wife, a notably dynamic Poughkeepsian, is heavily involved in them. Brud feels that he can't afford to concern himself with civic doings because of the strain of his executive duties. "I used to be on the board at the country club, and so forth," he says, "but a few years ago I got off everything. I found it didn't jibe very well with business."

AS vice-president and secretary of Smith Brothers, Inc., Brud is in charge of all the company's purchasing, except the buying of sugar. Among other duties, he has the responsibility of writing up the minutes of the directors' meetings. Bill buys the sugar. He is also, as president, the keeper of the secret formula for flavoring and medicating the drops. The formula, which he alone possesses, was passed down to him by Trade. Besides sugar, corn syrup, and charcoal, the major Smith Brothers product contains a certain amount of what Bill speaks of mysteriously as "the essential oils." These include anise, licorice, wintergreen, horehound, peppermint, and perhaps one or two others. Twice a year, in the spring and fall, Bill removes the formula from a safe in an alcove outside his office and spends a week or ten days mixing a six-month supply of the liquid, which is used not only in the original, or black, cough drops but in the menthol ones and in the cough syrup. He carries on his esoteric work behind locked doors in a fifteen-by-fifteen-foot room on the second floor of the Poughkeepsie factory. He is assisted only by the foreman of the plant's cook room, an old and trusted employee named Ernest Witherwax, who rolls in drums of the various oils and rolls out the drums of the secret mixture. Because the oils have a potent, clinging odor that gets into the hair and clothes, Bill wears a chef's hat and long apron while mixing them, but before the day is over he gets to smelling like a cough drop anyway. A little of Bill's secret mixture goes a long way. Last year, for example, he made fifty-five hundred gallons of it for the black cough drops; it was enough to produce a billion six hundred and ninety-two million of them.

Besides keeping the secret formula to himself, Bill makes the decisions on company policy, labor relations, which have always been peaceful, and the firm's manufacturing processes, which, after a hundred years, are pretty well set. Each of the factories has about seventy-five employees, and together they turn out a little more than two billion seven hundred million cough drops a year. Nearly two-thirds of them are the black drops, and the rest are menthol. Liquid sugar and corn syrup arrive at the plants in tank cars and are pumped into big storage tanks on the top story. The manufacturing process begins when about a ton of sugar and half a ton of corn syrup are run into large vats on the same floor. After these two ingredients have been cooked for a while in the vats, the stuff is piped into vacuum cookers, where it is cooked at a higher temperature, and from there it goes onto rotary cooling tables on the floor below. The mixture, which now looks like taffy, is scraped off the cooling tables in ninety-pound batches and dumped into mixing machines. Before these are set in motion, a quart of finely powdered charcoal and the equivalent of a large coffee cup of essential oils are added to each batch. The mixers knead the stuff for six or seven minutes, after which it has the appearance and consistency of tar. Each ninety-pound glob is then fed into a machine that stamps it into fifteen thousand drops. These are propelled through a cooling machine, where they harden in seven minutes, and then to another machine, which packs them and wraps the boxes in cellophane. Smith Brothers cough drops are handled by seventy-five hundred wholesalers, who distribute them to approximately a million retail outlets. The firm does an annual gross business of around five and a half million dollars, and stands second among the cough-drop industry's Big Three—between Luden's and Vick's.

Bill and Brud are proud of the fact that the incidence of colds among their employees, who are permitted a free cough drop whenever they feel a need for one, is about half a cold less per year than the national average, which is two and a half colds a year. If the drops are not completely efficacious, Smith Brothers workers can get medical attention through a plan sponsored and wholly paid for by the company. The firm has also initiated a retirement plan,

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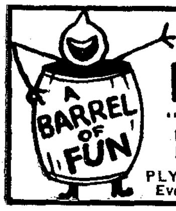

"A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY"
"NOTHING FUNNIER or more ENTERTAINING!—A RIOT EVERYONE SHOULD SEE!" —Jimmy Savo
PLYMOUTH Theatre
Every Eve. Exc. Mon. Mats. Sat. & Sun.

partly financed by the company, and it gives a bonus of a dollar a week to every employee who has a record of perfect attendance and punctuality. There are cafeterias (the one in the Michigan City plant is called the Coughie Shoppe), in which inexpensive meals are provided. The Poughkeepsie plant works a forty-five-hour week, the Michigan City plant three hours longer. Employees have a two-week vacation with pay, plus a bonus of a week's pay, and the ones in the Poughkeepsie factory are all happily aware that the door of Bill Smith's office is never closed to them except between noon and one o'clock, when he takes his daily nap. Twenty-three of the employees at the Poughkeepsie plant and fourteen at the Michigan City factory, including its manager, a man named Martee Dahlquist, have been with the company twenty years or longer and have accordingly been admitted to membership in Ye Smith Brothers Olde Timers' Club. Upon becoming a member of this organization, an employee is presented with a scroll signed by Bill Smith and countersigned by Father Time, and is a guest of honor at one of the annual initiation parties in the shipping rooms of the factories. During this ceremony, new members wear bibs, signifying that they are baby Olde Timers.

Bill and Brud, who, with their families, are the sole owners of the company, bear their business responsibilities in an admirably relaxed fashion. Each puts in about twenty-five or thirty hours a week at his desk. Bill arrives at the office at precisely twenty minutes to eight. Brud shows up a few minutes later. At eight o'clock, Brud, Lewis Shaw, Joe Bisbee (the production manager, who has been a friend of Bill's since childhood), and Harold Hustis (the treasurer, who used to be in the business of manufacturing farmers' pants and has been with the company for twelve years) gather in Bill's office for an informal executives' meeting. Bill conducts the meeting, usually while sagging comfortably in a swivel chair with his feet draped over a low bronze wastebasket. In the intervals between joshing each other about their lack of talent at golf or fishing, the executives talk over their business problems, which are likely to be resolved in accordance with the way the same or similar problems were handled in the past. After the meeting, Bill reads and answers his mail. He, Brud, and Shaw share a secretary. If, as frequently happens, the girl is busy taking dictation from Shaw, Bill and Brud peck out the

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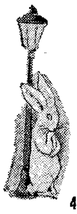

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—GIBBS, The New Yorker
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FRANK FAY in
The Pulitzer Prize Play by MARY CHASE
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with JOSEPHINE HULL
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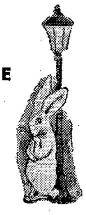

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replies to their correspondence on portable typewriters. At a quarter past ten, Bill gets in his car and drives downtown. He drops in at the First National Bank to see the president, John Evans, who is an old friend and a director of Smith Brothers, Inc. For anywhere from fifteen minutes to an hour, they chat about cough drops, bank loans, or civic affairs. Then Bill strolls over to the restaurant, where he has a cup of coffee and a doughnut at the soda fountain. He signs a check for it. Back at the plant, he gets out his ledger and enters his previous day's expenditures. At twelve o'clock, he stretches out on the sofa in his office for his nap. He rises at one, works at his desk on business or church affairs until three-fifty sharp, when he leaves for the day. Brud doesn't take time out for coffee in the morning. He sits in his office with a roll-top desk, which he uses when he is functioning as secretary, on one side of him and a large flat-top desk, which he uses when he is being vice-president, on the other side. Both desks are covered with papers, magazines, boxes of cough drops, bottles of cough syrup, golf balls, and other odds and ends, all of which give him the appearance of an executive almost literally snowed under. Brud stays at his desks until eleven-thirty, when he gets into his Chevrolet and drives home for lunch and a spot of rest. He returns between one-thirty and two. If he happens to finish his day's chores before Bill's mid-afternoon departure, he spends a while on an old leather sofa in his office catching up on his newspaper reading. Less than five minutes after Bill leaves for the day, Brud drives downtown to the Amrita Club, where he spends the rest of the afternoon relaxing over a couple of drinks and a few games of backgammon or gin rummy.

About the only thing that ever seems to bother Bill or Brud is their occasional gloomy realization that they are the last of the Smith Brothers. Both have daughters but no sons. Brud has four daughters, three of whom are married. Bill has been married twice, the second time in 1930 to a naval officer's widow, who has three sons. Bill and his second wife have a daughter. Bill and Brud don't talk much about the future of the firm, but the indications are that it will be taken over eventually by one or more of Brud's sons-in-law, one of whom is already in the business, and by Bill's stepsons, two of whom are also working for the company. It was considered significant around the Poughkeepsie plant that the eldest of the stepsons, who, like Bill, graduated Phi Beta Kappa from

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the piano rhythms of Cy Walter during SUPPER

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MOTION PICTURE

"DANNY KAYE'S FUNNIEST"
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Williams and meticulously keeps a ledger of his expenses, last year helped his stepfather with the mixing of the essential oils. Bill and Brud want the company to be carried on by their heirs, and as an independent company. They have had numerous chances to sell their tidy business, or to consolidate it with others, but they have always refused. The most recent offer came from a large and aggressive candy company. Bill read the letter to the other officers of the company at a morning meeting. He shifted his feet on the wastebasket, blew a couple of smoke rings, then said, "Think I better tell 'em we're not plannin' to sell, but if they just plain have to make a deal, we'll buy *them* out for five million—spot cash." Brud giggled. "Second the motion," he said. That afternoon, after his nap, Bill sat down at his portable and pecked out his answer.

—JOHN BAINBRIDGE

•

O PIONEERS DEPARTMENT

(OLIVER HAZARD PERRY DIVISION)

[*Communication from the executive officer of a United States cruiser to his men*]

HERE ARE TIPS ON HOW TO GET RIGHT PERFUME FOR RIGHT GIRL

Perfume is the personality essence. The girl friend back home may wonder if her man hasn't cooled off a bit if she gets what the distillers thought was best for Sis, and Mother isn't going to be flattered to receive something designed for Grandma.

But because the average GI would not know, representatives of five of Paris' leading perfume houses have given these tips on what's right for whom:

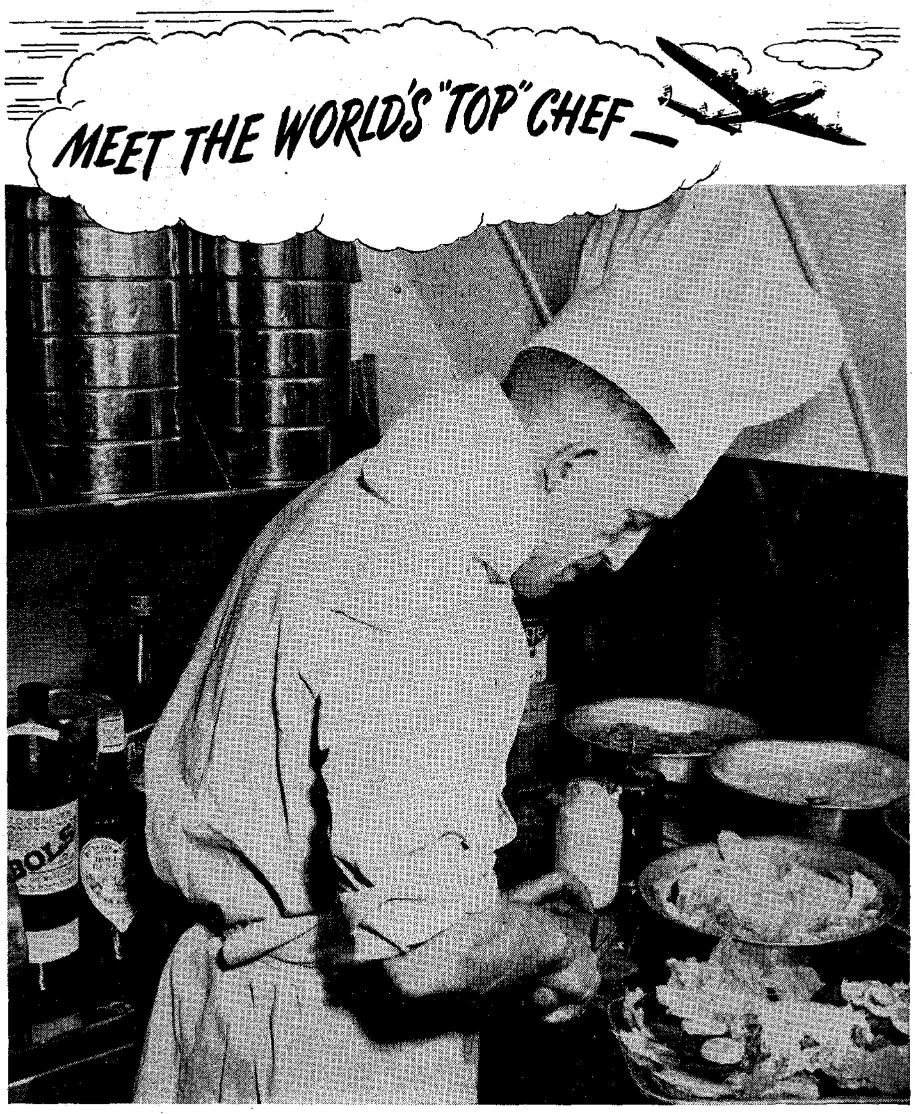
GUERLAIN—"Apres l'Ondee," a light summer perfume for the very young. "Shalimar" for the sophisticate. "Liu," for a blonde, particularly good for a woman over 35. "Jicky" spicy and fresh, for the outdoor girl. "L'Heure Blueu," for a woman over 40. "Mitsouko," a heavy Oriental perfume for a sophisticate.

LANVIN—"Remeur," for a young vivacious person; a brunette perfume. "Arpege," for the young blonde. "Mon Peche," or "My Sin," for the very young. "Scandal," smells of sandalwood and suitable for the sophisticate.

LUCIEN LELONG—"Elle, Elle," for the sophisticate, "Passionement," for the very young. "Indiscret," for the young sweet person. "N," an especially light perfume, for blondes—good for any age. "Orage" or "Opening Night," for a woman past 40.

CHANEL—"Cuire de Russie," for a brunette with dark skin. "22," for the sophisticated brunette. "Bois des Iles," for the blonde with dark skin or the light brunette. "Gardenia," for the very young, especially good for a girl with reddish hair.

WORTH—"Je Reviens," for a blonde over 25. "Dans la Nuit," for a brunette over 25. "Imprudence," for a businesswoman over 30. "Vers le Jour," for the slightly masculine woman. "Projects," for the sportswoman. "Vers Toi," a light perfume for the very young. "Requete," for a young woman, a daytime perfume.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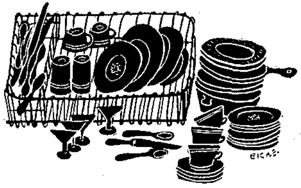
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

THE Vetcraft Foundation, an organization at 42 Greenwich Avenue (Charles Street) which subscribes to the pleasant principle that a customer is entitled to something worth while even when his money is going to a good cause, is offering some hand-woven woollens and cottons that I think are exceptional. You have undoubtedly gathered from the firm's title that it is made up of war veterans, but you may not have guessed that they are all disabled. The men are expert weavers, with a fondness for bright, clear colors and simple patterns that should endear themselves to the most temperamental upholsterer. The shop sells ready-made fabrics by the yard—some fifty-inch cotton-and-rayon mixtures, for upholstery and curtains, at around $5, and some wools of the same width, mostly striped, that are intended for suitings but that I like even better for decorating, at $8. The stock is not vast, but anything you want can be woven to order. Custom work takes about two to three weeks, unless you're outfitting a hotel. Some extremely soft and light yarns make blankets and afghans that all but melt in your hand. Crib blankets in the customary basketweave ($7.50 apiece) are white, white and pink, or white and blue. What Vetcraft calls Sports blankets come in big, bold, horse-blanket plaids; they have long fringes at the ends and would be fine for, say, boys' rooms or for guest bedrooms in the country. One for a single bed is $15. The afghans are also fringed and are large enough to make generous chaise throws; they appear in patterns and colors that look like old calico prints or cottage wallpaper, and they, too, are $15.



PEOPLE who like carved-wood birds as decorations can see, and buy, some remarkable ones, made by John Lacey, at the Audubon Society's gallery, 1000 Fifth Avenue (82nd), or at Crossroads of Sport, 15 East 54th Street. Another idea is to go down to 539½ Hudson Street and see Mr. L. working at his incredibly lifelike creatures in his studio and shop. He carves his game and songbirds in perching, standing, and flying poses, and they run from three-inch miniatures ($4) up to life-size mallard ducks, which he weights for use as doorstops ($15) or makes into lamp bases ($40). Polished-mahogany sitting canvasbacks in a natural finish make remarkably handsome bookends when put on heavy bases, but you may favor waxed white pine or walnut duck-head bookends, or painted white pine ones; $25 a pair, in any version. Some customers who have never whittled as much as a matchstick get so bitten with the wood-carving bug as they watch Mr. Lacey at work that he has put out a kit, sold at the shop for $2, which provides a partly carved mallard, chiselling tools, paints, and a paintbrush, along with instructions for finishing the job. The directions *sound* simple, anyway.

MANY shops carrying wood moldings and trimmings that once catered only to professional carpenters and cabinetmakers nowadays find themselves facing the often extraordinary demands of amateur decorators and handymen. At C. A. Hasbrouck, 861 Third Avenue (52nd), you can find practically anything for a small patching or repair job, or even for a large, new project. Among other things, it is the only place I know of where you can buy such ordinary, unspectacular items as a pair of simple wood balls, for gatepost tops. (A five-inch one costs $2.50, which may interest anyone who happens to have a topless gatepost.) There are wood moldings in some nine hundred patterns, and probably as many varieties of individual decorations in pressed or carved wood—stars, fleurs-de-lis, eagles, rosettes, and such. A dime, for instance, gets you a half-inch star. Tiny drawer pulls—for a spice chest, say—also cost a dime; hardwood, fruit-shaped drawer pulls, for Victorian bureaus, are fifty cents, and so it goes. There are low wooden pedestals, either curved or straight and fluted, on which you can put a small tabletop, if you have a spare one; if you haven't, the shop will provide it and will even put the job together for you. A complete table, unfinished, costs $35. Some of the pedestals can be turned into lamps, if that's what you have in mind. Hasbrouck will bore a hole in one for the wiring and turn the thing over to you for from $2.50 to about $9. Curtain poles can be cut to whatever length you require, and there are fancy moldings that can be made into valance boards or picture frames, either by an enterprising customer or by Hasbrouck. No finishing, however, is done at the shop; the painting, gilding, waxing, or whatever is your own problem.

THERE is a new ragweed-spraying machine around—a comparatively small, one-man edition of the big ones used by government agencies to spray some (but not enough) rural areas with 2,4-D—which may enable hay-fever victims to stay a month longer in the country. It costs $325, F.O.B. New York, at Feller-Jones, 303 Fourth Avenue (23rd). As you probably know, 2,4-D is not a discriminating poison. If, for instance, it is sprayed on a field of late corn in which ragweed has been allowed to grow up, it will kill not only the ragweed but the corn. Feller-Jones say the contrivance is remarkably economical, since it requires only one gallon of 2,4-D concentrate to lay low an acre of flourishing ragweed. An investment of that size for a sprayer probably will seem out of line to anyone but hay-fever sufferers—and perhaps even to some of them, too—so I should mention that the contraption has other uses, such as spraying D.D.T. to kill off bugs (including Japanese beetles on lawns, flies in barns and outbuildings, and mosquitoes in the shrubbery), or other pest-and-disease destroyers to protect small-orchard fruit crops. Of course, if you are going to use it now to knock out what remains of the season's ragweed (which, in most places around here, is plenty), you have to be mighty sure you wash all the 2,4-D out of the machine before putting it to work for other purposes next summer. —B. B.

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*Adv. in the Times*]

THINKING ABOUT A NEW JOB?

Confidentially—

THE LITTLE FOXES that spoil the vines of many a top-flight job are the small personality clashes that sometimes grow into fatal explosions beyond repair. Often a little common sense plus a touch of old-fashioned warm human kindness will turn the tide.

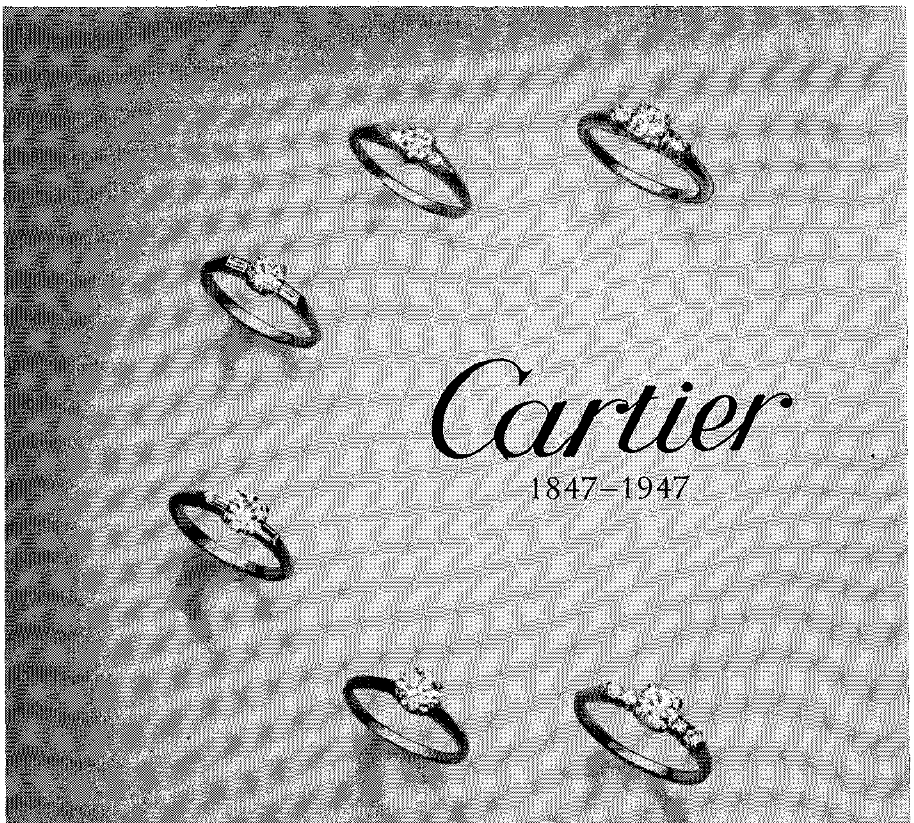
•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Herald Tribune*]

WASHINGTON, July 2 (AP).—The government took in an average of $18,517,351 for every day of the fiscal year ended Monday midnight and spent at the rate of $116,452,179 a day.

It thus netted a surplus of $2,065,172 a day.



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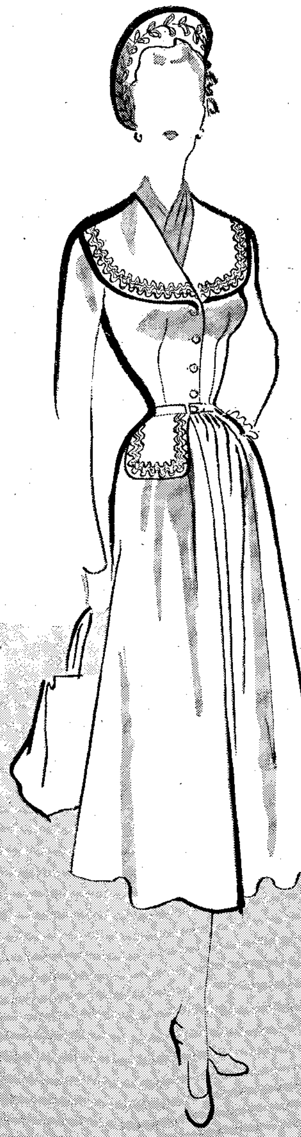

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The natural look IS the news! Witness this slim, slim black wool. Softly rounded hips, lovely "natural" shoulders (cleverly curved!) and that exquisite round cape collar. Black only.
Sizes 10 to 16 65.00

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MY FATHER'S BROAD SHOULDERS

THE summer started early in Chicago that year. One sultry afternoon toward the end of June, when I was helping my father in his little West Side grocery, my mother looked out at the hot sky and cried, "If I don't go to the country soon, I'll roast to death with the little ones!" She had come down from our flat over the store to get some things she needed for our supper, and was careful to make her announcement just after some customers had left the store carrying good-sized orders. My father stared out the window at the steaming pavement.

"In the paper this morning," my mother continued, "I read where the temperature will hit ninety before evening, and no relief in sight."

My father grunted. He let his glance wander over the shelves of canned goods and the sacks of Grade 2 potatoes and come to rest on a bunch of overripe bananas.

"All right," he said finally. "I'm as rich as Rockefeller. I'm wallowing in millions. Where do you want to spend the summer? In Southampton or Newport?"

My mother reddened, picked up the groceries she had come in for, and went out of the store.

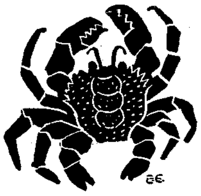
"Dave," my father said, scowling at me, "this world is not run by statesmen."

"No, sir," I said.

"It's not run by diplomats."

"No, sir."

"It's run by women. You're only nine years old, so you don't understand that yet. At your age, I didn't understand, either." He stared out the window moodily, then turned to me. "All right, go ahead and take an apple from the barrel. It'll get rotten anyway."



That night, it was still very hot. In our flat over the grocery, the whole family—my father and mother, my thirteen-year-old sister, my four brothers, and myself—sat near the open windows in the front room waiting for a breeze. My oldest brother, Milt, who was twenty, stared up the street to see if that new girl, Hortense—the one who had moved into the corner house—would come out to sit on her stoop. Ben, who was eighteen, was watching Milt's face. "I'm forever chas-ing rain-bows," he sang mockingly. They both had jobs—Ben in a hardware-company stockroom, Milt as a haberdashery salesman.

My father was drinking lemonade and, every so often, swabbing his face, which was streaming with sweat. After he had drunk his fourth glass, and the sweat still poured down his face and not a breath of air came in the windows, his patience cracked. "It's a fake," he shouted. "The Chamber of Commerce says Chicago is swept by cooling breezes all summer. Why do they write such lies?"

"Tomorrow will be cooler," my mother said hopefully.

"Why? Did it say so in the paper?"

"No, but maybe there'll be some rain tonight."

I looked out the window. The sky was clear and the moon was up. There wasn't even a hint of a shower.

Suddenly, Milt jumped. A girl in a yellow dress had come out of the corner house. It was Hortense. Reaching for his straw hat, he said, "I'm going to the drugstore to get some cigarettes. I just smoked my last one."

"I've got some left," Ben said.

"No, thanks. I changed my brand yesterday," Milt said.

A few seconds later, we could see him walking down the street. He slowed up as he approached the stoop where Hortense was sitting, and bent to tie his shoelace, but she didn't look at him. He straightened up and went on to the drugstore on the next corner.

"I hope they carry his brand," Ben said.

My father, tired out by the day's work and the heat, got up out of his chair heavily. "I can't wait any more for it to get cooler," he said. "I'm going to bed."

I looked at my mother. A calm look of triumph had settled on her face.

THE heat wave continued on into July. The school term had finished and the children on our block pestered their parents for carfare to go to Oak Street beach or yelled for nickels to buy soda pop.

On the sixth night of the heat wave, while we were eating supper, my father said, "It's not right that only the rich should be able to get away from this terrible heat. I'm glad to say I can also afford to send my wife and my young children away for a while. Please pass me some of those potatoes, Milton."

This speech caused a sensation all around the table. Did he mean it? I wondered. Was he really going to send the five of us—my mother, Ruth, Harry, Sidney, and me—to the

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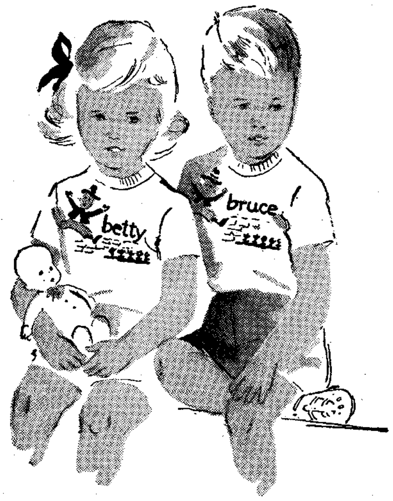

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country? Could he afford to do that?

"Why not?" my father exclaimed in anger, reading our minds. "The Ryers left yesterday for the country, didn't they? Mr. Schuman, up the street, sent his wife and two girls away, didn't he? Are they any better than us? Ben, please pass the salt!" We watched his jaws pumping stolidly up and down, and didn't say anything.

THAT'S how my mother and Ruth and Harry and Sidney got to go to the country that summer. And that's how I got to sample my father's cooking—because I stayed home. It was decided, probably because of my terrific good health, that I really didn't need rural air and sunshine and country vegetables. My parents knew my lung capacity and they didn't want to have to listen to a lot of crying, so they didn't tell me I wasn't going along until just before the others left. They must have figured I was too young to grasp the fact that a struggling grocer couldn't afford to pay country board for his wife and *four* youngest children. Someone had to be sacrificed.

Milt and Ben understood the situation, of course, but I didn't catch on, not even when they began admiring my athletic prowess and commenting on my unusual running ability and other physical accomplishments.

"He's got a build like Jeffries," Milt said.

"You bet. And the way he throws a ball makes me think of Walter Johnson," Ben said. "He'll go places, that kid."

"What do you think? Do you think he'll be a pole vaulter, too?"

"Why not? Look at his arms. He can do anything," Ben said.

My head swelled up when I heard these remarks, but I was also watching the assembling of the suitcases in the outer hallway. My mother had just finished dressing Sid, Ruth, and Harry in clean clothes for the train ride, and I suddenly realized that I wasn't going with them. My lower jaw dropped. I tried hard to act like Jeffries and Walter Johnson, but a wail broke from my throat. As though they had rehearsed it beforehand, my two older brothers dashed into the kitchen. When they reappeared, Milt was holding a big plate of vanilla ice cream and Ben was carrying a spoon.

"Here," said Milt quickly. "All for you."

Seeing the ice cream, Harry said, "What about me?" "Me, too!" Sidney shrieked.

Ben and Milt picked up the suitcases, and my mother, after kissing me, coaxed the three other kids down the stairs to the street. My father came out of the store and kissed my mother vigorously. Then Ben cried, "Hurry up, the train won't wait! Here comes a trolley!"

My father and I stood on the sidewalk and watched the rest of the family board the streetcar. Sidney and Harry made faces at me through the windows and the car started on. As it grew smaller and smaller in the distance, I felt as if my heart would break.

"Here, come in the store and take a cooky," said my father. "I hated to do it, son. *Ach*, take two cookies—the nice chocolate ones."

THAT night, after the store closed, my father cooked his first meal for us. As a starter, he made an onion omelet. It was Saturday night, and Milt and Ben, who were going out on dates, ate a little of it and then put their forks down.

"We're going to a dance," Ben said. "Would you want us to have the smell of onions on our breath when we talk to girls?"

My father, who had worked hard trying to make a successful omelet, looked hurt. He had used three mixing bowls and two frying pans, and about a dozen spoons and knives were scattered around the sink, where he had broken the eggs and sliced the onions.

"It's not the omelet isn't good," Milt said.

"That's all right," my father answered. "Go to your dance. I understand."

After they had left the table, my father sat staring in front of him for a while, then started chewing his portion of the omelet. Whenever he looked at me, I put some of the omelet into my mouth. The sliced onions were hard and gristly and undercooked and the omelet was unsalted. The hot evening, together with the heat from the kitchen stove, bore down on us.

"Drink your milk," my father said finally. "I know you're not hungry."

That same night, around one o'clock, I heard the front door open. I had been tossing and turning because I wasn't used to sleeping alone. Rising on my elbow, I looked out of my bedroom door. Milt and Ben were talking in the kitchen, in low, careful voices. I felt thirsty, so I got up and started for the kitchen. Ben and Milt were staring at the sink and they didn't see me come in.

"Look at it," Milt was saying. "He

left all the dirty pots and dishes for us."

"I'm so tired I could drop," Ben said. "The last girl I danced with stepped all over my feet."

"I guess we'd better clean up just the same," Milt said.

"Couldn't we leave it till morning?"

"You know how Pa'd feel. After all, he did the cooking."

"He did the *what*?" Ben said. "All right, you wash and I'll wipe."

"No, you wash and I'll wipe."

"Let's toss for it." Then Ben saw me. "Hey, look who's here."

"I just got up to get a drink of water," I said.

"I thought you got up to eat some more omelet," Ben said.

"Don't," Milt said. "It'll get back to Pa."

"All right," Ben said. "Take your drink of water and scramble back to bed."

Back in my room, I listened to their low voices. From up the hall came the sound of my father's snoring. I lay there wondering what life was going to be like in the house without my mother and the others, until the resonant snoring at last put me to sleep.

DURING the next four weeks, everything that my father prepared for us was underdone, overcooked, or burned, and Ben and Milt washed more pots and pans and dishes than a dishwashing crew in a big downtown restaurant.

It never entered my father's head that he could cook three eggs in one pot or mix pancake batter in just one bowl. He had to have all the pots and mixing bowls in the kitchen in action, and all four gas burners of the stove had to be going.

"Who does he think he is?" Milt said to Ben one day when I was standing around. "I'm getting ulcers."

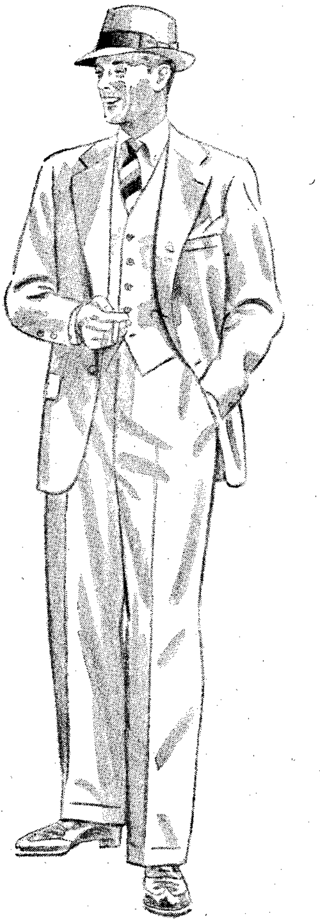
"I'm not worrying about my stomach," Ben said. "It's my hands."

"Maybe we're using too much soap powder."

"I tried using less, but he slaps so much grease and fat on his pans you have to use a whole box of powder to clean them right."

"Look out," Milt said. "Here he comes now."

My two brothers began whistling "You Made Me What I Am Today, I Hope You're Satisfied" and my father passed through the kitchen on his way to his soft chair in the front room. We could hear him sit down with a sigh. Every night he would prop a writing tablet on his knees and write a long let-



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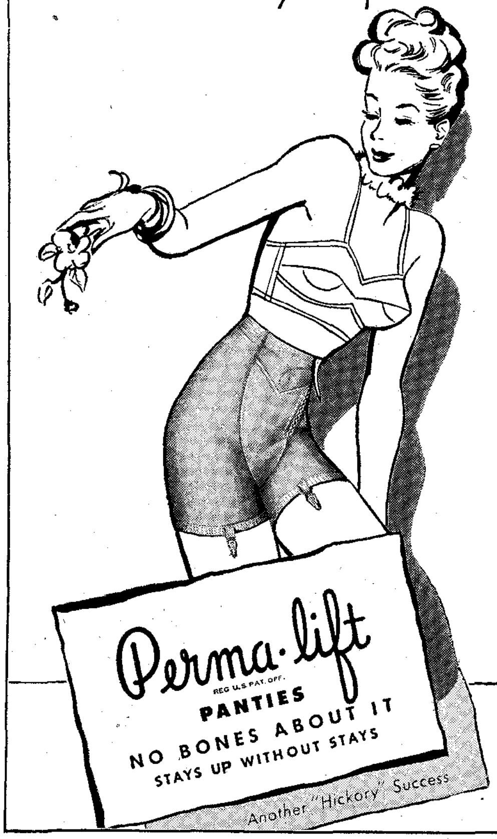

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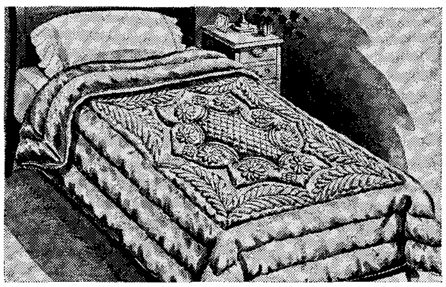

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ter to our mother telling her how smoothly everything at home was running. He showed me one of the letters before he sealed it up. "I'm making some wonderful meals for the boys," he had written.

Every day, in the store, he told the housewives, "I can now sympathize with you. I know what it means to cook for a household and always keep changing the menus, so that the family won't get tired of eating the same food. It's not easy, believe me!" My father became very popular with his customers, whose husbands never spoke that way. In return for his sympathy, they sympathized with him too. One day, I heard Mrs. Wollinski say, "You work so hard in the store, and then at night you have to cook for your three boys. Not many men would do that."

"I do the best I can, Mrs. Wollinski," he said. "I don't want my children to go hungry. Even though I'm tired out after I close the store, I can't neglect my little ones."

Both Ben and Milt were a full head taller than my father was, but he didn't seem to mind exaggerating a bit to make his point.

"And keeping the house tidy!" said Mrs. Wollinski. "That must tire you still more."

"I do the best I can. I'm not one to complain!"

The truth was, my father never touched a mop or a broom all the while my mother was gone. Fluff gathered in the corners of the rooms and the carpets and floors were soon covered with a deposit of gritty dust.

"And making the beds. That's a big job in itself," said Mrs. Rafferty, who had come into the store with Mrs. Wollinski.

"I do the best I can, Mrs. Rafferty."

My father never touched a sheet or a pillowcase. Before going to work, Ben and Milt made the beds, including his.

"My, the work you do! And after the meals, think of all those dishes you have to wash."

"My shoulders are broad," he said. "I do the best I can!"

After the two women had walked out with their groceries, my father spied me standing near the windows. He had forgotten all about me. "Dave, do you want a nickel for an ice-cream cone?" he said. "Go to Schindler's. I understand they have better ice cream."

I DON'T want to give the impression that my father was a braggart. He honestly believed he was doing a good job. He took his cooking seriously, but as for making the beds and washing dishes, he didn't consider those jobs creative enough to bother about. They were minor details he could delegate to his sons.

My big brothers began to grumble a good deal, especially about my father's cooking. Both of them worked hard all day and at night they wanted to sit down to a good meal. They talked about going out to eat in a restaurant, but they never got up the courage to do it. They knew my father would feel bad if they did. He'd feel that they had rejected their home.

You couldn't say my father wasn't trying hard to please. He begged all kinds of recipes from the women who came into his store. We ate German meat balls, Italian spaghetti, Spanish bean soup, and Irish puddings. My father began to use a lot of seasoning to cover up the shortcomings in his cooking. In a little while, we were eating practically everything Mexican style; many of the dishes burned the roof of my mouth. "What do you think of this meal tonight?" he'd say. "Pretty good, eh?"

"And how!" Ben would say heroically, swallowing glasses of water. "It's the best meal you ever made."

My father would swell with pride. "And I never cooked before in my life," he would say. "I tell you, I stay awake nights figuring out new meals. I worry about you boys. I don't know of any father in the neighborhood that'd do what I'm doing for you!" His voice would ring with dramatic sincerity.

One Sunday, Ben and Milt set to work and cleaned the place. While they mopped the floors and washed the windows, my father wrote a long, detailed letter to my mother. He read me a little piece of it: "I made some chicken fricassee for the boys this afternoon. First I cut the chicken into small pieces, and then I added salt, pepper, bay leaves, and chili sauce . . ."

That night, I had the worst stomachache of my life. It began about an hour or so after I went to bed. Milt and Ben had gone to a movie, and my groans woke my father. He came running to my side and, frightened by my twisting and groaning, hurried to prepare a hot-water bottle. When the hot-water bottle didn't cure my stomachache, he hugged and kissed me. "It'll go away in a little while," he kept saying. He stayed up with me until midnight, when my pain stopped. He stroked my forehead, promised me a bicycle for Christmas, and told me, confidentially,

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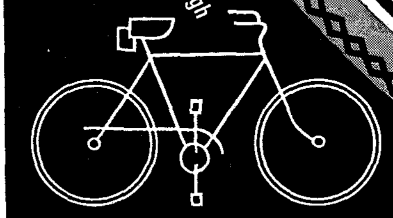

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that I was the brightest boy my age he had ever seen.

"See, it's only a bellyache," he said when I stopped groaning. "You feel better now, don't you? You're all right now, eh?"

"Yes."

"Good. Tomorrow, you can go to the beach with your cousin Adolph, and I'll give you five cents to buy a hot dog."

The next morning, I felt better but I didn't want to go to the beach or eat a hot dog, so I hung around the store. "Well!" my father said to the first woman that came in. "I should have been a physician, not a grocer! This young fellow here had some very complicated pains last night, but I cured him in a hurry. It seems I have the touch that cures these things."

"My, my," the woman said. "You certainly take good care of your boys!"

At the end of four weeks, my mother and the other children came home. They got off the trolley with their suitcases and came right into the store. I stood behind my father as he kissed them all.

Then my mother spied me. "Look! What's that rash on his face?" she cried. "And how thin he is!" She hugged me hysterically. I began to cry. My father stood there without saying anything, looking at her tanned face and at the tanned, healthy faces of the children. "Why is he so thin?" my mother said. "It must have been his diet! You have a whole grocery store here. Couldn't you make him some good meals?" I looked at my father. His lips were trembling, but his eyes were soft as he stared at me. There was an unspoken communion between us.

"Why don't you say something?" my mother shrieked at him.

Just then, a big woman carrying a wicker market basket came into the store. "Welcome home," she said to my mother. Then she turned to my father. "Some lucky wife you've got," she said. "The way you've taken care of the—"

My father interrupted her. "Yes, Mrs. Rotz," he said, going behind the counter. "And what can I do for you on this nice, cool day?"

—Albert Halper

•

He has proved, if anyone ever has, the wisdom of being original.

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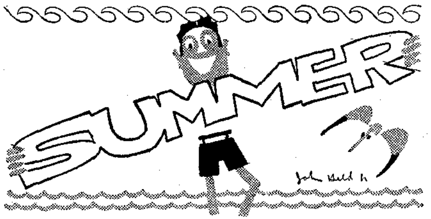

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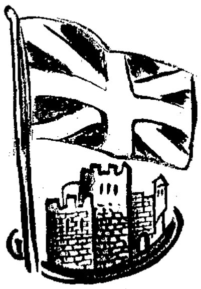
LETTER FROM LONDON

AUGUST 24



MANY thoughtful people here believe that one cause of the public's considerable confusion over England's plight is the use of the word "crisis" to describe the situation. To a population that has been facing up to crises ever since Munich, the term has lost much of its gravity, they say, and has come to suggest a temporary state of alarm, which will ease off if certain measures are applied. Most Britons seem reluctant to realize that the present exigency has settled down for a long, long visit, even though the country is more and more taking on the air of a besieged fortress. Individuals shake their heads and say morosely that things will get much worse, but there appears to be a mass inability to believe that the situation can be as desperate as it looks, an attitude that was cracked up as a hardy British virtue during the war.

It will certainly not be the Government's fault if every person in the country is not well informed about the state of affairs confronting the nation. A series of well-known voices, leading off with that of the Prime Minister, has been warning the public, over the B.B.C., that the future is black indeed and that only through undivided effort can there be any hope of making it safe. It is Mr. Attlee's personal misfortune—something about which every newspaper has been harshly frank—that he has only to speak of black to turn it to gray. Mr. Dalton, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, carried on the talks by announcing the suspension of the disastrous clause of the American loan that required Britain to shell out precious dollars instead of sterling to any country that might demand them in exchange for goods. The Chancellor did not explain why he and his advisers had ever viewed the clause as anything but the short cut to disaster that it turned out to be.

Possibly the only political voice that could make people feel inspired instead of dully depressed by the prospect of living indefinitely under siege conditions is Mr. Churchill's, but his recent broadcast to the nation was the biggest disappointment of the lot. His listeners were sadly aware that his attack on the Government produced nothing that could be recognized as an active and resolute Conservative policy. Maybe this explains why many English who hate the sight of the Socialists regretfully believe that the Labour Party may split into two camps—the moderate Right and the extreme Left—and thus give an illusion of conservatism and extremism, but that the old Conservative Party is not likely to undergo a renaissance.

There is suddenly far less talk here about the Marshall lifeline to Europe, which a short time back was being optimistically discussed by the very people who are now saying forcefully that, at whatever cost, the English must stand on their own feet. This phrase is much heard at the moment, though exactly what such an unaided balancing effort would entail in unparalleled sacrifices—assuming that it is possible at all—is not often specified. There is, however, a very noticeable strengthening of the belief that the loan from the United States was too sharp a bargain to be exacted by an old friend. At the time the terms were announced, this opinion was offered only by a small section of the press and by isolated warning voices, which were often severely criticized. Now that the effects of the American conditions are better understood (indeed, any taxi-driver seems able to discuss them with fluency and warmth), many more English feel that the requirement that Britain had to pay for her imports with dollars on request and the non-discrimination clause, which forbade Britain to reduce her purchases in the United States unless she reduced them correspondingly in other foreign countries, too, crippled their nation's fight toward recovery. Almost everybody has hard things to say about the Government's extraordinary complacency, which lasted right up until the catastrophe was delivered full-blown to the public, but it is nevertheless remembered that one of the reasons the loan dwindled with such appalling rapidity was the removal of American price controls and the consequent drastic lowering of British purchasing power in the States. New rumors that Washington will attach more conditions to any further aid to Britain—the abandonment of the Government's nationalization plans and the installation of American supervisors in the coal mines have been mentioned—have been understandably greeted without cheers. Maybe all this is healthy, inasmuch as it is inducing in the average Briton the naïvely astonished realization that there are places in the world where his personal strug-

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gles are simply regarded as the fluctuations of a good or bad financial risk.

THE London theatre, what with crisis and day after day of superb weather that has been sending Londoners every evening in shoals to lie on the brown grass of the parks instead of crushing into a stuffy playhouse, is doing poor business. "The Voice of the Turtle" has been silenced, instead of lasting into the autumn, as was expected. There are, however, specimens of the work of three prominent dramatists—Priestley, Coward, and Emlyn Williams—currently on view. It is interesting to compare the workings of these writers' minds during this worried, bewildered stretch of history. Both Coward and Williams have frankly escaped into unreality. Coward's "Peace in Our Time" is a theatrically expert speculation on what would have happened if the Germans had got to England—nothing much, it appears, that didn't actually and terribly happen elsewhere. The only novelty his piece offers is a Cockney-speaking Resistance, but it must be admitted that he draws his London types with his old sureness and affection. The nasty collaborator in this case is a young intellectual editor of one of those Left Wing journals. Emlyn Williams is acting with the handsome French film star Françoise Rosay in his own play "Trespass," another of his efforts that reveal his Welsh preoccupation with the next world rather than this one. The plot offers mediums, psychic love affairs between the dead and the living, wailing banshees, and a most improbable French countess, who presides over a spooky Welsh castle. In contrast to these two somewhat fantastic items, Mr. Priestley's piece, "The Linden Tree," which has delighted the critics, is a sort of topical morality play, put together according to the successful Priestley formula of one part message and three parts whacking good entertainment. The family of Professor Linden (played by Sir Lewis Casson) want him to pack up and retire from his chair of history at a dreary provincial university. The Professor's refusal to give up his ideals and sink into parasitic idleness is Priestley's allegorical way of saying that the future here can still be good if enough good men stick to the job of making it so. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

Anne-Marie's day begins about 8:30 when she slips into a glass of orange juice.—*Sir!, a magazine for men.*

A nice start, my girl!

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LOVE IN THE OLD SOUTH

[From a collection of papers in the Louisiana State University archives]

Jackson, Miss. December 18th, 1869.

Mrs. Clara Snyder
Rodney, Miss.:

Dear Madam—

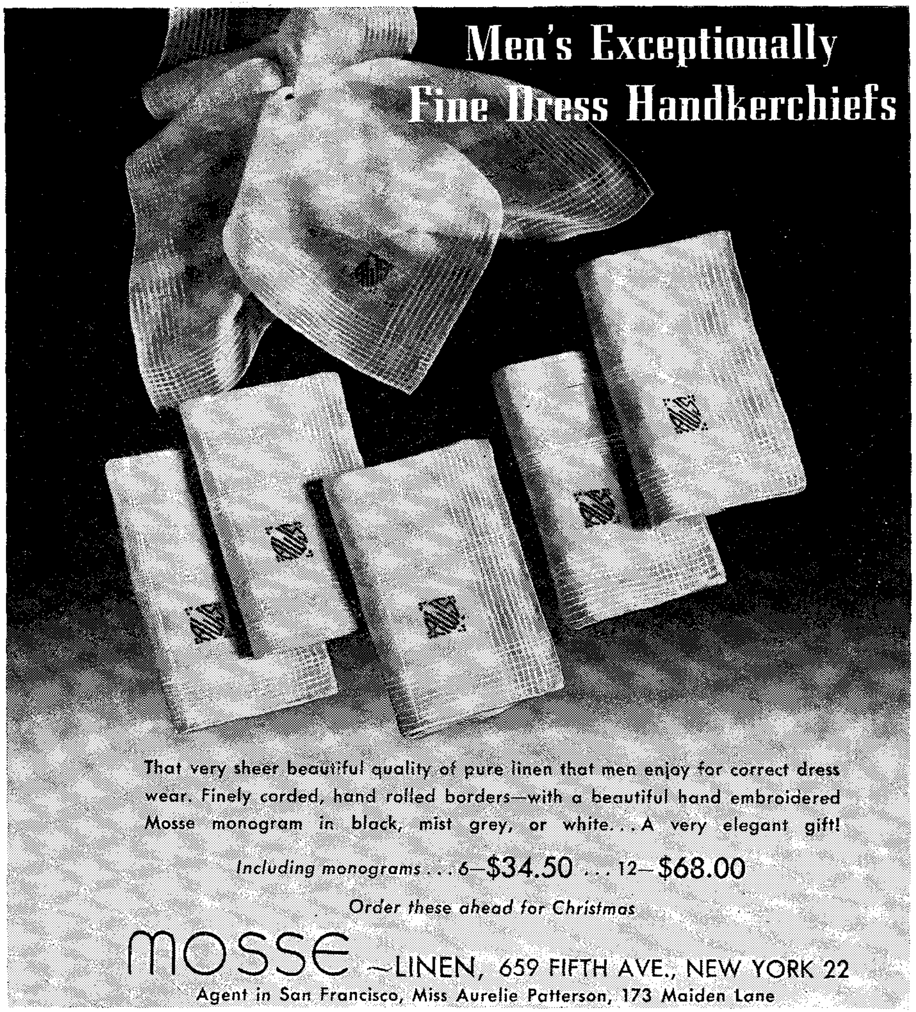
I have taken the liberty to address you, and whether in so doing I have taken a step too far remains to be seen. While stopping at Rodney you were doubtless somewhat puzzled at my conduct, and not without good reason. I have been so long among strangers, under circumstances which required me to keep my business to my self, that I have little disposition to divulge it to anybody. I left Texas with something over $6000.00 and went to New York where I commenced speculating in stocks & gold, and for several months was very successful, increasing my $6000.00 to $14,000.00. Intoxicated with success I became too reckless & speculated heavily. At 137 I put $60000 short gold upon the market; at 143 I put $190000 more; at 149 the whole was bought in by my broker at a loss of $11000 & commissions. I was almost crazy for several weeks: but when I came to myself I looked the situation calmly & squarely in the face, & concluded to go South, and endeavor to repair my broken finances. I told Mrs. Neely what I lost upon the first 60,000. I did not feel like telling the whole truth. My losses have left me in such a crippled condition that I have only my personal exertions to rely upon. This will explain my disinclination for planting &c. I am now stopping at Jackson, where I propose to remain. There are several positions which I can obtain, but they are of a character not to satisfy me for any length of time.

You were altogether too shrewd in thinking I was bound for Texas to marry Miss Hall. I had no intentions of so doing; but I did think of proposing to you, and had the subject under serious consideration, and had I thought you would marry again would have done so. I will not say that I was desperately in love, but I have the kindest feelings towards you, which I trust are reciprocated. It is true there is some disparity of ages but time has dealt kindly with you—possessing a beautiful head of hair and fine teeth which I admire most in a woman next to her good sense—while I am growing prematurely old. I will frankly say that in my present condition I would not propose to marry any woman who was not in independent circumstances. This may be presumption on my part but nevertheless the truth.

In regard to recovering payment from the Government for cotton destroyed, owned by nonparticipants in the rebellion, I have ascertained that those cases have been carried up to the Supreme Court of the U. S. and I think a favorable decision will shortly be given. I will watch the result and keep the family advised upon the subject.

Please to give my best love to all the family. Hoping soon to hear from you, I will close by tendering my kindest wishes for the prosperity of you all and subscribing myself,

Very truly,
J. B. Randall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THE WAYWARD PRESS

PROBE USE HIT IN PRESS FLAY; REDS' BUTTON ATTACK BARED

THIS is an irascible age, and its temper, I sometimes think, is demonstrated in the headline writers' predilection for words that primarily express physical violence.

BOSTON ARCHBISHOP HITS
'APOLOGISTS FOR TITO'

a *World-Telegram* head proclaimed on August 20th, above a story to the effect that the Most Reverend Richard J. Cushing, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Boston, had spoken harshly of seven Protestant clergymen recently returned from Yugoslavia, including the Reverend Dr. Guy Emery Shipler, editor of an Episcopalian magazine called the *Churchman*.

DR. SHIPLER HITS BACK
AT TITO REPORT CRITICS

the *World-Telegram* announced on August 21st, over an account of Dr. Shipler's purely oral counter-punch, producing in the headline reader's mind an image of the two reverend gentlemen slugging it out toe to toe, like the two boys the young Thomas Bailey Aldrich saw from a window of a moving train long ago. All the rest of his life, Aldrich suffered a desire to know which boy had won.

The same paper, which seems to me slightly more paranoid along this line than most of its contemporaries and from which I shall therefore cite examples at some length, had the word "fight" in three headlines on one page the day that Dr. Shipler let the Archbishop have it.

VET IN BRIG FIGHTS
TO BEAT STORK HERE

preceded a story about a sailor who had asked to be released from naval prison so that he could be with his pregnant wife.

ACTRESS SET TO FIGHT
PUTNAM WIDOW ON WILL

referred to a legal dispute between two women, not a challenge to join in fisticuffs over a philosophical concept.

PR FIGHT LINKED
TO U.S. RED PURGE

was, so far as I could make out, the *Telegram's* way of saying that George F. Mand, chairman of a committee to work for the repeal of proportional representation, was against proportional representation. Getting "fight," "red," and "purge" into a two-line head probably qualified the author for some kind of house prize.

BOARD TACKLES
PLAN TO HELP
BUSINESS AREAS

was the dynamic *World-Telegram* head over a story that began, "The City Planning Commission today will consider a zoning resolution change designed to stimulate the building of large garages in the city's crowded business districts."

GAMBLE SWINGS
IN ACTION AS HEAD
OF HOUSING PROBE

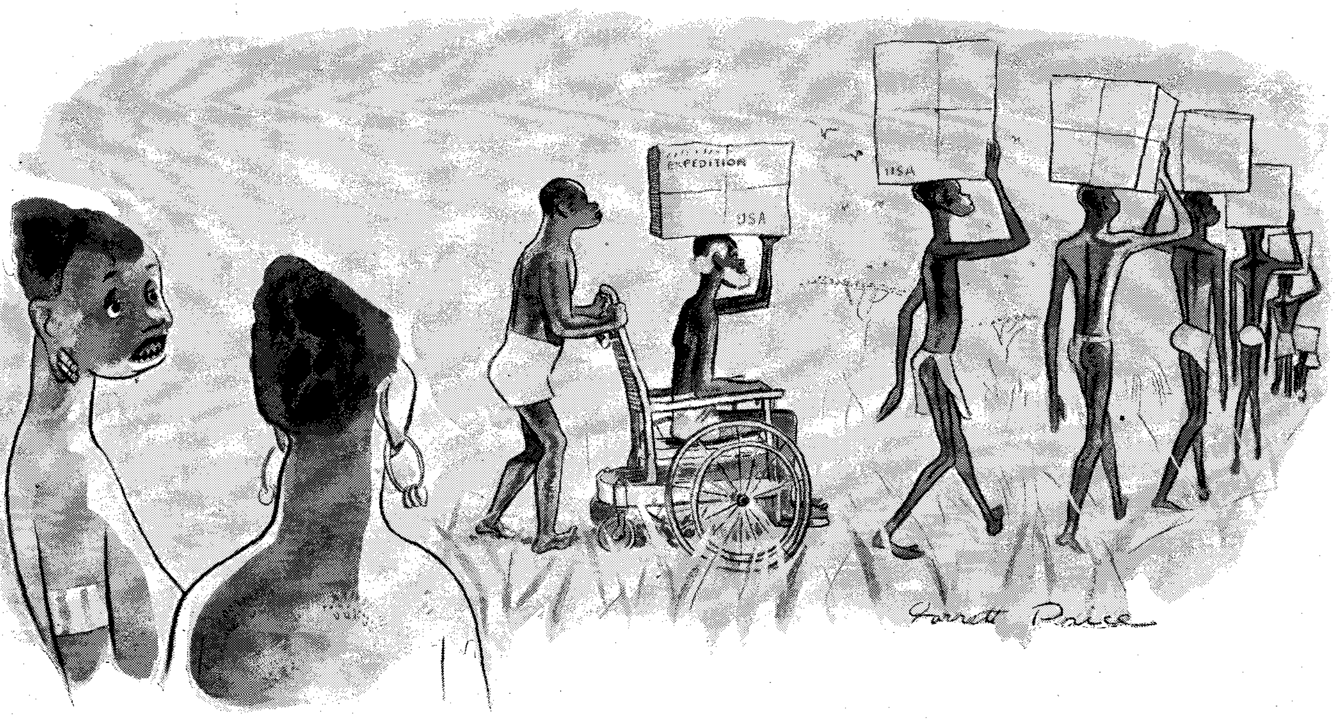
turned out, when I read the story it introduced, to mean that a congressman had called a meeting of a committee. I had thought, after reading the headline, that the unidentified Gamble had either swung on somebody or had hanged himself, depending on whether the verb was used in the sense of to swing like a prizefighter or to swing like a pendulum. It had not occurred to me that the headline writer had in mind "swings *into* action," which is obviously just the idiom for an announcement that a man is going to call a meeting of a committee.

JOE PLEDGE LAWYER
TAKES VERBAL POKE
AT JURY FOREMAN
ATTORNEY LAMBASTES CHIEF OF INQUIRY
AS A SARATOGA SHOWOFF

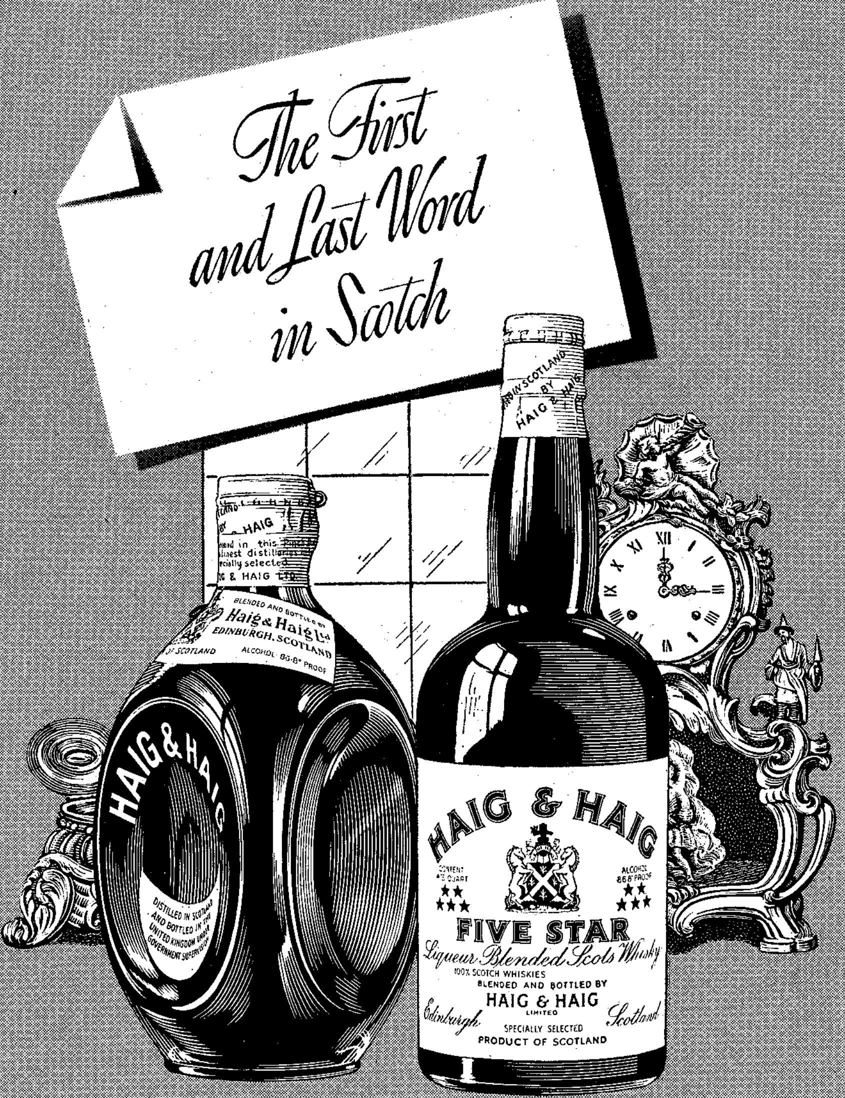
were the *World-Telegram* headlines for a story of how a lawyer had called a juror an exhibitionist. Myself, I would have made that one read:

BOOKIE LAWYER HITS
PROBE JURY HEAD
FOR SPA SPLURGES

because no *World-Telegram* headline nowadays is really official unless it



"I think it's just wonderful the way Bongo carries on."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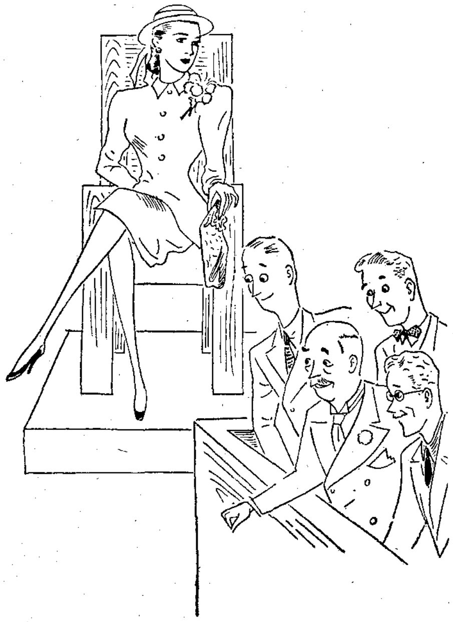

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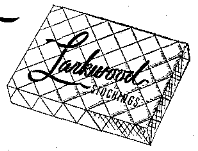

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contains the word "probe." "Splurge," while it is unusual, does suggest "purge," and of course you have to have "hit," or a synonym, if the head is to stand much chance of getting into the paper.

Nobody actually was hit, or fought against, or tackled, or poked, or swung at, or lambasted in any of these stories, yet all the headlines evoke visions of mayhem and build up anticipation—and eventually, perhaps, acceptance—of violence. I don't think that this is done deliberately. It would seem less disquieting to me if I did. The explosive words are symptoms of the mood of our times, and they subtly contribute to it.

The *World-Telegram's* most dependable headline standby, however, if I may judge by the first section of the second night edition for August 21st, a specimen of which is now before me, is the previously mentioned word "probe." (The second night edition, by the way, is the one that comes out early in the afternoon.) This protean monosyllable occurs, as a verb, a noun, or an adjective, in six headlines on the first three pages of the section. It is used in nine heads in the whole section, an incidence of about once to every five columns of editorial matter. Of the nine, I found these the most absorbing examples:

BRITISH PROBING
HOLY LAND GUNFIRE

(Interesting. How done?)

U.S. PROBE ASKED
OF STEEL SCARCITY

(Who is Steel Scarcity? What did he answer?)

WAR'S DOODLEBUG
PROBES VOLCANOES

This last head made me think of a V-1, or buzz bomb (often called in London, in 1944, a doodlebug), diving into the crater of Mauna Loa with a thermometer hidden in its tail. The story was actually about a thing called an airborne magnetometer, which is apparently used by Navy aviators to detect volcanic activity. Anyway, it doesn't probe into the volcanoes; it stays far outside. Among the other subjects and objects of probes touched on in this relatively small area of newsprint were General J. C. H. Lee, the Congressional probe of whom, the *Telegram* said, was to be postponed; United States Senator Owen Brewster, who opposed the continuation of a probe; and a father asking a probe of the death of his daughter, a nurse.

Another of the headlines, in which three main currents of copy-desk fashion were joined, read:

GREEN ASKS FIRING
OF PROBE SLUGGER

This combines "probe" with the attractively violent concept of slugging and has the additional advantage of being completely incomprehensible. I could not visualize how anybody could slug a probe. On reading the Associated Press story that followed, I learned that William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, had asked that a Congressional subcommittee investigating labor problems (the probe) dismiss an attorney named Irving C. McCann, its counsel, who had roughed up Joseph A. Padway, an A.F.L. lawyer, at a committee meeting in Hollywood. That made McCann a "probe slugger," in the sense of being one who slugs while attending a probe. The headline was also notable because, unlike the "hit" and "fight" cited above, it referred to an actual physical encounter. I was not at all sure, though, that the creator of "Green Asks Firing" had used "slugger" correctly. Gladwin Hill, in a story on the first page of the *Times*, had this, among other things, to say of the encounter: "Mr. McCann, seated just in front of Mr. Padway, jumped from his chair, grabbed the AFL counsel by the throat with both hands, and forced him backwards, until Mr. Padway fell over a chair onto the floor. His glasses were knocked off. Mr. McCann also wore glasses." (To make things even, I suppose.) Now, you cannot slug a man if you have him by the throat with both hands. Mr. McCann's method might have been better described as gozzling, or choking, and the *World-Telegram* headline should have read "Probe Gozzler," if Hill was correct.

The dispatch of the United Press correspondent who covered this same Hollywood committee meeting appeared on the front page of the *Herald Tribune*. It said, "Irving McCann, 60, counsel for the Congressional subcommittee investigating Hollywood labor troubles, seized Joseph A. Padway, 56, general counsel of the American Federation of Labor, by the throat today and struck him three times with his fist. . . . Mr. Padway's glasses were broken. He did not strike a blow, but he and Mr. McCann scuffled around the room until bystanders separated them." Mr. McCann's procedure, as thus described, is hitting with one hand while holding with the other, and is, according to the rules of the New York State Boxing Commission, a foul for which a contestant may be penalized a round. It can certainly be called slugging. What impressed me was that Mr. Hill recorded a knockdown but no blows, while his United Press colleague recorded three blows but no knockdown.

The whole affair, besides confirming my opinion of the temper of the times, which affects even aging attorneys, increases my respect for the sportswriters, who are seldom in such complete disagreement about what happens under comparable circumstances. Harold Rosenthal of the *Herald Tribune*, for instance, in describing the Fusari-Di Martino bout in Madison Square Garden, which Fusari won by a knockout in the fourth round, reported: "There were a number of versions on just what punch did the trick. Observers on the side of the ring nearest the action were split. Some thought it was a left hook, others said it was a sharp right which traveled only a couple of inches, and still others didn't see any blow at all, including this witness." But at least, as I noted in the papers the day after the fight, the sportswriters all agreed that the man went down.

I cannot leave the subject of the headlines in that first section of the second night edition without citing this one:

ATOM ROLE HEIGHTENED
BY STUDY OF RED AIMS

The only way I know to heighten a role is to write a part for an actor that calls for him to walk on stilts. The word the headline writer probably intended was "fattened," a theatrical trade expression meaning to write more lines into, or build up.

THE disagreement of the reporters about the Hollywood-probe slugging was nothing compared to their disagreement about the British crisis, which began, according to our two largest press associations, when the Labour Government imposed a seventy-five-per-cent tax on the net earnings of American films imported into Britain. An Associated Press man, writing under a London dateline of August 8th, announced, "The icy wind of the economic crisis blew smack down the neck of the British little man—and his little wife—today with the news that no more Hollywood movies would be crossing the Atlantic. You can water his beer, up the price of his cigarettes, cut his candy ration, and still the little man who dodged the buzz bombs will grumble, grin, shrug, and carry on. But deprive him of his weekly bath of celluloid and glamor! "'This is the last straw!' declared

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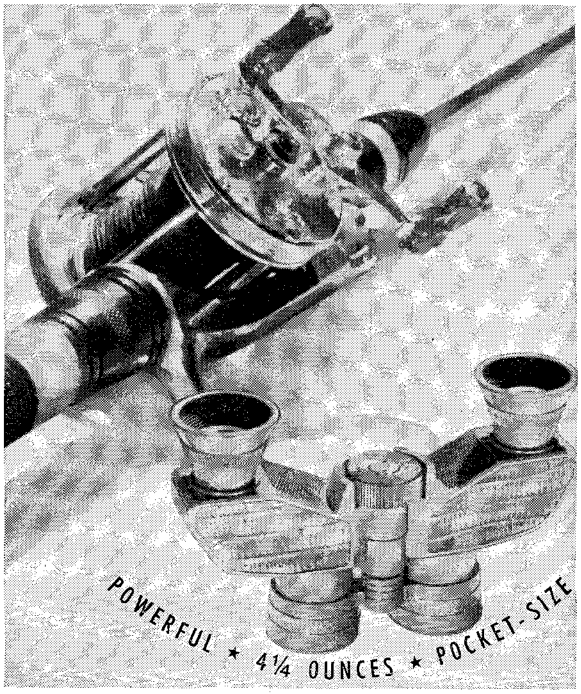

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the wife of an electrician. 'Going to the films is the only recreation I have. If they take away American films—well, I'm patriotic and all that, but there's nobody like Clark Gable in British pictures.' "

The *News*, in which I read this alarming dispatch, ran it under the headline:

WHAT! NO CLARK GABLE? CRISIS
IN ENGLAND'S A REAL CRISIS NOW

Thinking back on the time I spent in England during the war, I could not recall any such dominating attachment of the British to American films. In those days, Britons seemed to take beer and cigarettes more seriously than slush, and also seemed not to be in need of looking at any more bloodshed than the Luftwaffe thoughtfully provided them with. But I decided that they must have changed. The A.P. man, being on the scene, was in a position to know better than I.

The *Post* that afternoon confirmed the story of British despair carried by the *News*. The *Post's* item was also an A.P. product and, although datelined a day later, bore certain similarities to the earlier dispatch. The headline was:

'LAST STRAW,' CRY
BRITONS ON LOSS
OF U.S. MOVIES

"Britain's economic crisis," the text began, "was brought home sharply to the ordinary man and woman today with news that they could no longer seek escape from their troubles in Hollywood movies." I was glad to note that the A.P. correspondent had removed the icy wind from down the little people's necks, and I pressed on in the hope of finding that their plight had been in other ways bettered since the filing of the dispatch in the *News*. The *Post's* A.P. report continued: "Some Britons, already short on food, beer, and other consumer goods, were irate to hear that they were to be deprived altogether of Hollywood films. 'This is the last straw!' said an engineer's wife. 'Going to the films is the only recreation I have—and if they take away American films . . . well, I'm patriotic and all that, but there's nobody like Clark Gable in British pictures.' "

I found it a little odd that the engineer's wife in the *Post* story shared so completely the taste, and even the language, of the electrician's wife in the *News*, but decided that it was due to the drab sameness of all little people, as quoted by big newspapermen.

During the next couple of days, I suffered damnably, though vicariously,

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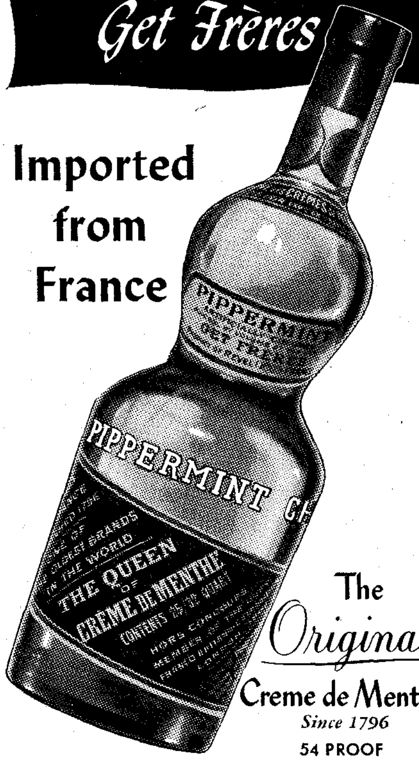

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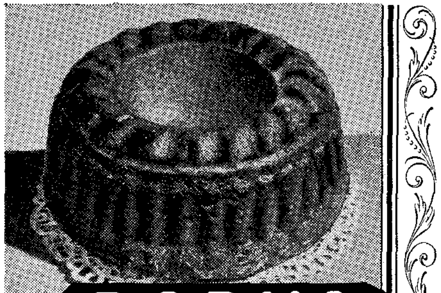

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with the British people, little, big, and middle-sized, especially when I happened on a United Press dispatch in the *Journal-American* that stated, in part: "British moviegoers face the bleak prospect of never seeing Amber in her marathon amours." The head over this read:

U.S. BAN
DISMAYS
BRITISH
FILM FANS

"The news that no new American movies would be sent to Britain to be subject to the 75 percent tax on their earnings brought the economic crisis home to the fans with dismaying impact," the story continued. "A streamer headline in the *Evening Standard* said: 'Forever Amber and Joan of Arc may never be seen in London.' "

For a while, the only relief was afforded by Louella O. Parsons, motion-picture editor of the International News Service. "A bright spot in the dark movie news over the levy of the British tax is that Darryl Zanuck has bought the film rights to the life of William S. Hart," Miss Parsons wrote. For me, this was not quite enough. I was heartened, therefore, and also just a trifle astonished, to read in the *Herald Tribune* of August 12th, over a London story by Don Cook, the headline:

BRITISH PUBLIC
INDIFFERENT TO
HOLLYWOOD BAN

"Most comment on the government's action has been laudatory," Mr. Cook wrote. "There has been no editorial demanding for any relaxation. . . . *The Evening News* today conducted a man-in-the-street poll, and while the question admittedly was a leading one, 'Do you prefer British or American films?' the results were interesting. Only two people out of twenty said they preferred American pictures. The reporter added that 'nearly all were agreed that the loss of American second-feature rubbish would be a good thing.' "

Faced with a choice between the *Herald Tribune's* and the press associations' versions of British public reaction, I allowed myself to be governed by my memory of what Britons are like and by what I know of their present situation. And somehow, I found myself thinking of a comic police inspector in a British film I had happened to see a few days before. "Scotland Yard, I'm afraid," the inspector says deprecatingly when he introduces himself. "Poppycock, I'm afraid," I decided that I should have to say to the news associations. The coverage of this British dilemma

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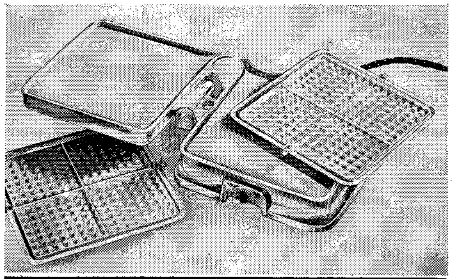

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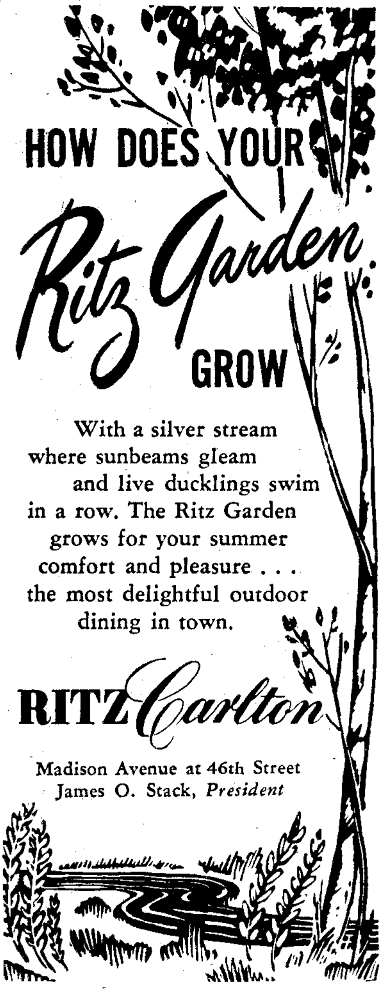

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made me wonder about the quality of news coverage we should get if all news-gathering in foreign parts were left to the press associations. At present, if you live in New York, you have your choice of several newspapers and can decide for yourself which of their writers to believe. It is an extremely limited choice, but still an appreciable one. If you live in one of our smaller cities, where publishers don't feel that they can afford to send correspondents overseas, you have no choice at all, because the press associations have you free and clear.

I HOPE that a Russian newspaperman named V. Poltoratsky, whom I have never met, read the recent issue of the Soviet newspaper *Vechernaya Moskva* that, according to a United Press item in the *Herald Tribune*, carried a long attack on the Moscow Laundry Trust, accusing it, among other things, of making a mess of the customers' clothes. Poltoratsky was here last winter, and after he got back to the U.S.S.R., he wrote an article for *Izvestia* putting the blast on New York City, just as if he were Stanley Walker or a Chicago *Tribune* correspondent. Mr. Poltoratsky informed *Izvestia's* readers, from what well may have been personal experience, that in New York, when you send your shirt to the laundry, you get it back "clean and starched, but without any buttons." You are told, he added, that "there's nothing wrong—it's only the machinery."

The superficial lesson in this is that no matter what the official ideology, laundries tear buttons off shirts. The deeper lesson is that correspondents in foreign countries should keep their shirts on, even when the buttons are off.

I wish somebody would tell a couple of our boys. —A. J. LIEBLING

•

THE RED BRANCH

Sky after sky of windless blue,
Warm days, but with a secret chill;
The forest wall is green, except
For one red branch on the hill.

Quiet the leaves, as on a board
Dead butterflies are pinned,
Except for one red branch that stirs
In premonition of a wind.

Soon the September gale, too soon
The bare branch, the leaves blown;
Now, in the mid-September truce,
One leaf drifts down.

—MALCOLM COWLEY

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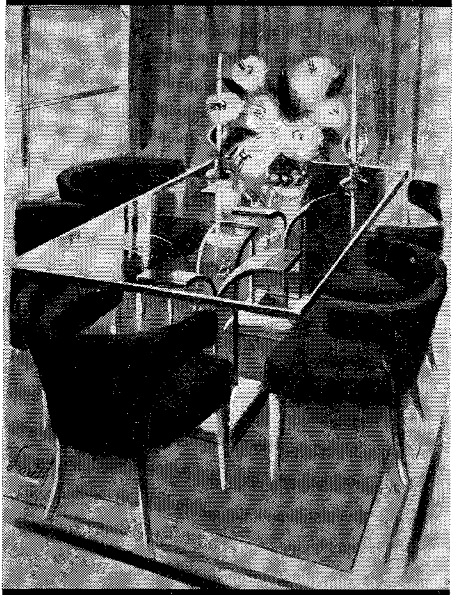

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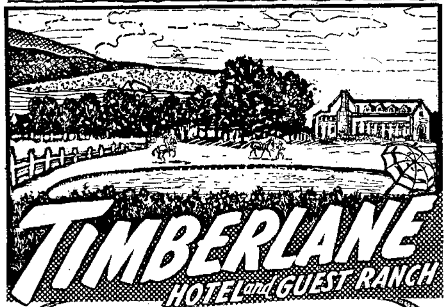

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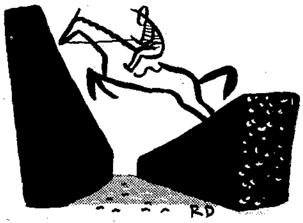
THE RACE TRACK

Good Show

THIS peripatetic department made its way down to Camden, New Jersey, last week for the opening of one of the really pleasant racing meetings in the East, at Garden State Park. As you may have discovered yourself, the place has comfortable stands, from which you can see the horses all the way around during a race, and a betting ring so cleverly laid out that it never appears to be congested, no matter how big the crowd. Moreover, the horses seem to find the course equally agreeable, because they all run well on it. Eugene Mori and Walter Donovan, who operate the establishment, have added an elaborate new gatehouse at the entrance to the grounds, large bleachers opposite the stretch turn to take care of the overflow from the grandstand, and some handsome landscape gardening around the lakes in the infield. A lot of swans and ducks are paddling in the lakes now, and Donovan, who was once secretary of the Florida State Racing Commission, is thinking of importing some flamingos for the big pond, which Colonel Martingale calls the show pool.



Not even Santa Anita, which is my yardstick for proper race-track housekeeping, is kept tidier. Scores of attendants scamper about sweeping up the old mutuel tickets, rumpled copies of the *Morning Telegraph*, paper cups, and other professional debris that horseplayers, who are a careless lot, leave behind them. The floors of the grandstand and clubhouse are paved with a dark-brown composition that feels like a Turkish rug to racegoers who have been trained on concrete. There are guards all over the place—a well-turned-out lot of young men, dressed in uniforms that look like those of the New Jersey state police. While a race is being run, they turn their backs to the track and watch the crowd for pickpockets, which is certainly a Spartan devotion to duty. One thing I especially like is having a trumpeter in a pink hunting coat call the fields to the post on a coach horn four feet long. He puts as much swank and strut into his work as the ringmaster of the Horse Show at Madison Square Garden used to. The only fault I can find with Garden State Park (which closes on October 11th) is that it's so far from New York.

As for the racing, I particularly admired Polynesian's performance in the Camden Handicap, on the opening day. Carrying a hundred and twenty-nine pounds, he ran the six furlongs in 1:09⅘ and won by lengths from Air Patrol and The Doge, whom a lot of Jersey horseplayers call The Doggy. Polynesian's show wasn't, however, quite up to his effort at Atlantic City last summer, when he equalled the world mark of 1:09⅕ for a circular track, but it wasn't too bad for a five-year-old animal getting a bit stiff in his joints. For the benefit of my friends with split-second watches, the fastest six-furlong race ever timed, 1:06⅕, was run in 1929 on the turf at Brighton, England, by an unnamed gelding. The world's record for a mile also was made at Brighton, in 1939; an animal with the unfortunate name of Mopsus covered the distance in 1:32. One reason for all this speed at Brighton is that the course is nearly straight, and downhill most of the way from the mile post. What Equipoise, who was clocked at 1:34⅖ at Arlington Park, or Count Fleet, who won the Champagne Stakes at Belmont in 1:34⅘, would have done over it is anyone's guess.

THOSE who were at Aqueduct for the opening of Long Island's autumn season on Monday didn't find the place very different from the way it was when they left it in June. I dare-say that some of the better two-year-olds who ran at Saratoga will come out for the Babylon Handicap this week-end, and that even more of them will have a try for the twenty-five-thousand-dollar Cowdin Stakes the following Saturday. My Request was nominated for both, but Better Self will not run in either. The plum of the Queens County Jockey Club's meeting is the fifty-thousand-dollar Beldame Handicap, on September 20th, the last day of the meeting. A pretty obvious tip is that But Why Not will win it if she runs for it.

—AUDAX MINOR

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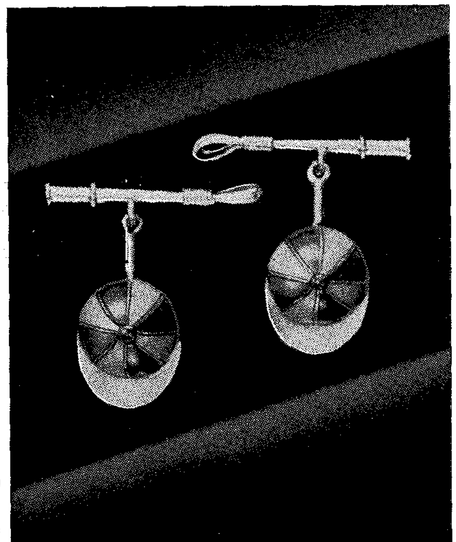

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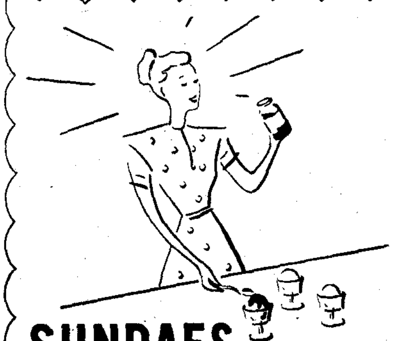

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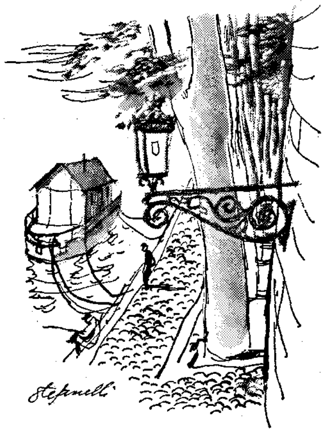
LETTER FROM PARIS

AUGUST 20

NATURE seems to have been imitating Man, and producing almost as bad results. The recent torrid weather has operated somewhat like a scorched-earth policy. In the famous bean fields of Arpajeon, which help feed Paris, the vines have withered under the sun. In the Seine et Oise district, peasants have reported that two hundred of their farm horses died of the heat—the greatest loss of livestock there since the Germans requisitioned their animals during the war. In the St. Germain en Laye region, where the fancy-pear crops usually fetch millions of francs, a freak hailstorm not long ago reduced the fine fruits to battered pulp that was fit only for the cider barrel. Drought shrivelled last summer's wheat in the fields, and bitter cold blasted the winter wheat in the ground. War seems to derange seasons as it does civilizations. Never has Paris known such deep snows, such meridional heat—or such bad bread—as in the years since 1939. The semi-cornpone Paris is now eating is the most unpopular staff of life to date. Until this year, the French had never eaten corn meal. The bakers don't like it because it turns sour so easily, and none of the French like it even when it's sweet. There is a story that when the Minister of Agriculture, Tanguy-Prigent, was lately negotiating with Washington, he used a British interpreter, who said the French wanted corn, which is the British term for what we Americans call grain, so we gave him, unfortunately, what he asked for. On top of the unpropitious weather, a series of stormy strikes has been taking place all over France. The country is existing on a hand-to-mouth basis, and thus a summer has a much greater influence on the ensuing winter than it used to have. Viewed from the present dog days, the coming winter already looks uncomfortable.



THE Galerie Maeght has just held a show of Surrealist art, the first psychopathic aesthetic exhibition since the war. The de-luxe catalogue was idiotically priced at five thousand francs a copy. It was decorated with black velvet, on which reposed a plastic breast, the work of Marcel Duchamp. The show's japeries were stale *derniers cris.* In place of the prewar Dali taxicab with a shower in its roof and ivy as a passenger, there was, in one room of the gallery, a leaky ceiling that dripped upon a billiard table and the visiting art lovers. There were peepshows with tin cans and pebbles as the objects to be peeped at, and a fine Max Ernst painting of a phenomenal California rainbow. There were no Dalis, since he is apparently mad at the Surrealists, or they at him—though not so mad that they have refrained from copying his superior painting technique and paranoid perspectives as well as they know how. In the midst of the crisis in civilization, the intelligentsia Surrealists are still raking in cash through the inspiration of their private, patented muse—a composite of Marquis de Sade, Machiavelli, Maldoror, Narcissus, Mammon, and Moscow. Picasso has been more generous. He has presented ten pictures, painted in the past fifteen years, to the Louvre. The gift celebrates his happiness, in the autumn of his life, over the birth of a son last April.

The most interesting play of the theatrical season that ended last month proved to be "Les Bonnes," by Jean Genet, today's most discussed young poet and the newest member of that theatre-loving, inner artistic circle still dominated by the eclectic, lyric Cocteau, to whom the footlights have always served as evening stars. Genet's drama is about two tenebrous, visionary servant-girl characters who set out to murder their employer. Their dark plan is to poison the lady of their house, but it goes awry when the dominant domestic, through an insane form of social wish fulfillment, begins pretending that she, the slavey, has turned into the bourgeois mistress and that her sister is her servant. In her fit of *folie de grandeur* and double identity, she fatally serves poison to herself.

The season's most captivating operetta was equally dualistic at moments, but funny—the Opéra-Comique's "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," the ironic old Apollinaire fairy tale, now decorated with enchanting music by Poulenc. As the title implies, the bosoms of that classic heroine are major characters in the plot. Its climax occurs when they zoom off like balloons, whereupon Tirésias instantly grows a beard and, by parthenogenesis, becomes both father and mother of a stageful of baby soldiers, chorusing from cribs. Thus sterile, weak France, of which the heroine is a symbol, is repopulated, and indeed rearmed, to music, and her beard is allowed to drop off, her bosoms come back home, and the audience goes home, too, delighted with one of the few doses of national criticism that have caused mirth.

The same cannot be said for Albert Camus's new novel, "La Peste," whose important, dreadful theme is today's moral corruption and its spread through the social body. Perhaps it is a good sign of *mea culpa* that the Paris public bought up the first edition on the day it reached the bookshops. The reaction has been mixed. Those who enjoyed Camus's small, dry "L'Etranger" admiringly accept, in this broader work, the new protagonist pattern that both Camus and Sartre (increasingly the most influential pair of thinking authors since the war) have now set. In accordance with this pattern, human mediocrities are used, like a very common denominator, to decipher the problem of present-day life. It is their dateline rather than their dimensions that gives them importance. Mostly, they are people without personality, boldness, or the capacity to make shapely decisions—young citizens who are small, citified, ignoble, and monotonous, and who clamber clumsily among the little altitudes of their tragedies, which never seem higher than a Left Bank apartment house. The lack of tension in this modern school of fiction is old-style Russian, like Chekhov in the country; domestic minutiae are put down somewhat as they were in the nineteenth-century "Adolphe" of Benjamin Constant, but the moderns' attention is on their organs, not their emotions. This new French novel style represents the greatest break yet with the Balzac style, though Balzac's most important theme was also the pestiferous corruption of French society, long before the Third and Fourth Republics got their hands into the grab bag.

NOW that the French middle classes are close to being wiped off the national map, they have held their first, and perhaps their last, Congress. Under the slogan "It is discipline and union that will give power to the economically feeble," Le Congrès des Classes Moyennes, representing the most

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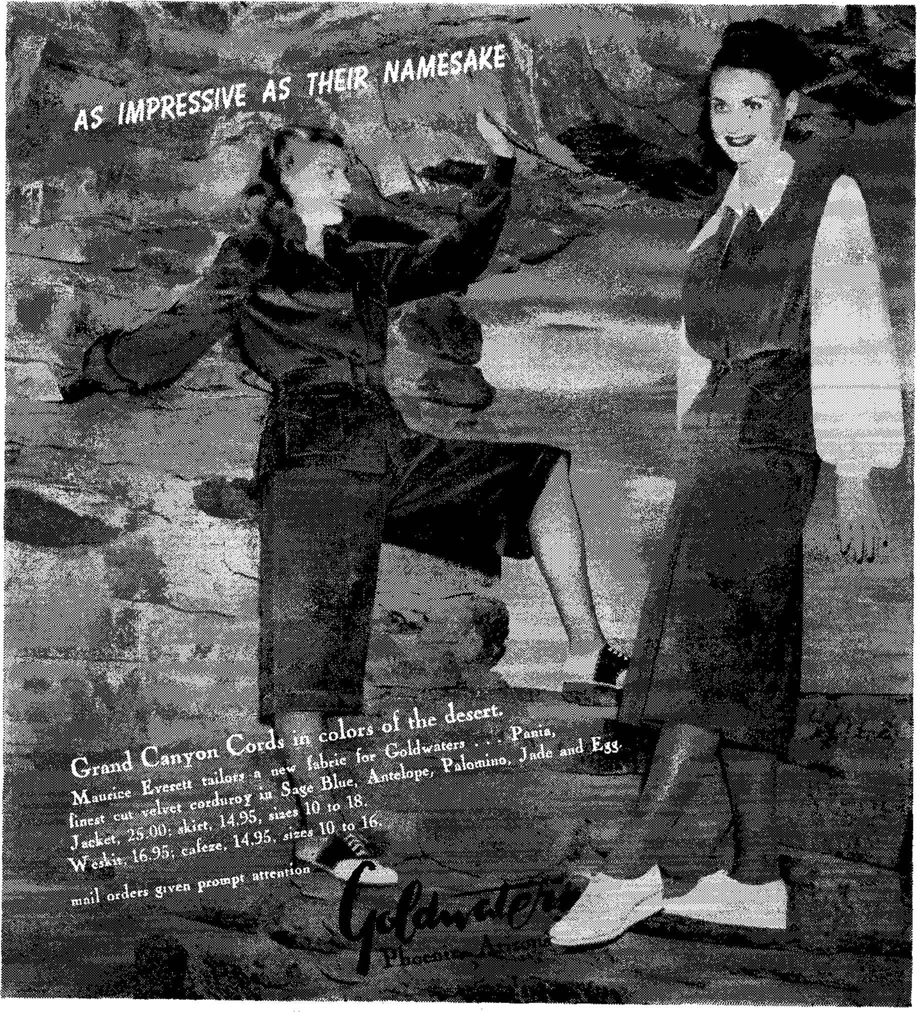
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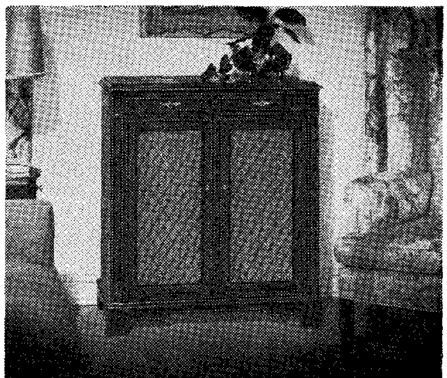
weakened and disrupted of all French social layers, met early this month at the Salle des Horticulteurs for a two-day squint at what has happened to them in the last hundred years. According to the statistics of the Congress, the middle classes here add up to seven million two hundred thousand souls, which is over a fifth of the population. Delegates from a vast variety of groups—the Confederation of Christian Engineers, the Confederation of Intellectual Workers, the Confederation of the Medical Syndicates, and the Confederations of Little Businessmen, Architects, Artisans, Dentists, Pharmacists, Veterinaries, and Forewomen—succeeded in arriving at a lump definition of themselves: "The middle classes are those who formerly lived on their savings." "These savings have grown thin with the successive deteriorations of money itself," the delegates said in amplification. "Nevertheless, saving money remains their favorite preoccupation, attached as the middle classes are to their anxiety for independence, which even goes as far as individualism and which in normal times makes them hostile to any sort of unionization. But, little by little, they have been driven to it." Whether or not their first Congress united the suffering middle classes, it at least produced a platform of demands, of which the first, significantly, was "a return to the inner moral rules, the State setting an example in its national life." The other half-dozen desiderata they clamored for included increased production, lower and juster taxation, an end to inflation, and, more than anything else, an end to the government's habit of living the life of Riley. What the middle classes said they wanted is precisely what the reactionary French rich and the Socialistic French laboring classes have been demanding for the past twenty-five years. The marvel is that though this is appar-



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ently what everybody wants, nobody ever gets it.

THE Communists have been having an especially disappointing time here of late. A lot of their trouble is the result of an over-optimistic, extremely private policy laid down by the French Communist Party in the spring of 1946, when they were on the crest and believed that France could soon be made the first Communistic state on the Atlantic. This policy, as communicated by their leader, Thorez, to *les chefs responsables*, or the local cell chiefs, called for three Minimum Programs. No. 1 cheerfully ordered the *chefs* to continue their efforts to take over France the easiest way; i.e., via "the democratic process of elections," a process by which the Party had lately won five million votes and dominant cabinet positions in the government. No. 2 ordered that if by any chance Communist participation in the government "was not appreciated" by the other parties, and, above all, if the Communist ministers were maneuvered out of power, the *chefs* should promote strikes and foment civil disorder to embarrass the government. No. 3 commanded the specially trained Party militants to remember that world revolution and the forcible spreading of Communism over the globe were the ultimate Party aims, and to be ready. The reasons Minimum Programs No. 1 and No. 2 have not gone as well as expected are: From December to April—from Socialist Léon Blum's attractive ten-per-cent-price-cut decree through the bitterly disappointing Moscow Conference and the growing discouragement that followed it—the Communist Party lost so much of its popularity with the French Communist workingmen that if elections were held this autumn, only half of the five million votes given the Party would, according to many among those who cast them, be cast for it now. Then, this spring, when Socialist Premier Ramadier was so unappreciative of the participation of the Communists in the government that he declared he would govern without them, disruptive strikes broke out in what are now called the national enterprises—the Renault auto works, the Paris gas and electricity plants, the railroads, etc., most of them nationalized under Communist pressure and considered Communist political territory—but they were not strikes to embarrass Ramadier and they were not called by the Communists, though the Communists had to pretend to back them; they were a new sort of wildcat strike to embarrass the Communists and

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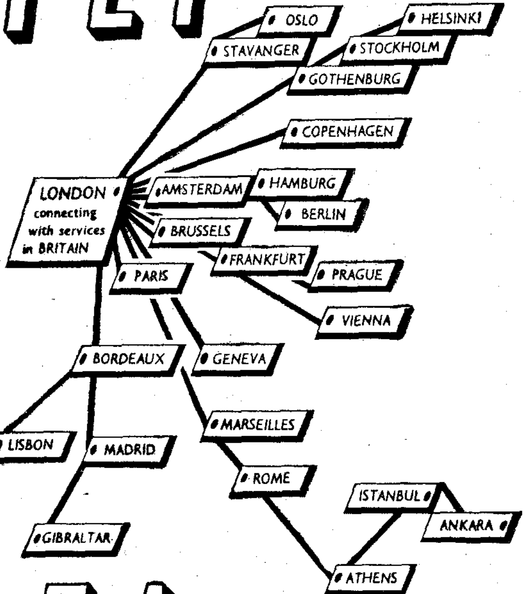

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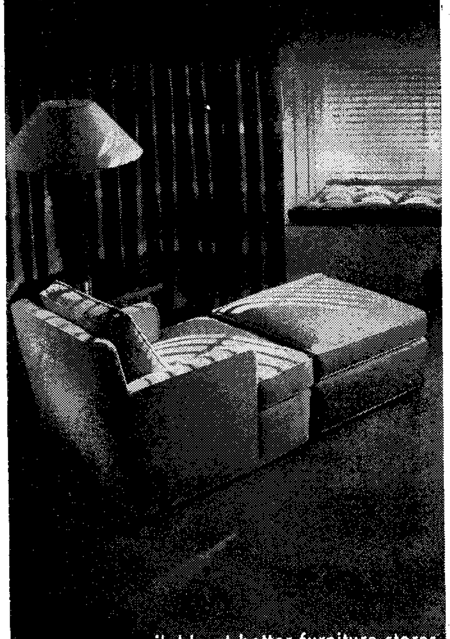

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were fomented by their most devoted enemies, the new French Trotskyite Party.

The Trotskyites here number two hundred thousand, are the largest group of Trotsky followers active in Europe, are pure revolutionaries, are officially called the Parti Communiste Internationaliste, are against subordination of doctrine to any national policy, including Moscow's, are anti-Russian and anti-Stalin, and are led by a president whose identity is kept secret for his own safety but who is known to be of Greek origin. Being pure Leninists, the P.C.I. people claim that Moscow has betrayed the cause on three points: It has built up a bureaucracy and a standing army, both of which Lenin regarded as natural adjuncts to capitalistic absolutism; though Lenin promised that the state would "wither away," Moscow has created a superstate that no capitalistic government today can hold a candle to. And as for the Communist world revolution mentioned in Minimum Program No. 3, it will not be a revolution at all but merely another devastating international war, such as ambitious, expanding empires always provoke.

The decline of Communism's popularity, the dissatisfied workingmen say, stems partly from their own cynicism about the fact that the Communist-dominated General Confederation of Labor is now busy building up the unions, whereas the first act of a French Communist state would be to suppress the unions, as in Russia. The Confederation, in its drive to proselytize the rural laborers, has just published its official wage list, which begins, "Lowest category: simple laborer who brings to his work only his strength and who can be trusted only with a pitchfork to load manure; hourly salary, francs 16.75." The wage scale for the village blacksmith is francs 337.50 to shoe one hoof, if whoever brings the horse holds its leg; if the blacksmith's assistant does the leg-holding during the horseshoeing, the price per hoof is francs 398. French city workingmen, while exceptionally literate and even literary, are weary of the academic boredom of the long speeches they are ordered to sit through at the endless Vel' d'Hiv' rallies and Party picnics and that they must reread in *L'Humanité* next morning. As spiritual descendants of the Encyclopedists, they are irritated by the demand for blind faith. As libertarians, they are restless under the ceaseless *mots d'ordre*. And as Europeans, they are tired to death of not understanding Russia. Above all, what the average Communist workingman now

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profoundly fears, and knows already troubles the lives of workingmen in Moscow's satellite lands, such as Poland and Yugoslavia, is the Communist secret police, that terrifying shadow amidst the bright hopes. The French recently had the Nazi Gestapo and the Vichy Militia, and long before that they had the men under Napoleon's hated Fouché. They do not want the Russian N.K.V.D. All they want is a prospect of peace, wages that cover the costs of staying alive, a bit of meat, decent bread, that litre of wine, and no policeman more fearful than the traffic sergeant on the boulevard corner. A couple of million Communist workingmen now suspect that this is a program Communism cannot guarantee. Unluckily, no other political party since the war has come anywhere near furnishing the complete bill of goods either.

—Genêt

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POESY DEPARTMENT
(RUFFLED FEELINGS DIVISION)

[*From the State Convention Bulletin of the Credit Unions of Massachusetts*]

Poem to Our Invited Guests

Four very distinguished sons of Harvard University, including President Conant, were invited by the League on two different occasions to lend their presence when the Honorary Membership was to be presented to the Honorable Henry L. Shattuck, who is a Harvard graduate and former treasurer of the University, and all invitations were refused and apparently with good reasons. However, these refusals inspired the following verses:

My dear Conant, your letter we received
And your reasons we are trying to believe
Your two refusals we are taking with a smile.
But we cannot help but feel
That you are giving us the business
In the good old Harvard style.

As you know, dear Conant, in a country such as ours
The peasants of today may be the rulers of tomorrow,
And the seats of the high and mighty
May come tumbling with a rush
When too late a man discovers
That he's lost the common touch.

We've been trying hard to honor
One of Harvard's noble sons.
We have prayed and we have pleaded
With his comrades to concur,
But they've left him lonely in the Moorlands
And the shadows of his famous Alma Mater.

When, oh, when, will men of rank and culture
Earnestly join hands with the plebeians of their day.
And together mold a structure
That no earthly love of gold or power can decay?

W. H. W.

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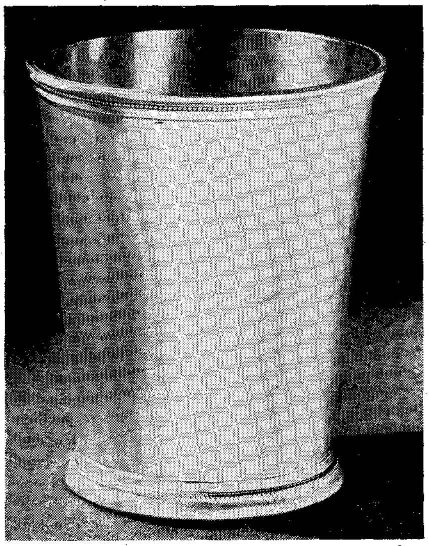
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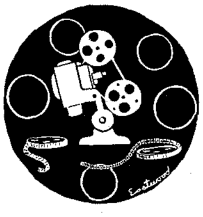

ANY account of the new pictures on hand this week will, I fear, look as though it had been cribbed from a police blotter. There is a tale of gangster homicide in New York, called "Kiss of Death;" one dealing with wholesale murder in London, called "Lured;" and a third, which worries over a killing in a city that I assume to be New York, called "Song of the Thin Man." I had probably better reassure you right now that all three pictures are more prepossessing than their titles.

"Kiss of Death," to plunge into this catalogue of violence, is excellent because of its brutishness and uninterrupted excitement, and because in it Victor Mature finally becomes an actor. It is the story of a criminal (Mature) who for sentimental though not too sugary reasons, which mostly involve his children, turns stool pigeon. In the end, he finds it to no avail to play ball, as gangster dialogue always has it, with the assistant district attorney (Brian Donlevy) and accept the protection of the law. Richard Widmark, a player just recruited from Broadway, will perhaps be more discussed than any of the other actors in this thoroughly tough and intense film, because he is of a fairly new school of menaces—the handsome lad with homicidal mania in his voice and the ability to make a perfectly good set of white teeth appear more alarming than any prop-department fangs Boris Karloff ever bared. I never did comprehend what the title "Kiss of Death" refers to. I assume that it was just a name the producers had lying around the lot.

"LURED" is concerned with a search for a London killer who strikes up acquaintances with beautiful young ladies by means of advertisements in the papers and then, after forewarning Scotland Yard by sending it poems modelled on Baudelaire, does them in. This predilection disconcerts London greatly, and even the Yard becomes so agitated that it puts Lucille Ball out as bait to trap the lyrical madman. Although the picture was made in this country, it goes in for the familiar foggy

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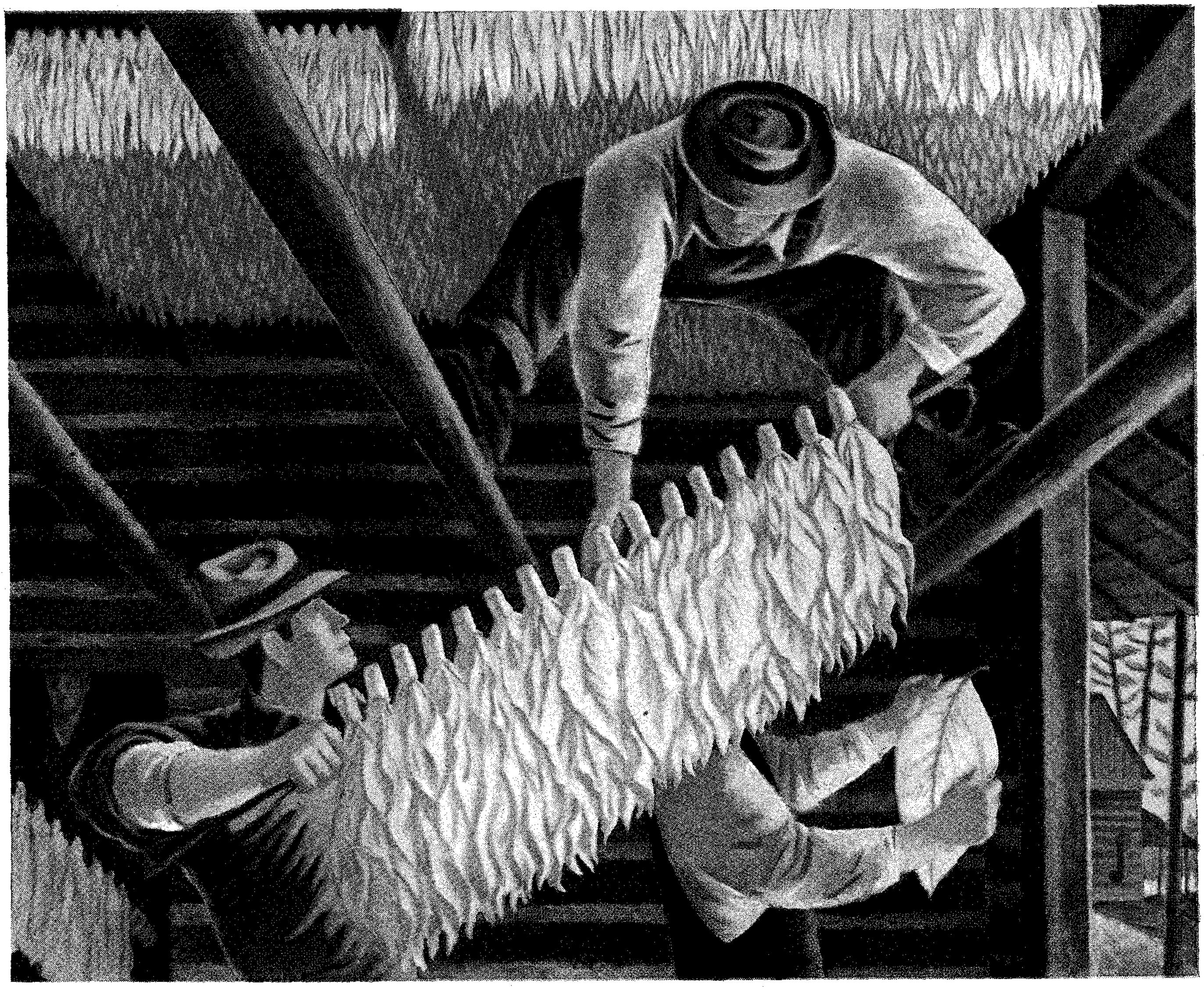

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—*J. Talley, 8 years an independent tobacco warehouseman.*

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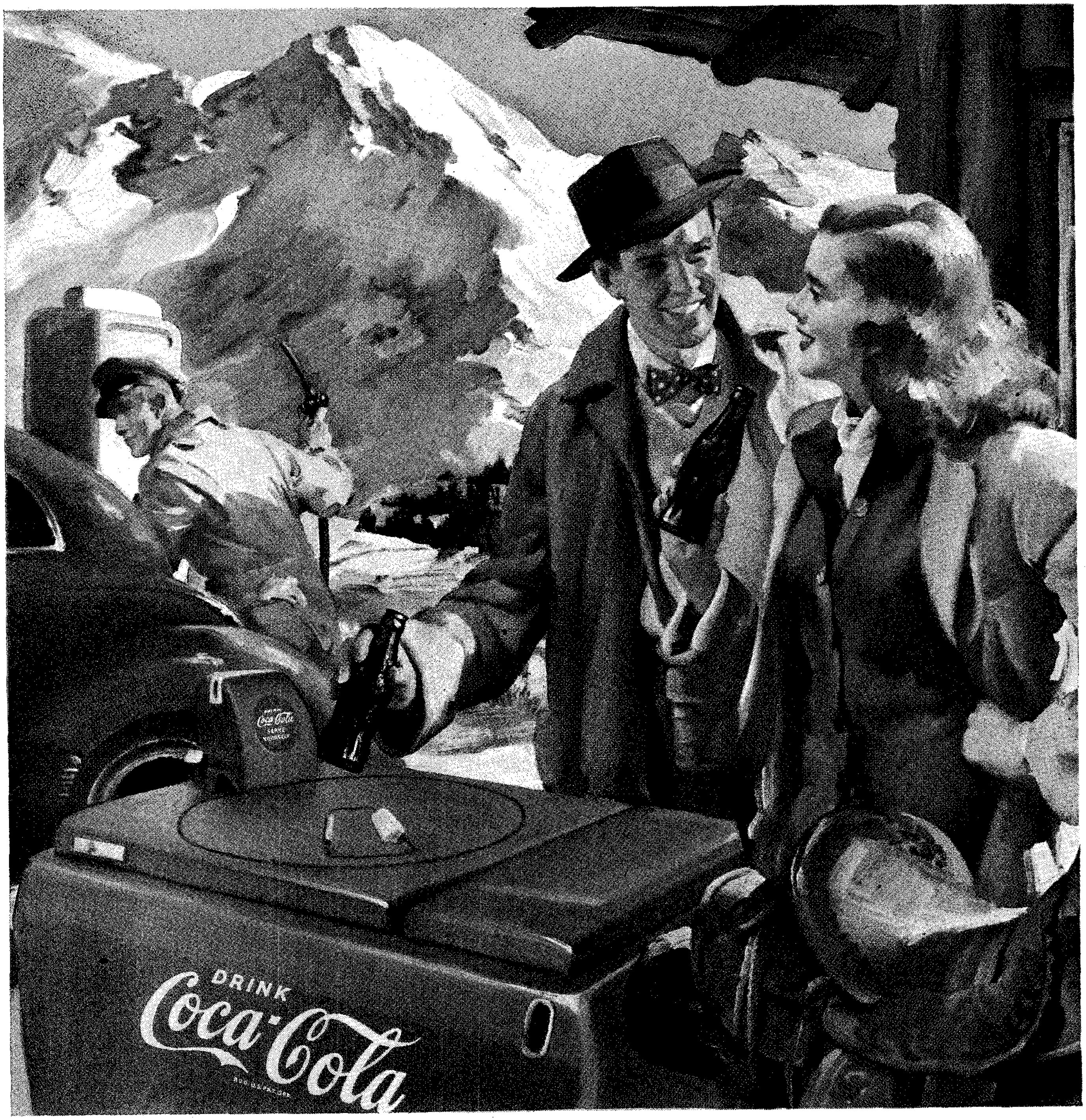

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subtlety and supposedly cumulative terror of most British mysteries. Sometimes it becomes almost a parody of such films (and of "M," the great German cinema of years ago). There is one typical instance of burlesque when Charles Coburn, as a Scotland Yard inspector, says to a suspect, in the standard modulated tone reserved for the dénouements of thrillers, "I would like to look at your copy of Baudelaire, please." The cast also includes Sir Cedric Hardwicke, George Sanders, and Alan Mowbray.

THE latest of the "Thin Man" series is, like the others, slick, smooth, and some fun for about seven-eighths of its length. Then it comes to the most ridiculous windup I've seen lately. William Powell, as Nick Charles, the detective, has been seeking the murderer of a jazz-band leader and, to unmask him, has arranged for a clarinet player to tell what he knows from the bandstand of a night club, after an announcement that "Buddy Hollis will now throw a bombshell into the Tommy Drake murder case." This threat so unnerves the killer that he tips his mitt, right in the middle of a couple of hundred night-club customers. If you don't mind that, you may enjoy Powell and Myrna Loy struggling to keep up with Asta, the dog, and a capable child actor named Dean Stockwell. A gambling ship, apparently anchored right off Manhattan, is the locale of the murder, but for the life of me I can't remember ever seeing any such ship around here.

—JOHN MCNULTY

•

If you are expecting an addition to your family, here is a BABY BOOK with 1,800 suggestive names.—*PM.*

Thanks, our family is marking time at the moment.

•

Madelyn Lenahan and her father, Frank Lenahan, 67, were held in the County Jail at Redwood City under bail of $5000 cash or $10,000 bond each. Miss Lenahan, who said she is a typist, gave her age as 27 and her birth date as March 4, 1908.—*San Francisco News.*

Tell *that* to the judge!

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Omaha World-Herald*]

ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND (U.P.)—Sir George MacPherson-Grant, Lord of Ballindalloch Castle and its 150 thousand acres, doesn't like women who wear hats in theatres.

Circling the square
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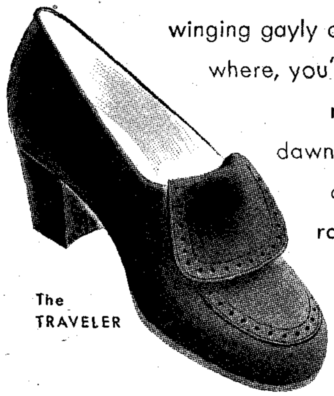
in randoms



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MORE BY THE PAIR . . . LESS BY THE YEAR

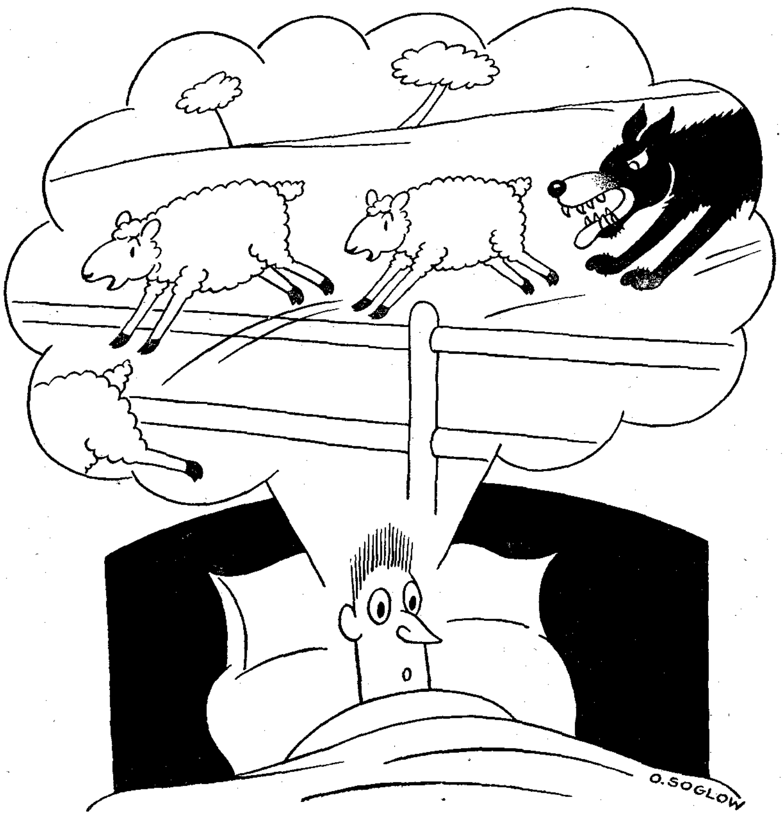
BOOKS

George Ade: The City Uncle

“THE PERMANENT ADE: THE LIVING WRITINGS OF GEORGE ADE,” edited by Fred C. Kelly (Bobbs-Merrill), is not one of the most satisfactory of the recent volumes of selections from the work of American writers. It includes thirty-one of the Fables in Slang, a few examples of Ade's other fiction and of his essays and newspaper skits, and the text of a one-act play and of the musical comedy “The Sultan of Sulu.” The specimens of Ade's non-slang writings are probably representative, but they seem rather feeble today. One would rather have had an omnibus collection of the various series of Fables, all now, it appears, out of print. And at this date the libretto of “The Sultan of Sulu” is not particularly exhilarating. One would have preferred to have a chance to look at one of George Ade's more ambitious and non-musical comedies: “The County Chairman” or “The College Widow.”

The Fables in Slang do stand up pretty well. If you first read them in early youth, you may have the same difficulty in bringing to them a detached and mature intelligence that you do with “Mother Goose,” the Bible, or the “Barrack-Room Ballads.” I have sometimes found, in rereading the Fables, that as soon as I started a paragraph, I knew exactly what was coming and could have recited the rest by heart, and this means that a book has become part of oneself. But I have decided that, like the “Barrack-Room Ballads,” the Fables are first-rate popular literature and still more or less alive. It is not merely that they still make you laugh: they command respect on other grounds. George Ade was one of the soundest of our humorists because he was rarely, on the one hand, clownish and never, on the other, sentimental. He was sardonic, steady, shrewd. His tone is so much that of his period—the late nineties and early nineteen-hundreds—that, as you reread him, you can hear intonations of worldly warning and laconic sarcasm that are the echoes of voices remembered from youth. George Ade is like an up-to-the-minute uncle who has been getting on well in the city and who has come back to see the family in the country. He is facetious about the little home town and knowing about the big town, Chicago, which has a good deal in common with the small one. Everybody loves his jokes, but he never cracks a smile when he makes them. He sometimes seems to be jeering at what he does not understand—the “higher” manifestations of “culture”—but he appreciates them more than he pretends. His slang is seldom vulgar, never sordid, and nobody could be more decent or—in an undemonstrative way—more kindly. But he has been up against the poverties of village life and the barbarous free-for-all of the cities, and he knows that if you want to survive, you had better discipline yourself with a calm stoicism and a cool sense of the comic. Certain things he will never learn to like—party politics, the smugness of the rich, the exploitation of American patriotism; but he has learned to live among them and to kid them without much indignation. There is nothing romantic about him, as there is about the Southerner O. Henry, who otherwise has a good deal in common with him. He failed to get the girl he wanted—she married a handsome Baptist preacher and went to live in Minnesota (I rely for this and what follows on Mr. Kelly's recent biography, “George Ade: Warmhearted Satirist”); but he never speaks of this: he has merely remained a bachelor all his life. He is as incapable of the moist-eyed meltings with which O. Henry tries to redeem the stoniness of the urban scene as he would be of O. Henry's bohemianism. He, too, had once his way to make—lodged dismally in furnished rooms and ate meagrely at the end of the week. But he soon became a top-notch journalist and a highly successful playwright, and established himself as a solid citizen who built a big place in the country, helped to give his old college a stadium, and could, if he had wanted to, people said, have been Governor of Indiana any day.

GEORGE ADE's originality lay in his shifting to slang from academic English in describing American life directly. The advantages of this were sensational. For Western writers it had come to be a problem to find a language to express their experience. With Howells, who was fascinated by Ade and wrote to him, “I read you morning and night,” the primness of the literary medium sometimes seems quite inadequate to the disorderly crudeness of the material. Mark Twain, to get his hands on the resources that he needed to write with color and feeling, resorted, in “Huckleberry Finn,” to abandoning his good but limited English and giving his story to an imaginary character who could talk the vernacular without inhibitions. When we compare George Ade's Fables in Slang with his writings in conventional language, we see at once why his power seems so much increased from the moment when he hit upon the Fables that he seems



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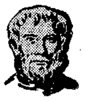
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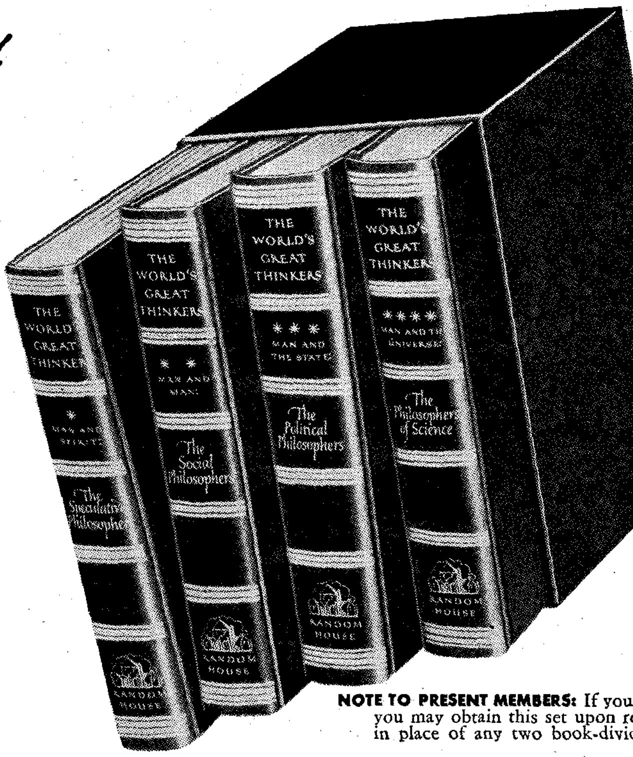
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almost a different writer. The trouble with his non-slangy manner was that it had all come out of books and journalism. He wrote English correctly and soberly, but he expressed himself mainly in clichés, and, except when one of his characters is talking, the effect is always pale. But as soon as he turned his hand to the Fables, the clichés all came to life because they contrasted with the smart made-up phrases and acquired an ironic value. The capital letters which he had written originally in parody of the old-fashioned primer began to be used in a quite different way—as other writers sometimes use quotes: in order to give a special inflection to some phrase that has become so well worn that it is getting to sound a little ridiculous. Thus when we read in the account of a will in one of George Ade's "straight" short stories, "Getting Sister Laura Married Off," that "With many literary flourishes . . . it was set forth that no man could be ready to assume sober responsibilities as a property-holder until he had entered into the domestic relation and was the pillar of a home," the whole thing is completely uninteresting, and we have difficulty in getting through the story, though the anecdote is of exactly the same kind as those he used for the Fables in Slang. But when, in the celebrated "Fable of the Two Mandolin Players and the Willing Performer," he will write: "When they had Concluded there came a Voice from the Outer Darkness . . . Fred and Eustace exchanged Glances. They began to Perceive that they had been backed into a Siding," the stereotyped language of novels takes on a comic flavor, and the picturesque inventions get an additional effectiveness from the contrast. (So much does this irony, once switched on, shed its light on the American platitudes among which George Ade lived that, in the sentence at the end of the last paragraph, I found that I was obliged to restrain myself from writing "Highly Successful Playwright," "Solid Citizen," "Old College," and "Big Place in the Country.")

Breaking through into his figurative language somehow did something, also, for the subjects with which George Ade dealt: the people of the Middle Western rural towns and the raw and violent cities. When Howells had tried to tell about these, he was accurate but quite unimpressive. H. B. Fuller succeeded in his Turgenev-like way because he was able to survey this life from a higher level of intelligence than either Ade or Howells. But George Ade, with his bold

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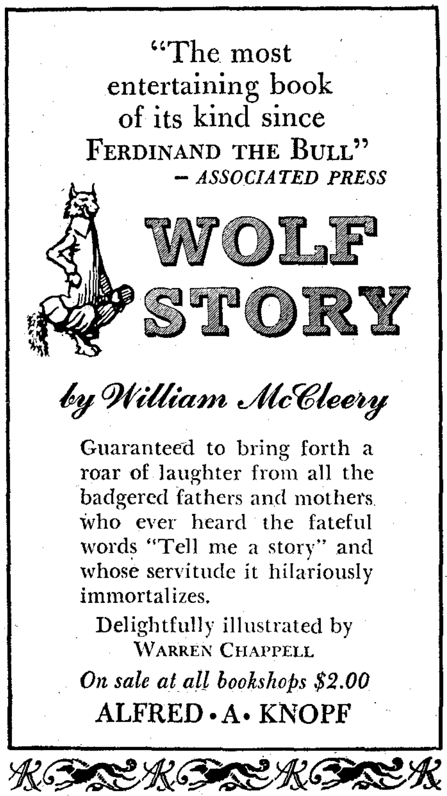

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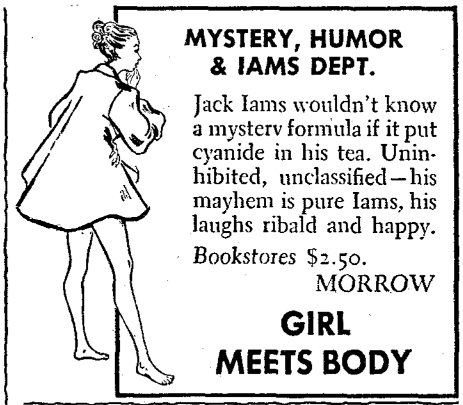

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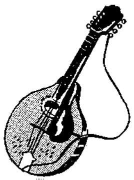

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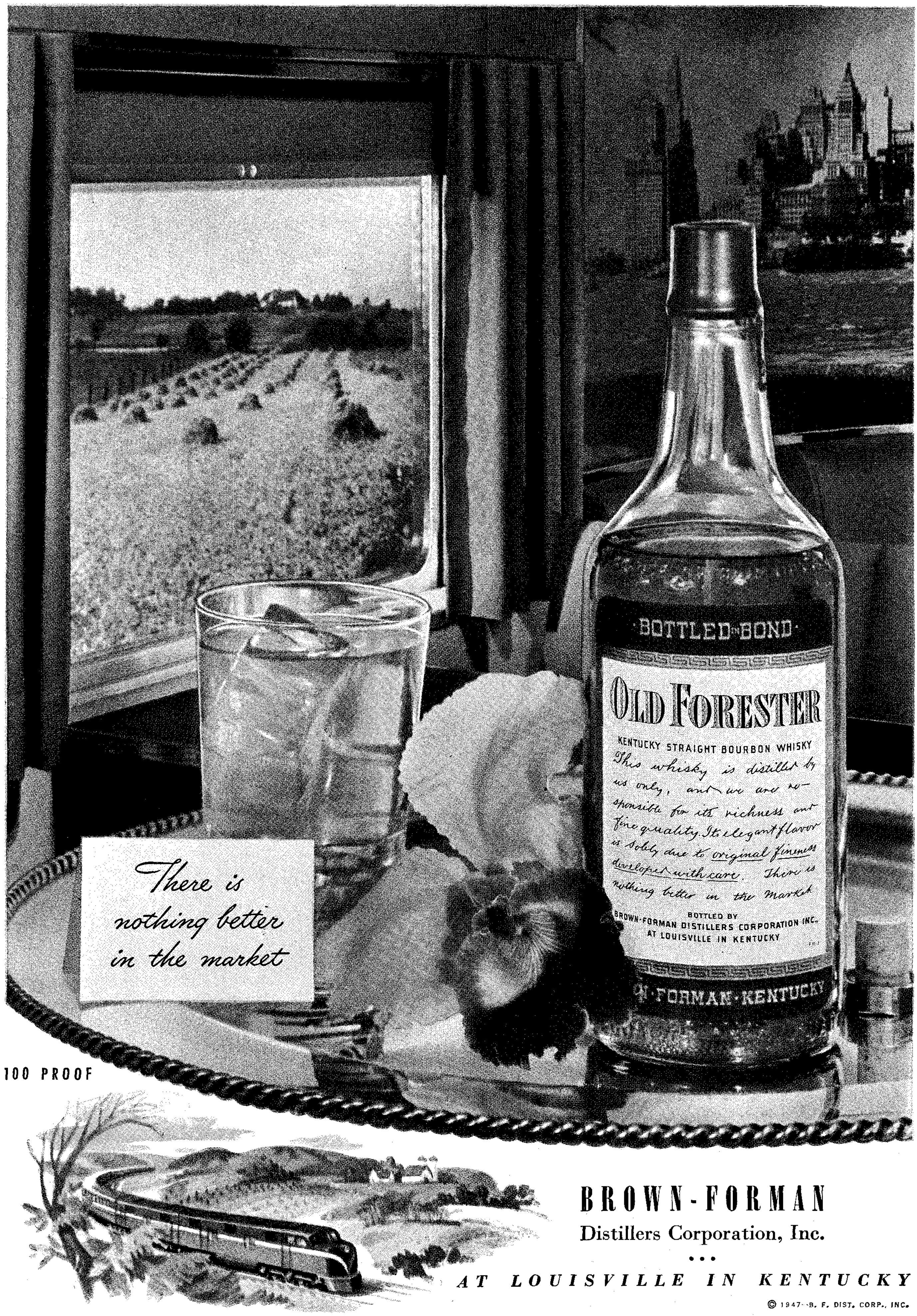
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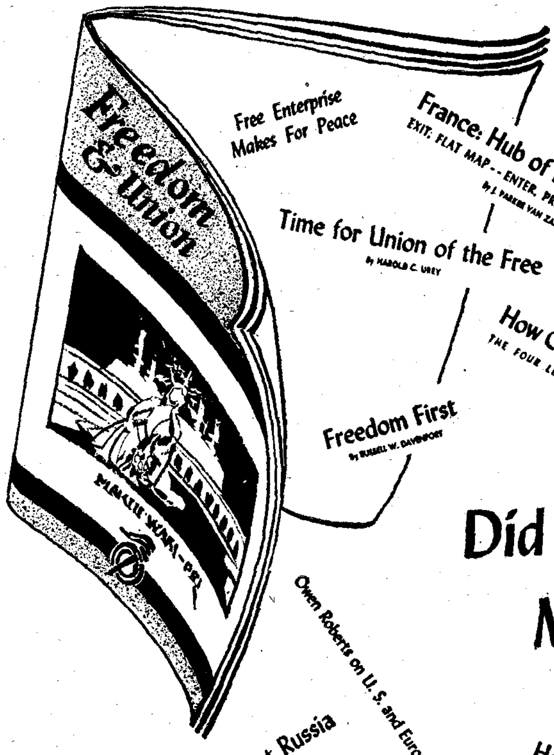
metaphors and big capitals, turned these commonplace people and mediocre careers into something in the nature of a mythology. The Preacher who Flew his Kite, the Apprehensive Sparrow, the Adult Girl, the Regular Customer and the Copper-Lined Entertainer are remembered like the figures in fairy tales. In 1900, Ade was under the impression that his intention in writing the Fables was merely, as he said, "to grab a lot of careless money before the reading public recovered its equilibrium, and then, later on, with bags of gold piled in the doorway to keep the wolf out, return to the consecrated job of writing long and photographic reports of life in the Middle West." That was what Howells and Fuller had both been urging him to do. But if he had tried this, it would no doubt have been dull. He had done what he could do, and enough, when he transposed what he knew of life into the anecdotes and wisecracks of his Fables. They give the accent and the flavor of their moment better than some of its more ambitious fiction. Their compact and trenchant style may still afford satisfaction even now that some of the language is outmoded; and they always have the merit—to which Mr. Kelly calls attention—of an admirable objectivity. In his work as a newspaper columnist, George Ade had never used the first person. "No newspaper man in that day," he wrote, "ever dreamed of such a thing as a daily contributor featuring himself. . . . Never, by hint or suggestion, was it made known to our subscribers that behind the story department there might be hiding a human being with thoughts and emotions worth recording. I peered through the camera for seven years and never stood in front of it once." And he continued this method with the Fables, in which the heroes and heroines are not dignified; the villains do not come to bad ends, they are not even particularly hateful; the victims are not sympathetic. The rubes have no hearts of gold to show up the city slickers; the city people derive no prestige from their experience of the world or their money. They are all about equally oafish, all about equally ridiculous. That was how they looked through George Ade's "lens," and he never cared to get into the picture.

—Edmund Wilson

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Alone Among Men, by Marjorie Coryn (Appleton-Century). The author, who seems to have staked



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Time for Union of the Free
By Harold C. Urey

How To Cut Taxes More Than 20 Per Cent—Safely

How Can We Prevent World War III?
THE FOUR LEADING VETERANS GROUPS GIVE THEIR ANSWERS

Freedom First
By Russell W. Davenport

Did You Miss These?

Owen Roberts on U. S. and European Union

Marx Warned Against Russia
By Ahmet Emin Yalman

World Trade Showdown
By Kermit Gordon

How To Keep Business Free
By Philip D. Reed

A Marxist U.S. of Europe?
Editorial

Why Miss More?

Freedom & Union seeks to organize the world for liberty and peace—and its coming numbers will contribute even more to this goal. They will include an article, *Freedom Works—Tyranny Fumbles,* by Paul Findley which will be a tonic to those who are discouraged by our "chronically confused democracy." It proves from official U. S., Nazi and Japanese records that democracy was far more foresighted, supple and efficient during the war, and that Nazi censorship hid almost incredible blunders . . . To know how to make democracy work still better, read the article Freedom & Union will soon publish by Edward L. Bernays, eminent authority on public relations. Coming, too, are the exciting biographical drama that Hattie May Pavlo has written about the great Federalist, Alexander Hamilton, and a rich variety of features that no one who wants a free and peaceful world can afford to miss.

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out the Bonaparte family for her own, now gives a rather frilly version of the period between Napoleon's return from Egypt and the coup d'état that made him First Consul. Miss Coryn doesn't do much to clarify the events of those historic thirty-two days, for she presents them in a series of little peepshows—the Directors being stupid, Fouché being sly, Talleyrand being urbane, the Beauharnais children being pert, Napoleon being *fatal*. It is all doggedly aimed to entertain you, and unless you like your history so neat, it may rather set your teeth on edge.

MOUNTAIN VILLAGE, by Chun-chan Yeh (Putnam). Nostalgic reminiscences having (let us hope) run their course in this country, it seems that the Chinese now have started remembering things. Here are sketches of an amiable peasant family in a small mountain village of North China some twenty-odd years ago, done with delicate, if rather self-conscious, charm. Famine and revolution, flirtations and village celebrations are all brushed in with the same feathery strokes.

GENERAL

THE SOLUTION OF THE GERMAN PROBLEM, by Wilhelm Röpke (Putnam). More advice to the non-Soviet victors on how to create a reliable German state out of the economic and political clutter that the Nazis left behind them. The author, a German scholar whose departure from his homeland in 1933 was prompted by the best of reasons, thinks that it is about time for England, France, and the United States to say the hell with Russia and go ahead on their own in Germany, a conclusion that brings him to a plan for the establishment of a federation of free-trading cantons in the territory west of the Elbe. Mr. Röpke assumes, of course, that the Western nations are just as weary of trying to make their way through the dim hallways of Russian foreign policy as he is.

GERMANY—BRIDGE OR BATTLEGROUND, by James P. Warburg (Harcourt, Brace). A considerably less belligerent discussion of the German-reconstruction problem, by a man who would probably be either amused or shocked by most of Mr. Röpke's recommendations. Mr. Warburg doesn't claim to have the only acceptable blueprint for a new Germany, but he is fairly certain that when the correct answer is found (it

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must be arrived at by the Germans themselves, he believes), it will closely resemble the current political arrangement in Czechoslovakia, where, he feels, the democratic freedoms and a socialized economy are getting on very well together. In the meantime, he urges a period of reëducation for the Germans and recommends that everybody else take a determined one-world attitude toward their difficulty.

Struggle for Germany, by Russell Hill (Harper). As for Mr. Hill, an American newspaper correspondent who has worked in Germany off and on since 1939, he not only believes, like Mr. Warburg, that the well-balanced Germany of tomorrow may have quite a few things in common with modern Czechoslovakia but he also thinks that the tangled German situation should be regarded by the occupying nations as an opportunity to prove that East and West can work together. To achieve this end, he suggests, among other things, a merger of the zones of occupation and a prompt replacement of the visiting armies by an international constabulary.

You're the Boss, by Edward J. Flynn (Viking). A practicing politician's unabashed defense of his trade against the accusations of those who are inclined to think of it only as an example of the democratic process gone wrong. Mr. Flynn, who has served the Democratic Party as its leader in the Bronx for twenty-five years and as national campaign manager for Franklin Roosevelt in 1940, is willing to admit that political machines in this country have not always been distinguished for their allegiance to a flaming moral purpose, but he cannot go along with the idea that a disciplined political organization in itself is a loathsome thing. No matter what you may think of Mr. Flynn's views on the precinct captain's place in American history, he has written an extremely useful lecture on the working side of our national politics.

The Boston Book, by Arthur Griffin and Esther Forbes (Houghton Mifflin). Photographs of Boston by Mr. Griffin, some of them in color, presenting that city as it appears during all the seasons. Miss Forbes' accompanying text has been written with a good deal more care and sparkle than is usual in such books.

The Birds of Brewery Creek, by Malcolm MacDonald (Oxford). The author, formerly the British

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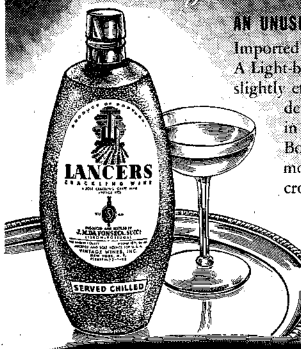

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High Commissioner in Canada, spent an hour or so before breakfast each morning during the last year of the war observing the birds of a wooded section near his official residence in Ottawa. The result is a charming and very graceful account of their comings and goings. Black-and-white and color photographs.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

A MAN DIED HERE, by Gina Dessart (Harper). Young Mr. and Mrs. Macklin, who are remodelling one of those run-down New England farmhouses, get the feeling that there must have been something fishy about the death of the former owner, six years before. Mrs. Macklin, an inquisitive girl, cross-examines the local gossips, digs up some pertinent documents in the house, and finally works out a story of a family quarrel that culminated in murder. An oblique method of handling simple material, but the book is very pleasantly written.

GIRL MEETS BODY, by Jack Iams (Morrow). Energetic though fairly senseless activities in a New Jersey coastal resort, where Tim Ludlow and his English war bride have taken a place for the winter because of the housing shortage. A corpse turns up on a pier, people with names like Barrelforth and Whittlebait wander in and out of the story, and bullets whiz through the windows—all requiring some pretty elaborate explanation. Determinedly comic and liberally sprinkled with innuendo.

VILLAINY DETECTED, edited by Lillian de la Torre (Appleton-Century). Seventeen accounts of picturesque criminal doings in late-seventeenth- and eighteenth-century England. Cases of murder, highway robbery, piracy, and mysterious disappearance are dealt with by anonymous writers, by Swift and Defoe, and by such modern experts as Edmund Pearson and William Roughead. Miss de la Torre, who loves to poke around among old criminal lore, provides an introduction and documentary notes for each case. Interesting, but very special.

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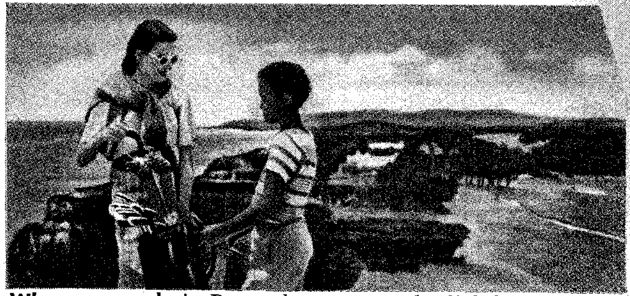

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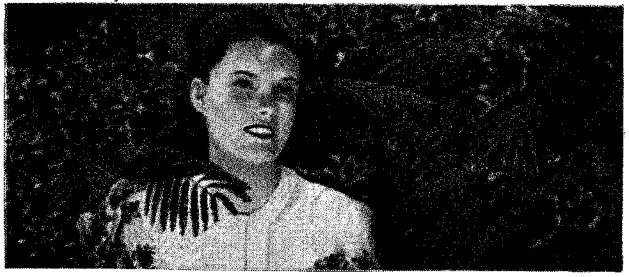
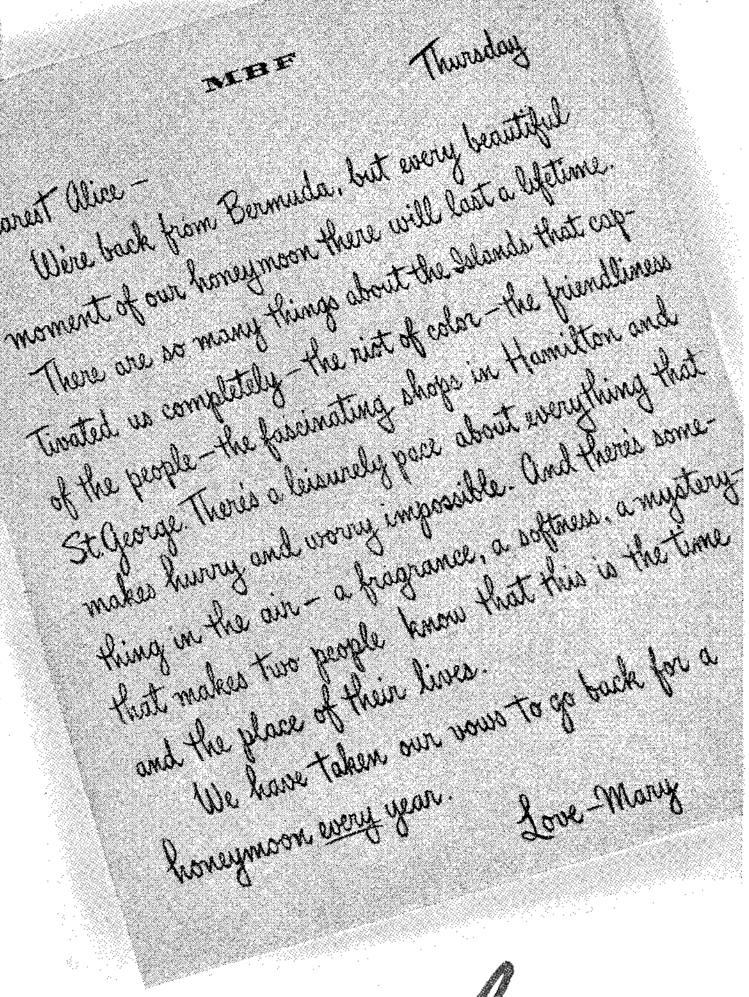


When you sun on the coral sand beaches of Bermuda, you feel like you've stretched out on a soft pink cloud...and gone drifting off to never-care land. When you swim in the blue buoyant water, you'll shout with the sheer, exuberant joy of living. The sun, the sand, the sea... they're all better in Bermuda.



MBF

Thursday

Dearest Alice -

We're back from Bermuda, but every beautiful moment of our honeymoon there will last a lifetime. There are so many things about the Islands that captivated us completely - the riot of color - the friendliness of the people - the fascinating shops in Hamilton and St. George. There's a leisurely pace about everything that makes hurry and worry impossible. And there's something in the air - a fragrance, a softness, a mystery - that makes two people know that this is the time and the place of their lives.

We have taken our vows to go back for a honeymoon every year.

Love - Mary

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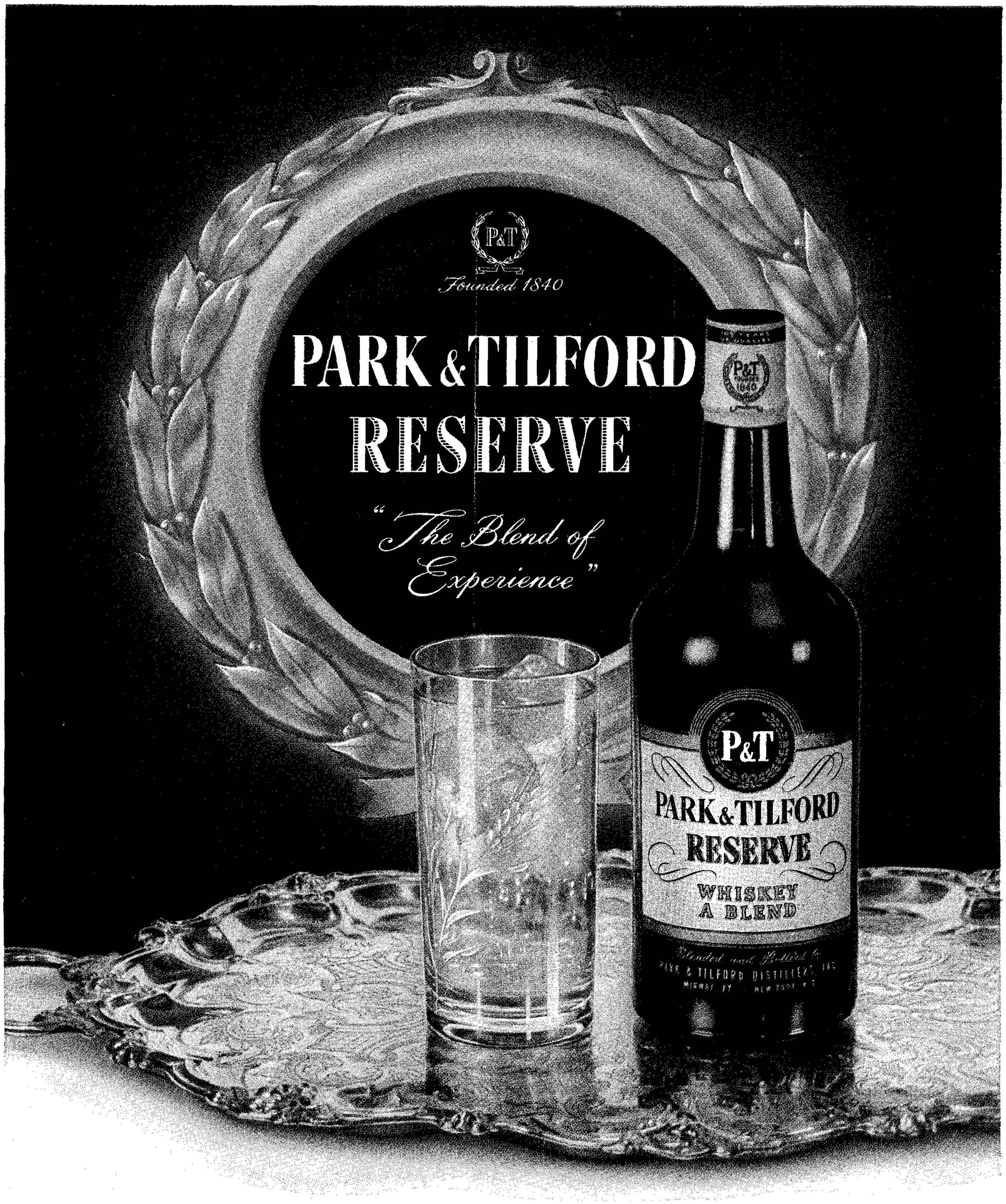
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